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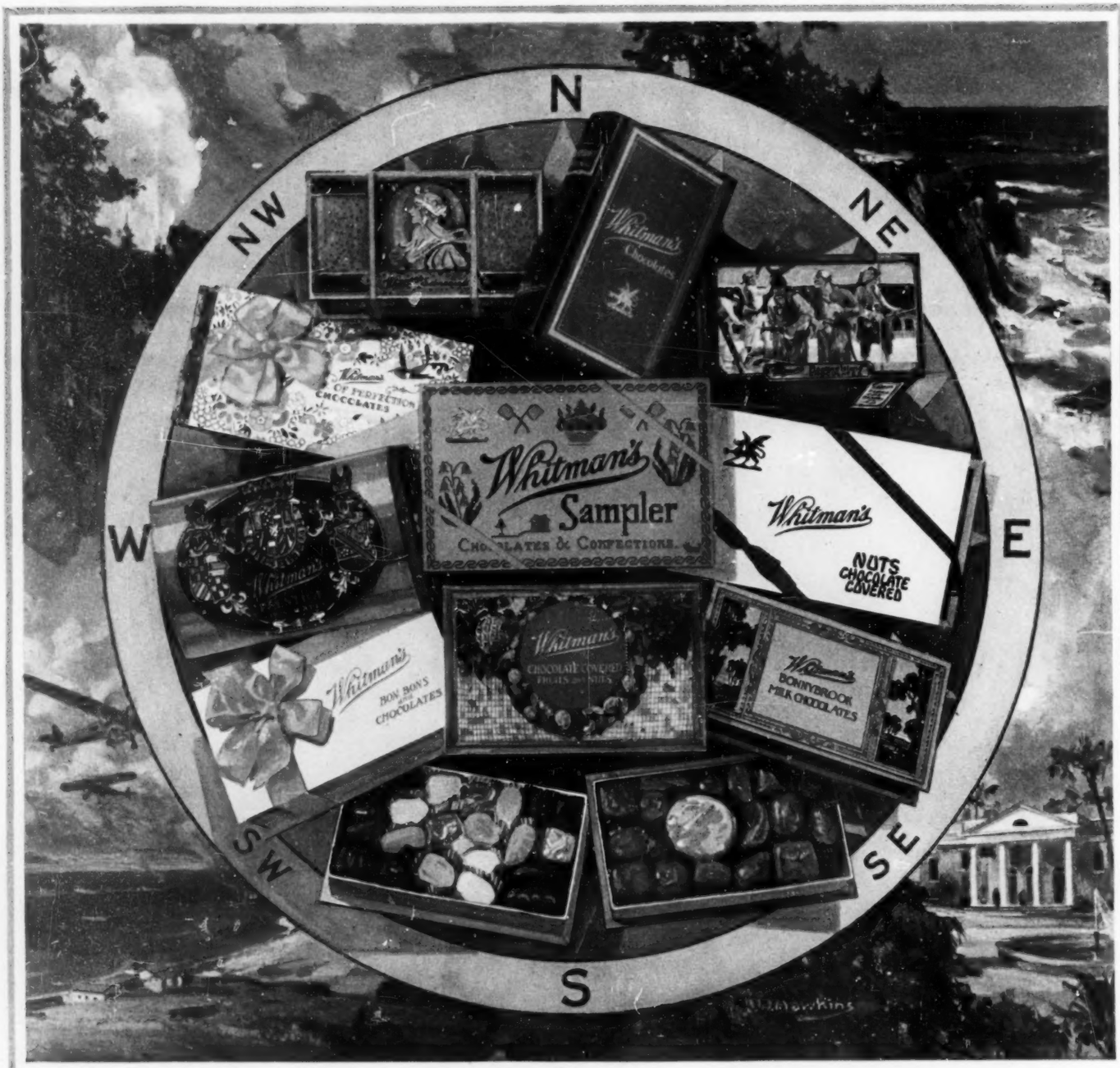

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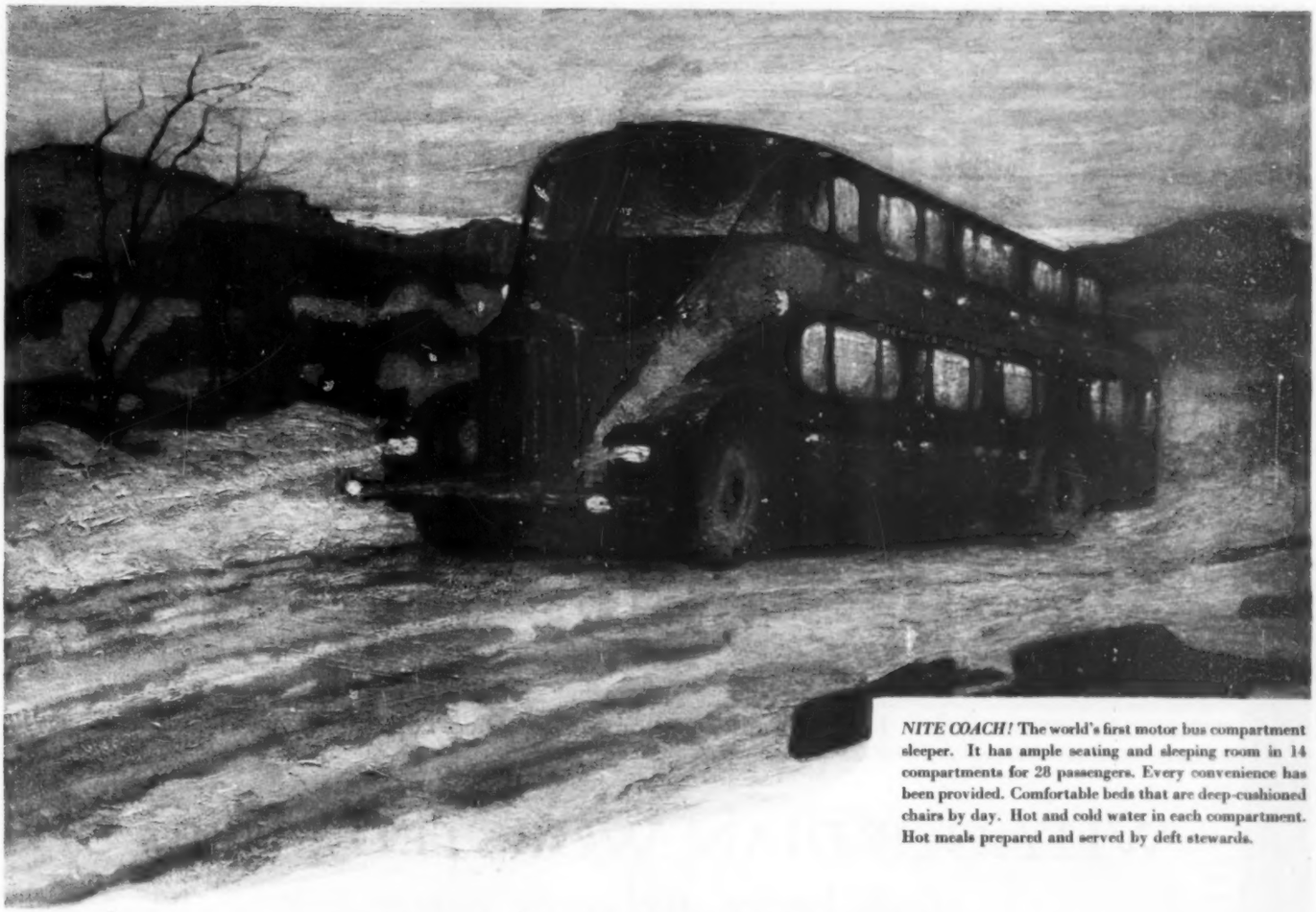

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A PLUMBER IN PARADISE

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE girl leaning over the rail of the Jaime II warned him. She said, "Your right wheel is off the edge." But she was so pretty that Jim Obregon only smiled at her. Whereat she remarked rather severely, "Of course, if you don't mind falling into the Mediterranean——" And the young man, treading heavily on the accelerator, jolted up the gangplank in triumph. Four dark-skinned sailors who had been watching his progress with indifference proceeded to lash the smart black-and-red roadster to the deck.

Obregon lifted his hat.

"That was a close call," he said. "Thank you."

"Such a handsome car," she murmured. "It seemed a pity."

"Some folks," he said, "would be hurt by a remark like that. But I'm hardened. Monty is handsome. All women fall for him. But these Dagos didn't care a darn for either of us. If we'd gone overboard they'd have enjoyed the splash. Not," he amended, mopping himself, "that I ought to call them Dagos. And anyhow, I'm one of them. Used to be." He nodded vaguely seawards. "I was born over there, years ago."

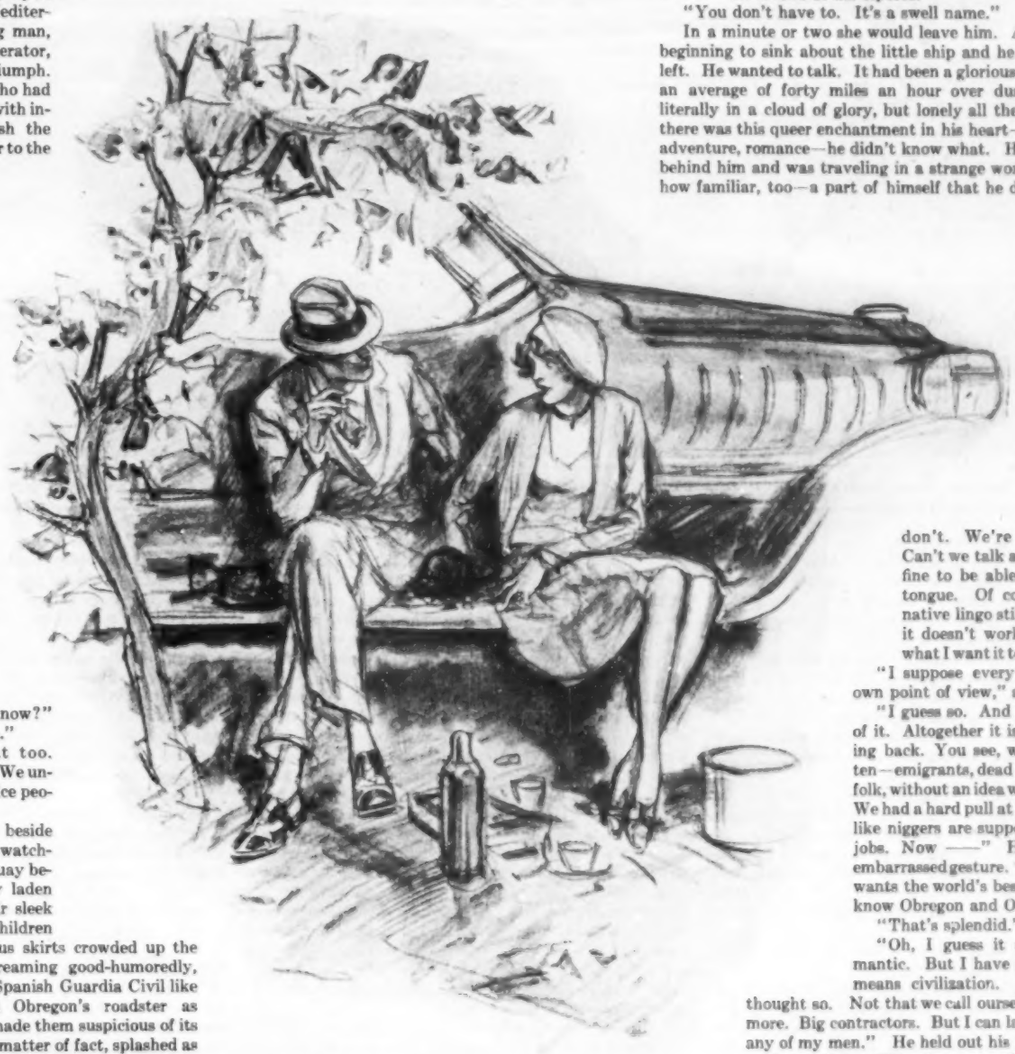
She asked, "American, aren't you?"

"Sure. How did you know?"

"I guessed. I'm English."

"Well, I guessed that too. What's it matter anyway? We understand each other. All nice people."

He continued to stand beside her, leaning over the rail and watching the lazy bustle on the quay beneath them. Stout, heavily laden women with veils over their sleek black hair and precocious children clinging to their voluminous skirts crowded up the gangplanks and retired, screaming good-humoredly, below decks. Two solemn Spanish Guardia Civil like twin souls prowled round Obregon's roadster as though its crimson facings made them suspicious of its political sympathies. As a matter of fact, splashed as it was with the mud and dust of the thousand-mile run from Cherbourg, it was an entirely aristocratic roadster and Obregon was glad that the girl had noticed it.



"Well, They Just Don't Understand Kittens. Not Even Miguela"

"They make an awful lot of noise, don't they?" he observed. "If people yelled like that on Fifth Avenue we'd all be deaf."

"They'll quiet down presently. You see, for most of them it's an adventure—coming to the mainland."

"You seem to know."

"I ought to. I live over there. My father's the British consul."

"Oh. And mine's *the* plumber," he said teasingly. "Obregon and Obregon, Inc., of New York City. My name's Jim Obregon—really Jaime Maria Jesus. But you couldn't get 'round the United States with a name like that."

"No. I suppose not. Mine's Cecilia Donne. And I can't do anything about it."

He smiled at her riposte.

"You don't have to. It's a swell name."

In a minute or two she would leave him. A starlit dusk was beginning to sink about the little ship and he didn't want to be left. He wanted to talk. It had been a glorious trip—two days at an average of forty miles an hour over dusty French roads, literally in a cloud of glory, but lonely all the same. And then there was this queer enchantment in his heart—a premonition of adventure, romance—he didn't know what. He had left real life behind him and was traveling in a strange world that was somehow familiar, too—a part of himself that he didn't know about or had forgotten. It bothered him. It made him feel unsubstantial. Left alone, anything might happen. The 100 per cent young business man might fade out entirely.

"Well ——" Miss Donne said, making the faint preliminary gesture of departure.

"No," he interrupted. "Please don't. We're introduced now. Can't we talk a bit? You see, it's fine to be able to use one's own tongue. Of course, I know the native lingo still. But, somehow, it doesn't work. It doesn't say what I want it to. Queer, isn't it?"

"I suppose every language has its own point of view," she reflected.

"I guess so. And I've lost the hang of it. Altogether it is queer—this coming back. You see, we left when I was ten—emigrants, dead poor; just peasant folk, without an idea what we were in for. We had a hard pull at first. Had to work like niggers are supposed to. Any odd jobs. Now ——" He made a happy embarrassed gesture. "Well, anyone who wants the world's best bathroom has to know Obregon and Obregon, Inc."

"That's splendid."

"Oh, I guess it doesn't sound romantic. But I have a notion plumbing means civilization. The old Romans thought so. Not that we call ourselves plumbers any more. Big contractors. But I can lay a pipe as well as any of my men." He held out his slim brown hands to the starlight. "I've been one of them. I'm proud of it. Maybe you think—well, that it's something to be ashamed of."

"I don't. I'd be proud too. One's got to know one's job."

"Sure. But I had a kind of idea you English didn't feel that way."

"That's just part of our notorious hypocrisy," she murmured.

"Now you're laughing. But it's true all the same—about the job, I mean. Of course, we had luck too. And now I'm coming back for a bit. I promised mother I would. Somehow, she was always hankering to go back—died homesick. Not like dad. Dad's dug himself in. He laughed at me, said I was a young fool. But I'd promised, and besides, I wanted to." He glanced at her uncertainly. But her profile was grave and

"When a Dream Comes True, it is Frightening," He Said. "I Have Dreamed of You for Years. Only, You are So Much More Beautiful"

very sweet, and he took a long breath. "After all, they are my people. And—well, what I mean is one has to do what one can. There are hordes of 'em over there—grandmothers, aunts, cousins—all piled up in one village, they say, and poor as mice. It makes me sore to think of it. I want to set them up. And first it's going to be one wild party."

This time they laughed together. The funnel of the little steamer was beginning to move among the stars. Barcelona with its lights and desultory clamor fell away from them, leaving them to the immediate silence and the mysterious far-off murmur of the water. Yes, a queer business—this coming back.

His heart was full of it. He remembered how they had left, fifteen years ago; a timid little handful venturing out into a strange, dangerous world in quest of fortune. He could see his mother, her thin dark face turned wistfully to the land that she was not to see again, and wet with tears. He had cried, too; not knowing why—out of sheer sympathy. Now, here he was like a prince in the fairy tale.

"One of the cousins is pretty," he said dreamily. "They sent her photo. Her name is Miguela."

Miss Cecilia Donne smiled into the dusk. It seemed that she was traveling *cubierta*. That meant staying on deck all night. It was cheaper and cooler. And besides, as she explained, you saw the sunrise and Palma, like Aphrodite, coming out of the sea to meet you.

Obregon forgot his first-class cabin.

"But I've never met the lady at all," he said; "so you ought to stay by and introduce us. We might take Monty along. Even goddesses fall for Monty."

She turned and considered him meditatively.

"Aren't you very romantic for an American, Mr. Obregon?" she asked.

"And who told you Americans weren't romantic?" he retorted gayly. "We're the most romantic things on earth. But we've got some sound, practical ideas."

He held open Monty's door for her. He piled Monty's cushions at her back. They relaxed side by side into Monty's high-priced luxuriousness. Obregon's hand rested on the wheel. The ship sank away beneath them into darkness. It was really as though they rode the sea together. And gradually the sea's voice, gentle and persistent, flowed over them, lulling them to silence. Stark rocks, perpendicular precipices cut into black ravines of shadow, and spectral in the starlight, rose up out of the smooth silvery depths to watch them pass. They had seen kings and armies sail by them to victory or defeat. They had seen little Obregon, fifteen years ago, set out on his great adventure. And now there he was, back again. They stared down at him. He wondered drowsily if they recognized him, if they nudged one another in their rocky ribs, "*Eso es!* There's young Obregon come home." But he had changed so much. And they hadn't changed at all—not in a hundred thousand years.

Obregon sat very still. He did not want to wake the girl who slept beside him, curled up like a child among her cushions. It was fine of her to be so friendly. American and English girls were like comrades. But there was no mystery about them. They were just people—human beings like oneself.

"Miguela." What a lovely name. He drowsed fitfully and dreamed. He was a boy again, playing on white sands by a quiet, tideless sea. He could see the huddled village of tumbled houses and the great, sheltering cliffs. He had forgotten them, but now he saw them quite clearly. There were other children with him. Their faces were blurred—all but that of a little girl with black hair and brown, grave eyes who sat apart, watching. And when he had done something specially bold and clever—for he was stronger than the others—he turned to her and saw her smile.

"Miguela!"

A sudden wind, cold and sweet as new wine, stung him back to wakefulness. He saw that the stars had gone. The sky, translucent with pale unearthly colors, sank drowning into the strong blue of the sea. A wide bay held out its arms to the gently moving vessel. The city that bound it from point to point shone in the first light like a string of pearls.

As though the sunrise had been a bugle call, the girl beside Obregon stirred and awoke. She turned to him, and through the veil of sleep over her gray eyes he thought he saw puzzlement give place to something kind and humorous, and a little sorry. She was sorry. But she didn't in the least know why.

"They'll be there to meet you, won't they—I mean, your people?"

He nodded. His people. That sounded good, somehow. They were there all right. He could almost pick them out—a black, motionless group on the bustling quay. His throat tightened.

"Sure."

She sighed faintly. "Anyway, welcome home!" she said.

II

THE low white room was very hot. The red wine very strong. Jim Maria Jesus Obregon wanted to pour out his heart. The lean dark faces round the table reminded him of his mother, and of himself, years ago, when he had been little and had sat, perhaps, just where he was sitting now. He wanted to tell them so. But the words failed. He kept on breaking into English. Still, he had to try. He had to show them that he was one of them. After all, they were a warm-blooded, impulsive, simple people. Primitive; not all tied up with shynesses and bothering what other folk were thinking of you.

"You know," he said in a voice not quite steady, "it's wonderful to be here. Of course, America's my country. But you're my people. I've never had any people of my own—only father and mother. Gee, if you knew how good it felt ——"

Aunt Catalina sat next him. Aunt Catalina was an old lady like a small brown apple that had withered pleasantly in the sun. But evidently no one loved her. No one spoke to her. That was one of the reasons why Obregon put his arm over her shoulder and kissed her on the soft, wrinkled cheek. He wished it had been Miguela. But Miguela sat opposite with the sullenly handsome Cousin Mateo, and you couldn't have everything. At least, not at once. Meantime he wanted them all to be as happy as he. He wanted to show them how exuberantly he loved them all.

"I think," Grandmother Francesca muttered toothlessly, "that the fresh air would do you good, my son."

There was wickedness at the bottom of her sunken black eyes—a sort of malevolent understanding. But no one else would look at him. Not even Miguela, who had looked at him a lot. And Aunt Catalina, with the croak of a small, frightened frog, had slipped from her place and vanished. Evidently something had slipped up somewhere. Obregon stood up. He wanted to explain—he did not know what. And, more urgently, he wanted to get out. They made way for him politely. They were so darned polite they made you fall over your own feet. They waited for him to get out of earshot. He could feel them waiting. It cost him an effort to walk leisurely and carelessly down the slope of the shore. Then he heard the silence break and discreet whispers. Uncle Pedro's irrepressible boom. A girl's sudden golden laughter. Obregon went hot about the ears. They were laughing at him, and he didn't even know why. Maybe because he had kissed his aunt. Well, he hadn't wanted to kiss her particularly. He had just had to kiss somebody. And they hadn't understood.

He perched himself on one of the boats drawn up like a quiet sleeper at the sea's edge. A cool and gentle twilight hid him. The drowsy water and the little brown fishing village huddled in the embrace of the tall dark cliffs laid friendly familiar hands on his hot, uncomfortably beating heart.

It all came back to him. Old memories, and perhaps memories older than himself. "I guess mom must have sat here with dad," he thought. "Maybe they held hands like I'd like to do with Miguela, and watched the sun go down." Queer to think it was the same sun. Not that it was easy to imagine dad watching anything go down but the stock market. Not now, anyway. Mom had been different. Watching sunsets and holding hands had been the sort of things she would do. Maybe it was that she'd starved for in that Fifth Avenue apartment. He could see her, sitting here on the little old boat and dreaming. One night, perhaps, she had come alone to dream about him.

He went hot again. He took out a cigarette and began to smoke vigorously. Making a fool of oneself once in an evening was enough. He tried sternly to think of New York and Obregon and Obregon, Inc., and the latest thing in bathtubs. But it didn't work. He felt queer and upset. The red wine had given him a headache. He had had to pour it down his throat out of a long-necked bottle, and the results had been disastrous. His light suit looked as though he had come from a battlefield. Not that it mattered. Somehow, his clothes weren't right anyway—didn't fit into the landscape. Clothes, in this queer, lovely world, had to be patched and weather-beaten and worn with a careless magnificence. But you couldn't buy patched and weather-beaten clothes in New York. And you couldn't make yourself feel comfortable in them anyway. Not that he was comfortable. The sand had got into his shoes. And then all that macaroni. Macaroni, he supposed, ought to be in his blood. But, quite evidently, it wasn't.

Of course, he was tired. The day had been long and nerve racking. Not quite as he had expected. First of all, the fuss with the bewhiskered Spanish officials about Monty. Monty's papers not in order—something idiotic about a "permission to circulate"—all the Obregons standing round and talking at the tops of their voices. Finally, Cecilia Donne and her pleasant gray-haired father had come to the rescue. They would get the "permission" and drive the car out to him the next day. Really stunning they had been to him. After that the Obregons, who had suddenly assumed an air of frozen detachment, had bundled him into a yellow two-horse cart with benches and side curtains, and they had driven for miles along a bumpy road over a wide plain peppered with comic little water mills like toys. Obregon had pointed out that they ought to have a proper electrical irrigation plant. He had gone into the system in detail. His cousins looked intelligent. Maybe nobody had told them before that their way of doing things belonged somewhere round the Flood. Plain blooey. Difficult to put it over in his rusty Catalan. But he guessed he'd impressed them. At any rate, they'd stared a lot. And after that, conversation hadn't been easy. Only Grandmother Francesca had gone on talking—at the top of her voice. Probably she hadn't heard a word. She was deaf and sat in a far corner, watching him with her wicked, twinkling eyes.

If it hadn't been for Miguela —— But Miguela sat next to him. Her foot touched his—accidentally or reassuringly, he couldn't be sure. But suddenly he had felt reckless. He had wanted to put his hand on hers and tell her outright, "You know, I've never forgotten you. And I've been in love with you ever since I saw your picture. And now I've come to marry you."

Of course, he hadn't done it. You couldn't do things like that right off the bat. You had to be patient, within reason.

A light sprang up in the doorway of the Obregons' *casa* and threw a golden patch on the white sands. Candlelight. Pretty and romantic, and all that. But when you thought of the waterfall not a quarter of a mile away, you had to laugh. Why, the whole place could be electrified, literally for a song. And the poor dubs hadn't ever thought of it. A thrill shot through Obregon's nerves. He could feel

(Continued on Page 112)

Only Obregon Had Heard it Long Ago. He Sat Forward With His Face Buried in His Hands. It Hurt, Somehow

The Little Fellow in Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ON OCTOBER 24, 1929, millions of Americans recalled poignantly the hundreds of blithe prophecies that our feelings never again would be harrowed by absurd exhibitions of mob hysteria or mass emotionalism in the stock market. We were living in a new era. Everybody told you this, the week before, whether he was carrying ten shares or 10,000. The short cut to riches having been surveyed and mapped, the day of reckoning had been erased from the calendar by that modern efficiency which made panics obsolete.

On this fine fall day, New Yorkers on their way to Wall Street noticed, on nearly every square, places where the crowd had overflowed from the buildings and were blocking the sidewalks. Those were branch offices of stock-brokers. Scores were inside looking at the quotation board. The white-faced hundreds outside were trying to glimpse the translux. In any building where the branch office happened to be next to the main entrance, the nonspeculating tenants could not go in or out without help from janitors or porters; the white-faced men choked the way. They moved their bodies a few inches to let the tenant through, but their gaze remained fixed on the brokers' door. They were waiting for scraps of news to be relayed from person to person—surgeons' bulletins from the operating room, formerly known as quotations.

The patient was worse. Prices were still going down—fast! No bottom! The chances for the miracle that alone could save the white faces were growing slimmer and the faces growing whiter. But they stood there, hour after hour, unable to go away—dying men counting their own last pulse beats. Every one of the hundreds of branch offices in New York had its crowd. I paused by several of them that morning, and, on my word, not once did I hear a single victim tell his neighbor his tale of woe. This struck me as the unbelievable limit of suffering!

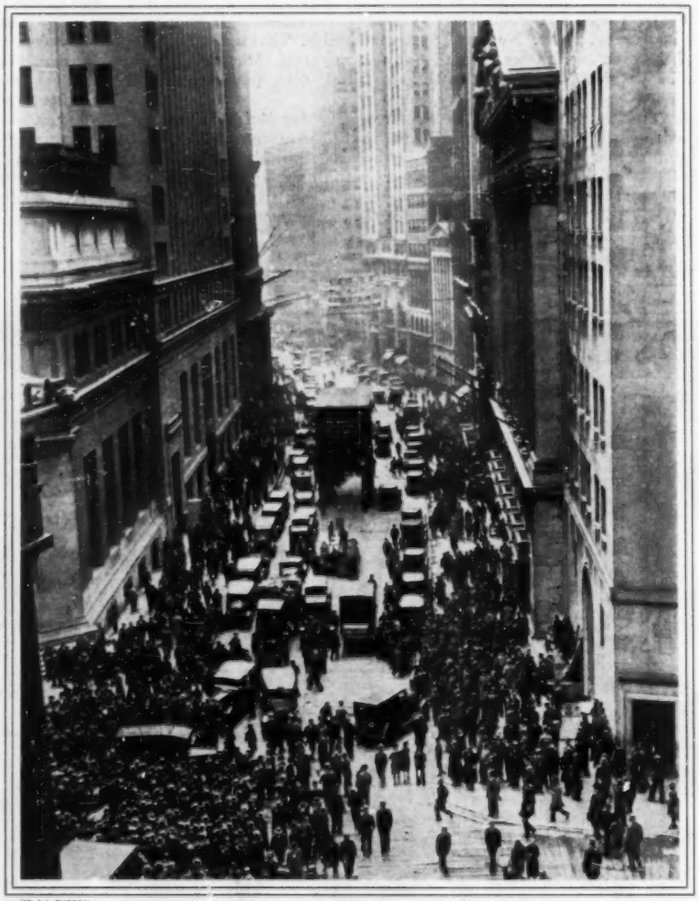
And when you arrived at Wall Street you found Broad Street packed more densely than in the old Liberty Loan drives when famous men spoke at noon from the Sub-Treasury steps. Those thousands just stood there, staring fascinatedly at the white façade of the New York Stock Exchange.

Air Castles Razed

THE monumental temple of the ticker had ceased to be the purveyor of unearned money, to become the altar where the dreams of millions of men about millions of dollars had gone up in smoke. The gaping thousands had read it in the newspapers. There were not so many tense faces as outside the uptown branches, for these men had not lost their all. Aware that the floors of all the offices in all the buildings within sight were strewn with the ashes of untaken paper profits, they naturally hoped that some of the late rich in those offices who still breathed would presently come out and be seen. So they blocked traffic and waited.

Inside, in not a single customers' room in all Wall Street could you have pushed your way through the hundreds who stood, hour after hour, in a space intended for dozens, their faces showing not so much suffering as a sort of horrified incredulity—the dazed unbelief of men who have been robbed of their all by their dearest and most trusted friend. The same quotation board that had been so generous during so many happy months was now sentencing its former beneficiaries to unthinkable tortures. And yet it really meant well! The tape was hours behind the market, and it was only when reports from the floor of the Stock Exchange came in, giving the actual prices, that the customers realized how kindly the ticker had acted—suspending sentence two hours! But the untickered truth meant much more than the end of hopes. It meant poverty, debt, a fresh start under heavier handicaps.

I visited a dozen offices and nowhere did I see the hysterical melodrama that people always expect in Wall Street at such times. Perhaps the customers were packed too tightly to permit emotional outbursts. But every now and then, when the telephoned reports showed how much worse things actually were on the floor, one man might gulp and another shake his head, answering his own unspoken question with a "No!" Here and there some would grin—the only kind of grin that men can negotiate in public at such a time—and you somehow felt that those were married men, prematurely minimizing the damage, rehearsing for that evening at home. Everywhere else in the offices was pandemonium; in the wire rooms and the outer offices and the cubby-holes where low-voiced colloquies were carried on.



"P. & A. PHOTO"

Looking Down Broad Street at the Corner of Wall, New York City

No need to tell anyone what their purport was; everybody knew. Orders were coming in in torrents, to be received by clerks who had not slept in thirty hours. Some firms handled more than 1,000,000 shares in one day; one odd-lot house more than 3,000,000; and nearly all orders were to sell! Sell! Sell! By the tens and the hundreds and the thousands and the tens of thousands, in answer to the telegrams sent out the night before, calling for more margin. Millionaires, workingmen, clerks, merchants, doctors, lawyers, teachers, trolley conductors, actors, and even poets, saw flitting past their eyes, in a silence indescribably tragical, the fateful shadow figures of the translux that told the story of the panic, as befitted the day of the aeroplane when compared with the age of the horse and buggy. The same modern newspapers that during the bull market so often quoted the bull leaders' panegyrics about the new era, now duly front-paged the debacle that was never again to be; and some of them printed nearly one-tenth of the truth.

On that same day, in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, issue of October twenty-sixth, you might have read, on page 117, these words of Professor Albert Einstein, indisputably one of the world's great men: "The ordinary human being does not live long enough to draw any substantial benefit from his own experience. . . . We can transmit to them neither our knowledge of life nor of mathematics. Each must learn its lesson anew."

Well, that is why we had a panic in the stock market, which makes it proper to answer three questions: Who lost? Why? And how?

The Only Ones Who Didn't Lose

BEFORE the panic had run half its course, a famous international banker said to me: "Everybody has lost money excepting liars and beggars. Liars don't tell the truth and beggars have no money to lose!"

The head of a bond house, who has developed a statistical turn of mind by reason of his investment business, heard this and permitted himself to assert that at least 5,000,000 people had lost money through trading in stocks in 1929. He admitted that his estimate was largely guesswork, but he swore he had been keeping a careful tab on the business that stock houses did in places where formerly he used to sell bonds. Later reports from his agents and other assistants made him feel that his first estimate had been too conservative. He told me:

"I shouldn't be at all surprised if 10,000,000 Americans lost money directly by the crash in the stock market. You must not forget that the bull market lasted more than six years, even though the public did not come in in hordes until 1928. Of course, there was plenty of justification for a bull market. There always is. But don't forget that this time we had factors that made it the greatest of all bull markets: Increased population, greater wealth, more widespread prosperity, and marvelous machinery for the distribution of bull tips on a scale unprecedented in the world's history. You know that stocks do not go up; they are put up. Incidentally, this observation, attributed to various men, was first made by the late Francis D. Carley. The best way to bull a stock is by advertising through the ticker. No ticker, no free quotations. No free quotations, no dreams. No dreams, no speculators. No speculators, no buyers. No buyers, no losers! This time the stock-market manipulators could reach practically everybody in the United States; and this time, also, the manipulators were not old market plungers but high-class bankers and financiers and industrial leaders of fine repute. It wasn't necessary to go to your broker's offices to get the gambling dope. You got it by radio in your own home, as well as by long-distance ticker, by telegraph, by telephone, by wireless, by daily newspapers, by statistical agencies and by neighbors.

"One of my recreations is antiquing. I regularly and optimistically motor through the Atlantic States and New England in the hope of finding bargains in the country shops. Last August, when the danger signals in the stock market were beginning to make themselves plain to an old bond man, I stopped at an antique shop in a small town in Southern New Jersey.

"I caught the owner as he was about to leave. The shop was on a main-traveled highway and a chap on the job would have kept open evenings. But the bull market long ago taught me that a profit, whether on paper or safe in bank, demoralizes all bulls.

"'You close early,' I said.

"'Yes, unless someone telephones they are on the way. Looking for anything in particular?'

"'Glass,' I said.

"'Haven't any that's any good. I haven't got around as much as usual, this year.'

"'Don't let me keep you from going home,' I said politely.

"'That's all right. I live upstairs, but I got to get to the drug store.'

"'You don't look sick.'

"'Oh, no. We just meet there every night at seven, to get the close.'

"'What close?'

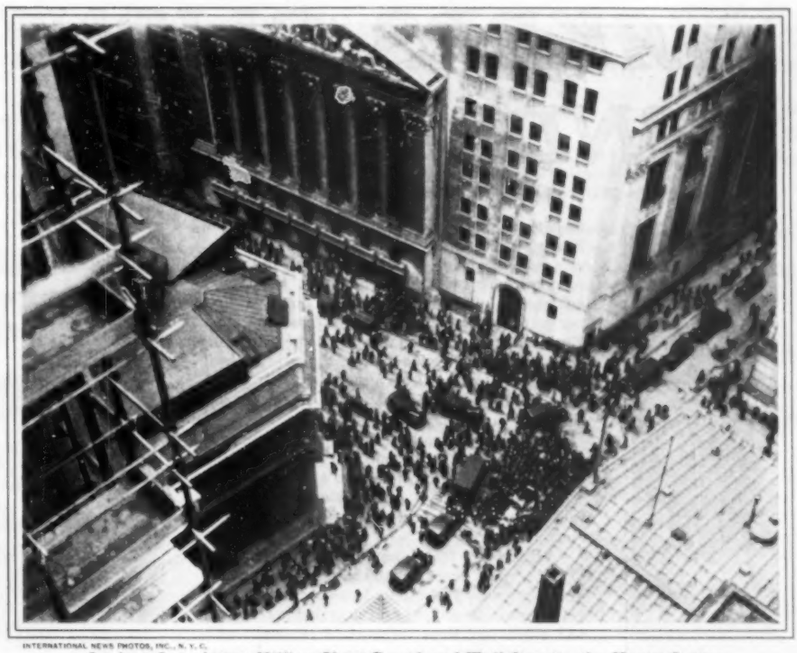
"'The stock market,' he said. I understood then why he didn't have any glass. But all I asked was: 'Who else, beside you, goes?'

"'Oh,' he answered, 'the gang! Everybody!'

"I am no Sherlock Holmes, but I knew those Jerseymen, representing the best element in the village, met not merely to get the closing prices, which they could have at home from their own radios, but to talk about the market. You know that nine out of ten people who talk about the market really talk about their profits. They crave applause for their cleverness. That is why the profit gets away from them. In this late bull market the long time that the average trader had those paper profits to enjoy was one of the reasons for the huge losses. People became accustomed to being long of stocks. They would have felt uncomfortable without the need to look at the financial page the first thing in the morning and the last at night.

"A rather intelligent commercial traveler who covers a wide territory told me: 'I firmly believe that there isn't a town of 10,000 inhabitants or over in the United States, North, South, East and West, that hasn't at least one night club. In the past year and a half I have been in a hundred or more of them, and I'll swear that nine-tenths of the people I saw there were having the time of their lives spending their uncashed stock-market profits. It struck me that these people had acquired the worst habits of the idle rich, without the riches.'

"Well," continued the bond man, "it is too early to tell how being busted will affect people who have been living in a fool's golden paradise for eighteen months. My son told me the popular Wall Street word of late was 'multi.' When somebody wanted to say that a man had a great deal of money, they referred to him as a 'multi.' There are not so many multimillionaires now."



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

Anxious Speculators Milling About Broad and Wall Streets, the Money Center of the World, October 25, 1929

Finance's V. C.

NEVER before did so many people make so much money, or spend it so lavishly, as during the late bull market. Prolonged prosperity makes the new-rich seek new ways of spending; and spending for new luxuries gives to money a pleasure-giving power that it did not have in the less affluent days. But as expenses rise, there develops the need of increasing the income to keep pace with the new living standard.

From hardship to comfort, the gap is a million miles wide. From comfort to luxury, the step is only four inches long. Ask any man who has made easy money.

Stock speculation always has seemed the cleanest way of making easy money. It is legalized gambling masquerading as a legitimate business. It possesses insidious attractions. It tickles the vanity of the speculator to feel that it is his superior judgment, clear vision and financial courage that win the money for him. That is why stock speculators refuse to regard their operations as attempts to get something for nothing. They know that nobody gets that. Speculating, to them, is getting something for something. To cash in is to win the Victoria Cross of finance, the reward of valor. When a man risks greatly, the reward should be commensurate, and so on. Old stuff a hundred years ago, and still going strong.

On one of those awful days when it looked as if the crash would engulf everybody I noticed that a man next to me in the customers' room of a large brokerage house smiled as they dropped meteorlike.

"Short of 'em?" I asked my neighbor.

I had never seen him before, but it was not a rude question to ask an utter stranger. On the contrary, on an occasion like this it was one of the greatest compliments—a diplomatic way of implying that he was the wisest man in that room.

"No," he answered cheerfully. "I wish I were. The reason I smiled was that I was thinking of my wife."

Why He Smiled

"HERE is a model husband," thought I; "one who minds mamma." How wonderful is their intuition!

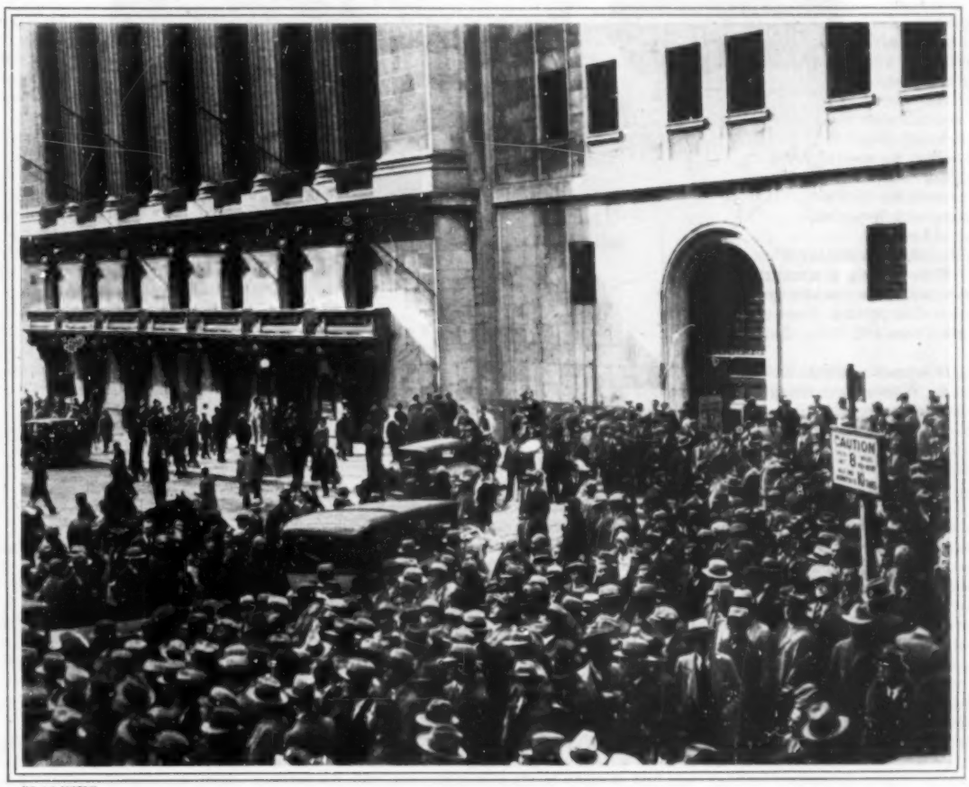
"Ah, yes," I said; "and she is going to tell you 'I told you so' tonight, and you are going to admit cheerfully that she was right, eh?"

"Not by a damsite," he said quickly. "For nearly two years she has been making my life miserable, telling me how her brother-in-law made so much in Radio; and her friend's husband made $27,000 in Steel; and Tom took enough out of one deal that he's retired from business; and how Joe bought two swell cars for his wife, who had never looked for better than a secondhand flivver; and why in heck couldn't I do the same? All the wives of all my friends were going about, giving disgusting exhibitions of *joie de vivre* and money burning. Of course, if I had the nerve of a louse, she'd have the motor. I was a hopeless pill, and worse. . . . Are you married? You know the line, then. Well, sir, last night I ate my dinner in comfort—you know, in silence. Tonight I expect to be told that I am not so dumb as I look. Tomorrow, when she gets the reports of the casualties in our set, I will be restored to the esteem in which I was held before the bull market."

"And how were you able to keep out of the market?"

"Well, we've always been hard workers in my family. We were all brought up to be what they call plodders. I figure that if I can quit when I am fifty, I'll have a good time during what ought to be one-third of my life—the third when it feels good not to have to hustle. So I just bide my time and buy bonds and preferred stocks and a few common stocks that look good, and have a future that I can see. I don't want a stock that I'll have to wait fifty years for dividends. And, then, I listen to warnings. Here is a piece I clipped from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST last winter." He took out a long clipping,

(Continued on Page 97)



"P. & A. PHOTO"

A View of the New York Stock Exchange

DRESSMAKERS, CLIENTS AND HUSBANDS—By Brenda Ueland

PHOTOS. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

The Height of Fashion at the Grand Prix, in 1905

The Latest Mode at Ascot, Only Fifteen Years Ago

A Practical Street Costume at Broadway and Forty-second Street, 1905

THE old-fashioned kind of dressmaker who came twice a year and stayed for two or three weeks and made the year's clothes for everybody in the family is practically extinct. In the big houses of thirty years ago there was always a sewing room well equipped with a sewing machine, pinking machine, sleeve board, dressmaking form. Day after day in the spring and fall the dressmaker appeared at lunch, and often she was an indefatigable talker, an enthralling gossip, or sometimes she was a repressed woman who ate uneasily in the presence of the family, eating with hyperdaintiness, elbows pressed against her sides.

There is still a five-dollar-a-day dressmaker who goes from house to house. With the help of a magazine pattern and the lady of the house, she can make a very nice dress in a day. But she also is disappearing. Some women still make themselves dresses now and then. But most women buy them.

A great metamorphosis in women's clothes has taken place in the last fifteen years. Women have changed, life has changed, and dresses have changed—the whole idea of dresses, how they should look, and how long they should last and what dresses are for.

All Dressed Up in Thirty Yards of Cloth

A DRESSMAKER who is worth a million dollars, who looks like an Irish actress of the eighteenth century with her arched eyebrows and charming dowdiness, said:

"My grandmother was a dressmaker sixty years ago. She learned her trade by being apprenticed out at twelve and the only pay she had was her board. She learned to cut patterns from a board that was like a stiff piece of brown linoleum with holes in it, and by diagraming these holes she could cut basques for women of all sizes. Every dress in the world had a basque.

"When I was six I was made to stand on a backless chair, and fit for my grandmother's ladies, my small shoulders being used for hips while grandmother draped, built—it took hours—the monumental skirt with its yards of puffing and plaitings, all of these being exquisitely hemmed by hand and patiently fluted on the fluting iron on the kitchen stove. The strain of fitting in those days was really frightful—to stand for hours in the hot room without twitching, swathed in the heavy, heavy cloth! And my suffering did not mean that my grandmother's ladies escaped from anything. They had to stand for hours too. My grandmother got five dollars for making a dress, a good price then, though to make one dress often took two weeks of the painful microscopic work that all sewing was then."

When her grandmother died the little girl was put in an orphan asylum. About 1900 she was working for a fashionable dressmaker in the city. There were no shop windows, no manikins then. The establishment was in a recently outmoded brownstone residence.

"A dress then took from fifteen to thirty yards of cloth. First there was the lining, then crinoline or buckram for stiffening. You see, dresses were actually on the ground and dragging in the mud, and the houses were carpeted to the walls with thick carpets which also became very dirty because the streets were not paved and hard, as they are now for automobiles, but were of soft dirt, mud churned by horses' hoofs and the wagon wheels. So the bottoms of the skirts, sometimes fifteen yards around, had to be reinforced by linings, stiffenings, braid, to protect them from the dirt and to keep them from rotting away.

"Consequently, black stockings," said the dressmaker worth a million dollars, "were an inevitable part of that dirty age. That is why today you find elderly men who think there is nothing so captivating as black silk stockings.

"Over the lining and stiffening there was built up the dress itself. If it were an evening dress of chiffon or some thin material, like mousseline, layer upon layer was needed—sometimes as many as seventeen—for the effect desired was to give the entire structure from neck to hem, a thick, soft, padded look. The layers of chiffon were shirred by hand to build out the bust and the hips, so that there was always the illusion of form there, which, however, was entirely disunited from the actual form of the body underneath. Women moved inside their clothes; not a ripple came to the surface. Even the train would have crinoline vertebræ and was softly built up on it. And a summer evening dress was just as many layers as a winter one, only the exterior was not of silk but of organdie or muslin, with lace, lace, lace—sometimes hundreds of yards of Valenciennes lace inserted in all sorts of shapes—cart wheels, butterflies, lovers' knots.

"The working hours then were from eight-thirty in the morning to six-thirty in the evening. The girls ate their lunch in the cellar, an old-fashioned mud cellar without a cement floor, full of the smells of rats, rains and other smells. The twenty-five girls who worked there carried their own lunch.

"There were two girls, blondes—artificially so—who were sisters and they were set apart from the rest of us because they had silk petticoats which rustled. A silk petticoat against a silk-lined dress swished like water, but only ladies were supposed to make this elegant sound. When a working girl did so, it was a certain sign that she was fast. Silk was fearfully expensive in those days, at least six or seven dollars a yard, and you must remember that at that time a wonderful cook would work two weeks for six dollars. They had not learned to make silk out of anything but silk then. Ladies who were not rich would contrive to rustle by having a narrow section of silk inserted in a cotton petticoat, so juxtaposed that it would rub against a similar section of silk in a cotton dress lining. Dressmaking is supposed to be a female world, but always behind the women are the husbands—the husbands of clients, the husbands of dressmakers."

Problems of the Fitting Room

THE sewing room in a large McKinley-period house was usually on the third floor, cold in winter and ill-lit by a noisy gas flare, and stuffy and hot in summer with the sewing bags full of remnants all around, "which have a musty smell of their own," said the dressmaker.

There was a new serious problem. She had never fitted dresses to the ladies, and of course the fitting was frightfully important.

There must not be a wrinkle in the dress. Yet it had to be fitted over a corset that came to the armpits, which in turn was over long-sleeved knit underwear. Then over the corset was a bulky starched corset cover, and ruffled

petticoats of thick muslin. Moreover, it took literally hours to fit a dress, and the overfatigued woman would twitch and sway and become very pessimistic as to how a dress would eventually look and so, very obstructionistic.

"But can't you fix this?" a client would complain fretfully, almost in tears and tweaking peevishly at the poor dressmaker's efforts before there was any more to the dress than the roughest basted lining.

"Yes, moddom. But this is only the lining. I'll just take out some of the bag here"—hurriedly pinning and talking through a bristling fringe of pins in her mouth—"and that will take care of you here—" hand at the small of the back.

"'Take care of you here' was the dressmaker's most used expression," said the millionaire dressmaker. "It meant building out one portion of the anatomy so that another portion did not seem to protrude so."

Because of the long, weary hours of fitting in those days there was something peculiarly enraging about a dress that was a disappointment. A famous New York society leader was almost sure to tear a dress to pieces if it had not turned out right at last. Another great lady would sit down and cut a new gown into small pieces with the scissors, doing it slowly, almost painstakingly in a burning passion of revenge.

When Women Were Clotheshorses

AND even the mildest women —— There was one whose family believed her incapable of even the slightest shade of crossness. An expensive dressmaker made her an elaborate dress. It was to be unusually nice—one of those dresses to last for years. Well, after the long ordeal of fittings it was not right; it had to be changed, and this happened two or three times. Finally it was delivered. The family all gathered round to see their mother's beautiful new dress. She took it out of the box. She tried it on. She looked at herself in the mirror. Then quietly, without a word, without any change of expression, she took it off, rolled it into a sort of snowball, packing it and rolling it with her hands. And then she went downstairs, through the house, down into the cellar and threw it in the furnace. They heard the door clang.

When she came back no one dared to say a word. They could only stare at her, jaw muscles limp, and when she walked among them, they involuntarily sank back.

It was nearly a year before her daughter dared speak of this incident. The dress had cost a hundred and fifty dollars.

"I never had one instant's regret," said her mother firmly, her mild eyes hardening at the memory. "When I think how I had stood on my feet, hours at a time, for that dress, until I was ready to drop! I'm glad I did it!"

"Dress," said a health article in a woman's magazine of 1901, "is a stumblingblock in the way of a healthy existence for the society woman. My lady must assist by long hours of standing to be fitted. The weight of the dress often drags one down so that only the strongest can carry about the heavy materials. The low bodices which have become more common are a greater menace to health than almost anything. Women who wear low-necked gowns in the evening should not wear heavy, high-necked undergarments, for the contrast between their protection in the day and that of the evening is very great and they more readily take cold. The neck and shoulders should be bathed freely with cold water and with alcohol and water. . . . The hips should not measure over twelve inches more than the waist or five inches more than the chest without corsets. The chest expansion of the society woman will probably be one inch; it should be nearly three."

During the war came the great schism between the dresses of the past and the dresses of the present. The dresses of Queen Elizabeth, with their linings, stiffenings, yards of cloth and trimmings, vanished. The dresses of modern Park Avenue debutantes and a million stylish stenographers appeared.

It is true that after the French Revolution there was a brief period like ours, when women went corsetless, short-haired and even bare-legged, but this was quite local, limited to ultrafashionable Parisian society under the Directoire and Napoleon I. But this modern clothes revolution has affected all the women in Europe and America. And here are some of the reasons:

Good furnaces. Women do not need warm clothes any more. Because houses are warm, women do not need to eat so much and they can be slimmer. And because they are slimmer, they can wear fewer and skimpier and more diaphanous clothes, since for some reason if one is slim enough one is not immodest.

Then the war. The French dressmakers economized in workmanship and in cloth. The automobile made hats small, little more than skull caps. Now, a woman in 1905 with a great edifice of hair and a tremendous hat—perhaps a Merry Widow with several eighteen-inch hatpins through it and a flowing veil over all—did not look so out of proportion if she were deep-bosomed and weighed a hundred and sixty-five pounds. But a round poll like a boy's looks well only when it tops the body of a stripling. You can see how small hats would necessitate slimness.

A dress was no longer a constructed thing, part of it made at a sleeve table, part at a lining table, part at a skirt table and then assembled. Suddenly it was a unit.

PHOTOS. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

Sarah Bernhardt and Her Friend Lily Langtry Displaying the Styles of Their Heyday. In Oval—Beautiful Anna Held Had to Wear These Clothes to be Fashionable

"And then Vionnet the genius," said a Fifth Avenue dressmaker, "startled us as Einstein must have startled physicists and mathematicians. She designed a dress in which the wearer's body became the structural basis—that is, the curves and planes of the body were what caused the dress to take its design. Formerly a dress had been built up on itself. Now the body was an essential part of the structure. Designing such as this was nothing less than engineering, for it required a knowledge of stresses and strains, of all the mysterious folds and curves that fabric will take when cut at subtly different angles, with the threads running counter to each other at certain angles and striking the body at certain points and pulled downward by gravity.

"And to prove it is the work of genius, we found that we could not reconstruct Vionnet. We could make clumsy copies, but no great dressmaker would be fooled by them. For instance, you cannot alter a great French original. You try to make it smaller and take in an under-arm seam and suddenly it is a different dress and has lost all its line, because the dress in the first place was a mysterious and perfect unit and everything in it depended on something else."

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

When Skirts Were Really Long and Automobiles Were New

A New Wrinkle in Fashions

"THE way women act before the mirror is interesting," said a dressmaker, a witty, volatile, handsome forty-year-old woman, whose show rooms are handsome examples of modernistic decorating.

In the nineties the gesture was this: With a hand so tightly gloved that it looked extremely plump, the lady would gather all the folds of the voluminous skirt together just below the bustle and lift it gently as though about to trip across a muddy crossing, lifting it in such a way that only the toes of the boots showed, and no more.

In the early nineties, they were all Gibson girls. She would put her hands on her hips, to accentuate the straight front. The waist was tiny, the front was straight, the belt dipped, the skirt was smooth over rounding hips and swirled at the floor. The habit back came in and caused a furor. This meant that there was no longer a placket at the center-back of the skirt, but it was all smoothly tailored and rounded there, giving a fine wasplike curve to the body.

"And it was Gibson's golf girls who first permitted a wrinkle to appear in a blouse," said the witty dressmaker. "He would draw a girl swinging a golf club and in the

(Continued on Page 54)

THE LOST LIMERICK

By Guy Gilpatric

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS a fine sunny morning, and the Inchcliffe Castle was butting her nose into the turquoise swell which surges off North Africa—butting, then rearing back and pouring cascades of white water from her rusty foc'sle head. Off to starboard, the saw-tooth Atlas Mountains loomed in the heat haze, with here and there an ancient crumbling Moorish watch-tower repeating itself in the sky above their summits in obedience to the mad whims of Fata Morgana, or lying down sidewise upon a cloud some miles above its proper earthly foundation. Once a three-mile stretch of coast range wavered viscously, broke loose from its anchorage, and stood coyly on its head upon the horizon.

Mr. Glencannon, viewing these phenomena from the Inchcliffe Castle's deck, paused on his way to breakfast to frown in sour disapproval.

"Aseenine — pairfickly aseenine!" he declared. "Fortunate it is that I'm no' a drinking mon, or those domned mirages wad gi' me St. Vittle's dance! Still"—and he settled an elbow on the rail the better to pursue his train of thought—"still, yon's a hot an' theersty country, beyont a doot, and I'll be three days in Algiers wi'oot a saxpunce to bless myself. It's a dry prospect, and a lesson never to send hame my savings unless present needs are provided for. But heaven will provide!" And with head bowed deep in thought, he strolled down the deck and stepped through the doorway.

"Captain Ball and gentlemen, I bid ye a vurra gude morning," he said, touching his cap visor. "I hope your healths are better than my poor shattered ain." There was a scupping sound as he attacked his oat porridge—a heaping quart of which, lubricated with a lump of oleomargarine the size of a cricket ball, constituted his time-honored breakfast.

Captain Ball, who had heard the greeting and the scupping every morning for nine long years, acknowledged the former with his usual polite concern:

"We're all quite fit, Mr. Glencannon, thank you; but we're sorry, 'm sure, to hear that your own condition is still unsatisfactory. Er—just what seems to be the trouble today, Mr. Glencannon?"

"It's my nairves," sighed the engineer, pushing back his empty plate and producing an old plaid sock which served the dual function of tobacco pouch and pipe case. "Yes, my nairves. They've been all a-joomp and a-jangle since we cleared Melilla for Algiers. Yes, captain, since we cleared Melilla. I fear that Melilla will eventually be the death o' me." And as he filled his pipe he glanced covertly from one to another of them, as if to appraise the effect of his lugubrious prophecy.

"Melilla?" repeated Mr. Montgomery, the first officer, rising to the bait. "And wot, may I ask, was so fatal about Melilla?"

"Weel," explained Mr. Glencannon, his canny Caledonian eye gleaming through the toxic mixture of smoke and steam which arose from his pipe, "it's a seetuation so strange as to be no less than eunuch. As some of you know, Captain Ball and gentlemen, I've always been a great one for lummericks—silly veerses o' poesy, like, for instance, the one aboot a sairtain young mon from Bombay who went oot a-riding one day, and the coolie who lived in Hong-Kong whose job was to hammer a gong. You know the sort o' thing? . . . O' course! Weel, there are leeterally hundreds o' them, a' more or less immoral, but a' o' them vurra comic—yes, vurra, vurra comic indeed! It's been a hobby o' mine to collect and meemorize a lummerick for every port in the world; in fact, it's been a matter o' pride that no living mon, aship or ashore, could stump me when it comes to lummericks. Weel, when I heard aboot our nuxt port o' call being Melilla, I o' course thought o' the famous lummerick which goes—weel, the feerst line goes something aboot Melilla. Ye know it?" And tensely he leaned forward.

"Oh, ha-ha—why, my word, certainly I know it!" chuckled Captain Ball patronizingly. "It goes—it goes—er—wait a moment. Let's see now ——"

Mr. Montgomery spoke up: "Oh, I've 'eard that one, sir! It's about the—er ——"

"It's about Melilla, sir!" volunteered the third mate, who was extremely young. "I've recited it a thousand times, I 'ave! Er—funny, though; it seems to eskype me."

Captain Ball shot him a withering glance. But the mate's eyes were closed and his fingers were beating time upon the table.

"Saxty-Four Poonds Nineteen Shoelings Saxpunce," He Mused. "That's What the Pool Comes to, by the Most Conserevative Esteemate! 'Twull be a Braw Bricht Festival in Algiers After A'!"

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Glencannon. "There, gentlemen—there is the deeficulty! I know that lummerick, you know that lummerick; but I canna think o' it and neither can you! And because my health is frail at best, the domned thing has become an obseession wi' me nicht and day, and my nairves are shattered in conseequence."

"Well, I'll think of it in a minute," said Captain Ball doggedly—"that is, I will if you gentlemen will do me the favor to shut up and stop drumming on the table. I've got a pretty good memory for such things."

"So 'ave I," declared Mr. Montgomery.

"Well, mine's a bit above the average," said Mr. MacQuayle, the second engineer.

"Oh, and is it?" inquired Captain Ball. "Well, I'll have you know, sir, that I'm in command of this vessel, and when it comes to memory ——"

"'Old 'ard—I mean excuse me, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Montgomery, springing to his feet. "The Melilla limerick goes like this—er—wyte a minnit now, 'arf a mo'. . . . Oh, 'ell, I do believe it's slipped me!"

The mess boy paused in gathering the dishes and cleared his throat respectfully. "Beggin' pardon, sorrh, if Oi moight say a word to the captain, sorrh, Oi've 'eard that Melilla limerick monny's the toime, sorrh! It's—ha-ha!—it's something—a—um—er—er—just a second, sorrh, whoile Oi goes and arsks the cook."

There was silence at the table, broken only by tense mutterings and the ruminative drumming of fingers upon oilcloth.

The mess boy returned, hand pressed to brow, and walking as if in a trance.

"Well?" Captain Ball snapped at him.

"Sorrh, the cook says 'e knows it loike a beggar in 'is cups; in fact, 'e was on the very point of tellin' me, sorrh, when it slipped 'im, it did. But 'e says as 'ow 'e'll 'ave it in a jiffick."

"Weel, I ha' me doots," declared Mr. Glencannon, wagging his head sagaciously. "Dinna meesunderstand me, captain and gentlemen, when I say that if a meemory like mine—which has mastered Bobby Burns from cover to cover—fails in recalling a sumple lummerick, there's no' much chance on a ship like this!"

"Oh, we don't misunderstand you a bit!" bristled Mr. Montgomery. "What you mean is that the rest of us is so many 'arf-wits, so to say!"

Mr. Glencannon blew a stifling cloud and through it smiled a seraphic smile.

"Oh, no!" he protested. "To you, Muster Mate, I wad no' say as much as that."

"Wait!" interrupted Captain Ball in a voice of frozen fury. "I said before, and I say again, that I've got the best memory on this ship, and what's more, I've got money to prove it! What's your answer to that, gentlemen?"

"You mean you'll bet, sir?"

"Well," said the captain, with such effort at repression that he almost bit off his palate, "that was the idea I intended to convey. But I doubt if there's anybody in the crowd who's sportsman enough to bet with me!"

"Let's myke it a pool. How about that, sir?" suggested Mr. Montgomery. "All fork up a percentage of our pay, winner tyke all."

"Right-o for me," agreed Captain Ball. "The more I win, the merrier! What do you say, Mr. Glencannon?"

There was a pause while the engineer thought it over. "Aweel," he said at length and doubtfully, "I'm no' a gambling mon, such being contrary to my streect Preesbyteerian principles. Also, I'm extremely conseervative in a' matters conceerning finance. But if you yoursel' wull admeenister the thing, captain—taking it oot o' the hands o' the mates and thus assuring fair play—I'll sairtainly parteecipate."

And so it was arranged that the first man to hand Captain Ball a copy of the limerick, before the Inchcliffe Castle docked at Algiers the following day, would receive 10 per cent of the monthly pay of all of them.

This was, in itself, a tidy sum; but later in the morning the second mate was waited upon by Bos'n Hughes.

"Sorrh," said the bos'n, "the foc'sle is in a huproar! Oi've 'ad to broike three 'eads, Oi 'ave, to muntain discipline. And all habout the ruddy limerick which the hengineer arksed the captain and the captain arsked the mess boy and the mess boy arsked the cook. All of us knows it, of course, but none of us can quoite think of it!"

"Ah," said the mate absently, gazing toward a soaring sea gull and moving his lips in futile quest of vague and fleeting words. "Ah? That is, I mean to say, yes?"

"Yes," said Bos'n Hughes, "and wot Oi'd loike to s'y, sorrh, is that the men would loike to come in on the pool, they would, syme as the horfficers, and settle once and for all 'oo's got the best memory in this 'ere ship."

Thus the pool was swelled to mammoth proportions, and by midday the Inchcliffe Castle had taken on a strangely preoccupied air. On the bridge, Mr. Montgomery was pacing back and forth, eating one cigar after another, and pausing at intervals to smite himself upon the forehead as does one who strives to summon an elusive memory. The man at the wheel was gnawing his mustache and peering off into space for minutes at a time, recalling himself to the binnacle and business only by the fear that Mr. Montgomery might glance astern, see the wavers in the wake, and kick him as Mr. Montgomery alone knew how. Though the British Board of Trade, in its wisdom, has decreed that no officer shall strike a seaman, it has said nothing at all about kicking him; and the Inchcliffe Castle's mate, observing the letter of the law, had also mastered the technic of the boot.

Only, just now, Mr. Montgomery was too busy thinking of something else to bother about the extremely untidy wabbles in the soapsuds. Suddenly his face brightened; he stepped to the engine-room speaking tube and whistled down it.

"Second engineer," answered a voice.

"I'll speak to the chief if he's down there," barked Mr. Montgomery.

There was a long pause, during which the mate beat time upon the tube nozzle. "'Ell!" he growled impatiently. "If 'e don't 'urry up it'll slip me. . . . 'De-da-de-de-de-de Melilla'. . . . I s'y, are you there, Mr. Glencannon?"

"No, sir; it's MacQuayle again. The chief says he canna speak to ye the noo, and says he's vurra annoyed at bein' deesturbed, sir."

"Well, tell 'im I almost 'ad it!"

"So did he, sir, but he says ye bruck his train of thought. He's standing nuxt the crank pit noo, sir, seerching for it in the rhuthm o' the engines."

"Rhythm your eye!" shouted Mr. Montgomery, beating on the tube with his fist. "I know the rhythm—it's the words! The rhythm goes 'De-da-de-de-de-de Melilla.'

"I beg to deefer wi' ye, sir!"and the voice came through the tube a trifle tartly. "The proper rhuthm is 'Da-da-DE-da-de-Melilla,' and ye'll obsairve it's wuth three da's an' twa de's, and no' wi one da and five de's, as ye reheersed it, sir."

"Wait, wait, wait, can't you?" screamed the mate. "There's first a de, then a da, then four—no five—oh, blarst your eyes, MacQuayle, you've got me all mixed up, you 'ave!"

Mr. Montgomery let the tube snap shut, glanced aft, saw the snakes in the wake, and advanced truculently toward the wheelman—timing his stride like a hurdler who plans to elevate his right foot smartly and at the proper instant.

The wheelman didn't see him coming. Head back and eyes closed, he was murmuring, "There once was a de-de Melilla."

"Right-o!" exclaimed Mr. Montgomery, staying his foot in midair. "Ye've got it, you 'ave! Think 'ard, my man—think!

The wheelman thought frantically, and in the process let the ship slide full seven points off her course. "There once was a—there once was a—er —— Oh, I'm sorry, sir, but I've me beat, sir," he admitted feebly.

Mr. Montgomery tossed his head in disgust, remembered the wake and launched his kick—all more or less in one motion. Then, becoming conscious of a monotonous and distracting sound, he scowled down at the well deck where three seamen were chipping paint. Their hammers rose and fell in unison in a vaguely familiar and yet unsatisfactory rhythm which they changed from time to time after prolonged and heated debate.

"Strike me pink," muttered the mate. "Why, I do believe the 'ole bloomink ship's gone barmy!"

And so, in truth, it seemed. At supper that evening scarcely a word was spoken or a mouthful eaten. So preoccupied were the officers with scraps of paper and stubs of pencils that none of them noticed that the meat was scorched or that the treacle was served on the potatoes instead of on the pudding.

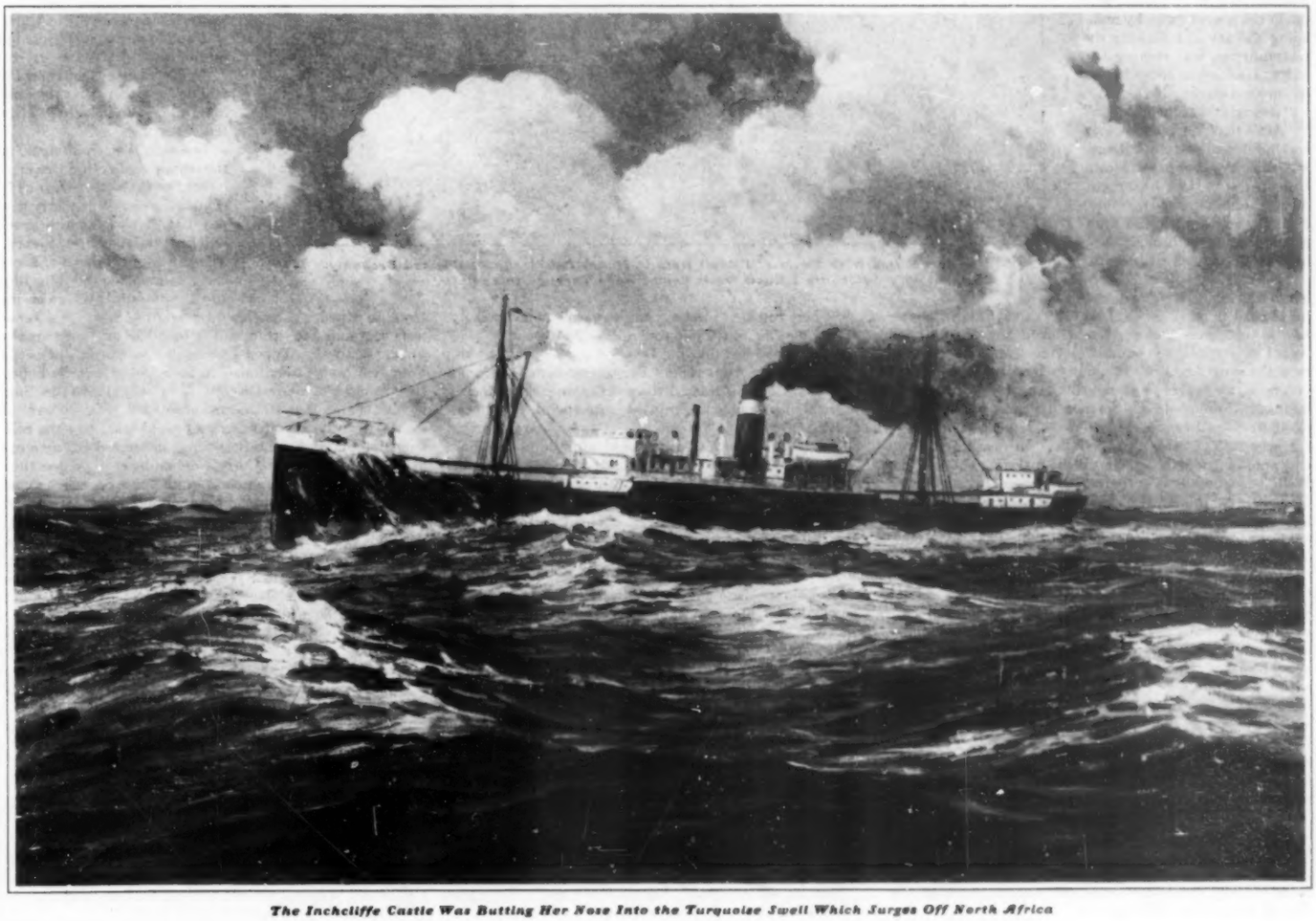
"Weel," Mr. Glencannon broke the silence as he pushed back his chair, "I'll spend the evening in streect concentration. What time wull we be docking tomorrow, Captain Ball?"

"Eleven o'clock at latest. Please to notify everybody, Mr. Montgomery, to hand in their limericks by four bells sharp."

"Ye may rest assured that by four bells I'll hand ye the winning ticket, sir," declared Mr. Glencannon, retreating to the deck before a volley of vicious snorts.

Chuckling to himself, he went to his room, bolted the door, and hung a blanket over the porthole before he switched on the light. Then, pausing a moment to listen for footsteps outside, he took from a drawer a huge oilcloth-covered scrapbook and sat down upon the bunk.

(Continued on Page 94)



The Inchcliffe Castle Was Butting Her Nose Into the Turquoise Swell Which Surges Off North Africa

THE GEORGIANS

By Edith Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE Four Brownings were already on. Curly, attempting to sneak across the half-darkened stage without being seen, could distinguish the figure of Verna, the sister, making her change in the wings; so he knew she had finished her first number. They must be halfway through by this time. He would have only ten minutes. He was good and sore at Red for having gone off after having called him only a few times. He had not had time to shave and would have to cover his beard with grease paint. And the spot he had got on his white trousers, taking his comedy fall during the last show, was still there. He wouldn't have a chance to hide it, as he had done before, by sneaking early on the set and taking his place behind his traps, where Ben could not see whether his trousers were white or not. Nobody but a sap like Benny Wolfe would think of doing an act in white trousers. Anything to make it hard for the boys—that was him. Little squirt, pulling down easy fifteen hundred for the band and paying the boys seventy-five apiece. It was enough to make you sick.

Leo, the pianist, the only married man in the band, who made ten a week extra by managing the act and packing the instruments, was setting the stage. He tried to dodge him as he sneaked across. No use.

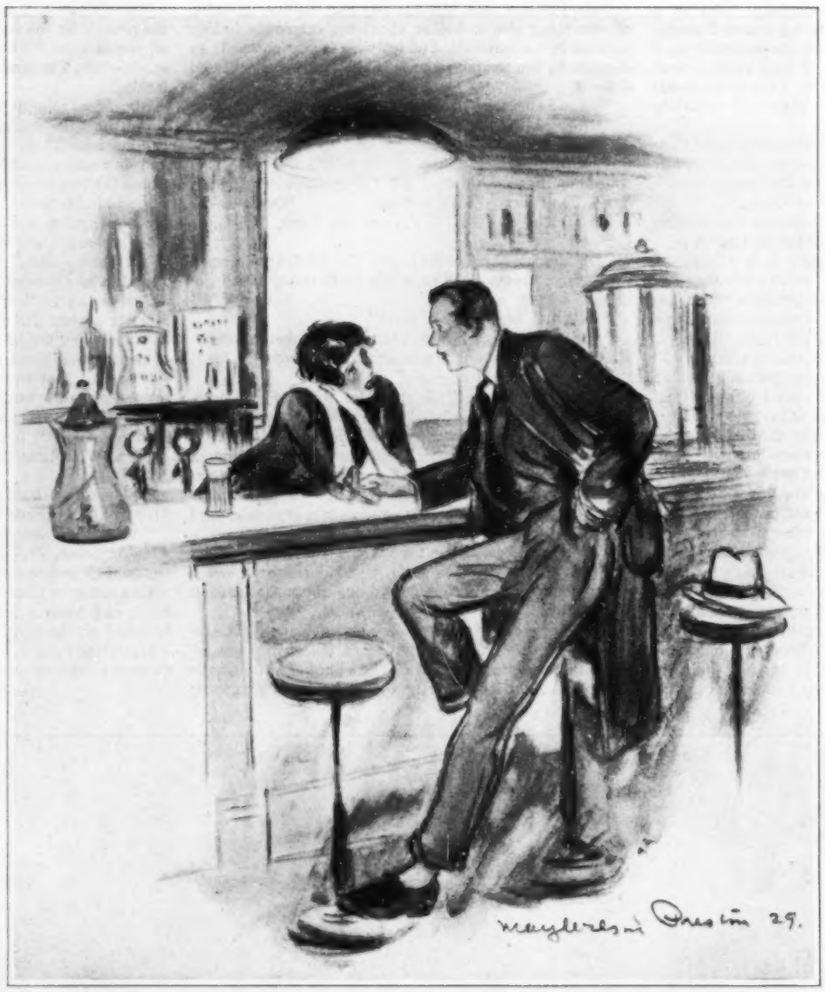
"Benny's raisin' hell, Curly."

"Ain't that too bad." Curly was indifferent to the hell Benny was raising. He started down the stairs to the basement where the boys dressed together. Benny's voice, with the faint accent that came through when he was angry, floated upward.

"Now listen, fellows," Curly heard him say. "I'm tellin' you for the last time. The next fella that walks into the theater late is through—through, I said. And I mean it. I tell you, I'm gettin' gray hairs, worryin' about who's gonna miss the show next. What kind of a business do you think you're in, anyways? You haven't got a thing to do from midnight till four o'clock the next day, and still you can't make it. Gee, I can't ——"

Curly turned back up the stairs. No use to go down there now. And only ten minutes to make the show in too. Well, he had made it in five. What was he raving about? Nobody ever missed the show yet. He oughta go down there and take a sock at him, goin' on like that. He would anyways, before he was through, so it might as well be now. What did he care? Him and his lousy Georgians!

The letter box at the top of the stairs reminded him that there might be a letter for him. He hoped there was, and yet the sight of his name, scrawled across a pink envelope in June's handwriting, gave him a pang. Here it was Saturday and he hadn't written her. After hearin' from her every day too! He hadda get away from the bunch he was with. If he didn't, he was gonna lose June sure. Here they were layin' off the next week, and her only a few hours away and he didn't have even the price of a railroad ticket to go see her. Ten fellows and not the price of a ticket to Milwaukee between them. Maybe Leo had it, but he was a cheap skate, nobody could get it outa him. He noted with gratitude that there was a wire for Benny in the box. That might mean they would work next week and he would have an excuse to give June. Fortified with the certainty that the hope of working next week would send Benny scurrying to the mail box, Curly pocketed his letter and made his way downstairs, apparently unconcerned at the flow of indignation that met him.



Her Eyes Filled With Tears. "I Can't Help it, Honey Boy," She Apologized Brokenly. "Because I Know What You've Been Through to Save It"

"So here you are." Benny came toward him menacingly. "And where do you think you've been? Here it is ——"

"Wire in the box for you, Ben."

"Yeh?" Curly was right. For the moment Ben forgot his grievances. He started toward the door immediately but, remembering his interrupted harangue, turned to call back threateningly: "I'll see you after the show, Curly."

"Why, sure, Ben," Curly called after him, grinning. "See me after the show." He stripped off his coat with one gesture, dropping it on the chair nearest him. "I'll meet you in the alley and knock your block off," he said boldly, now that Ben was out of hearing. "Remind me, will you, boys?" He reached for Red's grease paint, his own having been consumed two weeks ago.

"Say, lay off, will you?" Red snatched unsuccessfully at the stick of grease paint. "Why don't you buy yourself some make-up once in a while?" Without waiting for the wise crack that was sure to come, he went on reprovingly, "And what's the big idea, walkin' in here late and lettin' us take the blame?"

Curly applied Red's grease paint generously to his unshaven face. "You should 'a' woke me, Red," he said reproachfully.

"Yeh, I should 'a' woke you." Red was disgusted. "Why don't you stay up when I get you up?" He turned to the other boys. "He was half dressed when I left him, half an hour ago. Can you 'magine? The nerve of him! I should play nursemaid to that." Curly stood, fully five feet ten, in shamefaced disheveledness. Red grabbed at the shirt he wore, pulling it free from his trousers. "And you're wearin' another one a my shirts too!"

"Say, lay off, will you? I gotta make up." Curly was too accustomed to this form of ridicule to be offended.

"How're the seven glorious girls this mornin', Curly?"

This made Curly sore, coming from Dave, who had arranged the party. Him and his glorious girls! He should go out and play rich for glorious girls when he had someone like June. What a sap he turned out to be. But he said nothing.

The Georgians, unable to get a rise from Curly, dispersed, leaving him alone with Red. Red was looking ruefully at the large smear on the knee of Curly's white trousers.

"Curly, you can't go on like that. Ben's sore on you already."

"Too bad about him."

"Well"—Red turned in the doorway—"I'd be careful, Curly. I wouldn't give him any back talk. You know what he said the last time."

"Listen." Curly took time to express his contempt of Ben's warnings. "I been tryin' for two years to get away from Ben Wolfe and his lousy Georgians. And the sooner he kicks me out, the better."

"Well, hurry up. The Brownings are almost through." Red didn't want to get Curly started on his favorite line. He was always the first to say go and always sore at himself and the world the next day. But Curly was not to be diverted from his morbidity:

"And five years from now I'll still be here, and two weeks behind," he called gloomily after the departing Red.

The necessity of making up in the remaining few minutes kept him from further self-condemnation. But Curly disposed of that problem in short order. Lou's eyebrow pencil, Al's hair tonic, a touch of Leo's cleaning fluid for the offending spot, somebody's make-up towel to wipe his shoes, his false beard and nose, his Japanese coat and hat—who said it took half an hour to make up, anyway? He slipped through the backdrop just as the Four Brownings were finishing their last wow. He hoped they would not take an encore. That would give Ben time to start something. In the mood he was in, it would be fatal for the wise cracker that made a pass at him. But the prolonged applause for the Brownings interested Benny more at that moment than Curly's delinquencies. When they gave in willingly and ran on to grant the encore, he moved over to the wings to watch. Curly was relieved. He would have time to read June's letter.

"Well, fellas, it's pay day again." This came from Leo, who stayed out of the poker games, sent his wife half his salary and saved on the rest of his seventy-five. He was the only one of the Georgians to whom pay day was not just another Saturday.

"Well, what about it? Pay day ain't nothin' in my young life."

"You owe me ten dollars. So don't forget."

"Yeh, swell chance. Say, do you lay awake nights countin' the money people owe you?"

"You owe me ten, Al owes me five, Curly owes me fifteen ——"

"Curly owes me five."

"Owes me two. How about it, Curly? I come first."

But Curly was not listening to these unpleasant titbits. He was lost in the pink pages of June's letter.

"Must be bad news. Lookit the face on him."

The face on Curly was certainly, at that moment, a study in despair, if curly red hair, wide-open blue eyes and a surprised expression could achieve that emotion.

"Why don't you marry the girl, Curly?"

"Aw, lay off, will you?" Red, who had been in love all last season, knew how it felt. Besides, Curly had let him read more than one of June's letters. She was one swell little girl and Curly oughta write her like he promised. It was funny how dames always find time to write when fellas never can. But if he had a girl with brains like June Marmon, he'd find time to write.

But the brains Curly's girl usually displayed in tender poetic quotations from her birthday book were not evinced in the letter he was now reading so anxiously. It read:

Honey Boy: Here it is Friday and no letter all week. I don't know what to think, honey boy, for it does seem to me if I can find time to write every day, you could find time to write at least once a week. You cannot be any more busy than I am, for you know how mamma and the girls are—if we are not rehearsing new numbers, we are working on costumes, and there is never a minute to spare. Sometimes, honey boy, I tell myself that you could not care for me as much as I do for you, for if you did, you would understand how lonesome and blue I get when I do not hear. Sometimes I tell myself maybe you care for someone else and are sorry we are engaged. If this is true, honey boy, you know I would not hold you, even if my heart was broken. But please write me just a line, honey boy, and tell me it is not true, for I could not stand it. All I can think of is the time when we can be together, doing our own act. Won't that be heavenly, honey boy? I have saved over five hundred dollars, and April and May are furious because I won't buy a mink coat like theirs, so we can all be dressed alike. If they only knew what I was saving for, honey boy, they would die. If you have saved twenty-five a week as you promised, you have three hundred and fifty by this time, and it will not be long till we will have enough to get our drop and things. But don't deprive yourself to save twenty-five a week, honey boy, and if it is too hard, save twenty. It will take a little longer, but I would not want my honey boy to do without.

The next time you write, honey boy, be careful not to say anything I can't read to mamma and the girls, for the last time mamma was furious, and you know how she is. Not that she does not like you or anything, but she is so afraid one of us will throw ourselves away. And you know how you boys carried on when we first met on the same bill, honey boy. She got the idea all you did was to play cards and drink. But I know she will change her mind when we show her the money you have saved and tell her about the act we have planned. So be sure and send her your love in the next letter, honey boy, for you forgot the last time.

I will close now, sweetheart, for we are going on earlier than we did, account of Bert Connelly and Earl Hanlon getting in a mix-up and the bill having to be switched around so they did not play next to each other. Hanlon is being switched to another bill, and between you and I, I would be just as glad if it was Bert Connelly, for this is the third fight he has been in since the unit started.

Write me a long letter, honey boy, to make up for the one I did not get. And don't forget to let me know how much you have saved.

Your little pal, lonesome and blue.

(Next Week) JUNE.

The Orpheum, Milwaukee.

Lost in an agony of regret for his broken promises and neglect, Curly did not hear the diminishing applause that followed the Brownings' noisy exit or see the Georgians poised, their eyes on Benny's uplifted hands. When the first note of Since You Said Uh-Huh to Me burst in upon him, he scrambled wildly for his sticks, the pink pages of June's letter scattering on his platform. Its first page, with its pathetic beginning, lay looking up at him, a mute and appealing reproach, all during the number. What a great guy he was. Here a wonderful girl like June Marmon, a headliner, was willing to waste her time on him, and this was the way he appreciated it. Promising her he was goin' to save twenty-five a week so they could go to her old lady at the end of the season and break it to her, and how much had he saved? Out thirteen weeks, countin' today, and not a penny. And in debt to the boys and drawn two weeks ahead besides. Every week it was a fight to get enough outa Ben to settle his hotel bill. A great guy—Ben. Payin' less than any orchestra on the circuit and keepin' the fellas in debt so they couldn't quit him. Well, he was on to him. He was goin' to quit his lousy band, even if he had to write home for the money. Swell chance a gettin' it, unless he told his dad he was through with show business. Maybe if he wrote to his brother —— But he wouldn't give him the satisfaction. All he did was rave about character and all that stuff. But he had to get outa the ack somehow. He would never save if he stayed. How could he? Gee, a fellow had to do something with his time. Yeh, Alibi Ike—that was him. He hadn't even practiced his own stuff, like he promised June he would. All the practice he got was the twenty minutes they did the act and when they went over lousy and Ben called a rehearsal. After all the bragging he had done about gettin' up a number like Joe Baker did, usin' all trick stuff. He was even outa practice on the tricks he knew. He hadda begin savin' this very week. But how could he when he owed Leo fifteen dollars and Al five and Red seven? How did it happen nobody ever owed him any money? The luck he had. None a the others owed Ben as much as him. He must be jinxed or something.

With the ironic words of Since You Said Uh-Huh to Me, sung by Benny, echoing in his conscience, and the prospect of working forever with the Georgians and thereby losing June, confronting him, it was no wonder that Curly's rendition of his part of the number lacked its customary pep.

"Well, take your time, Curly; there's no hurry. This ain't a vaudeville house; it's a cemetery." Benny's voice, rising above the fast double-time chorus, to which Dave was down front turning cartwheels, snapped Curly out of his self-incriminations. But the vicious roll he gave Benny at the finish of the number expressed plainly what he thought of his Georgians. On The Rhapsody in Blue, Curly concentrated on his work, for it was all cymbals and he had

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"Listen, June; Maybe We Better Put it Off. I Don't Feel Much Like it Tonight. I Feel Kinda Sick"

LAST LEAVES

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

NEVER interfere with a man's effort to deceive himself. He knows what he is doing and will resent any meddling on your part to enlighten him. This accounts for the resentment militant modernists show toward patriotism and piety. The world-wide citizenship of the mind they claim relieves them of local responsibilities. With the even-handed justice of the Divine Power they can love the peoples in the uttermost parts of the earth so rationally that the idea of protecting their country is abhorrent to them. Whereas to the rest of us it seems scandalous for a mortal man to claim to be so much like the Almighty in this particular where he bears no other resemblance. And they are not so much concerned about rescuing mankind from the tyranny of religious dogmas as they are to create a social conscience favorable to the license of their own conduct. Having pawned their right to self-respect, they feel obliged to do away with respectability in order to be comfortable.

The sensible thing is to leave them free to work out their own disorders. But not so easy to do. Having taken what may be called a vocational training in tolerance, they are most intolerant. Having made a popular science of evil, they have the passion of the missionary spirit for converting the world to their way of thinking and living. These times will go down in history finger-printed with their propaganda. It is amazing, not to say exasperating, to some of us who retain our original convictions of what is right and what is wrong. Let any one of us express an opinion on the left-hand side of this shouting majority and he has committed a blasphemy against life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I Remember the Child I Used to be, the Contemporary of Every Flower That Bloomed in Grass Like This

The Noisy Minority

I DO this sometimes. After revolving for so long in becoming silence upon what may be called the pinwheel of my pieties, I give way to the vocative instinct and tell what I have been thinking all the time. I am not upset by the shouting majority, having observed that a mischievous minority can make more fuss than all the rest of us put together, and that the overwhelming majority rarely if ever says anything at all. When it does, something happens. If it votes for peace, we get peace, but if it votes for war, there will be war. Then these noisy minorities take to their heels or to rolling bandages with tears in their eyes. Not a sound out of them until the scrimmage is over and the overwhelming majority has laid down arms and relapsed into the usual silence of plain, busy people attending to their own affairs.

Therefore, when I let go, it is not to relieve the combustion of my own mind; I am sneaking into the back of the house with no more than my side arms and a resolute expression to speak a few words over the heads of those present that are really addressed to the overwhelming majority never present.

Lately THE SATURDAY EVENING POST published an article under such an open-faced title of antique meekness that it should have passed the severest critic forgiven. But it touched the quick somewhere, because the responses I have received are from the overwhelming majority; only enough from the militant rationalists to consign me with opprobrious adjectives to the innocuous desuetude of my own moral obscurity. I am, therefore, emboldened to go ahead with this business.

We cannot blame the militant modernists for everything. They are only an eruptive system of our own transgressions. Something has happened to the stamina and idealism upon which American civilization was founded, or their arguments, so plausibly cast as they are in the noble language of liberty, would not have upset so many honest people. The scale of values in human life and achievements has not changed, but our sense of these values has depreciated. We had already begun to ask ourselves whether common honesty, chastity and righteousness paid, before these fellows took advantage of the situation to proclaim that nothing pays so much as the gratification of our desires, appetites and competitive ambitions, stripped of spiritual aspiration, which, they said, was no more now than the clearing fog of men's minds advancing beyond the need of religious superstitions. We are now in the Twilight of the Gods, with no heavenly powers to bless us and little of earth left that has not been sold to the other fellow.

With all the history behind of prayers, hardships and sacrifices made to achieve a Christian character, few have accomplished enough to be proud of. Two thousand years is a long time to struggle in vain to be good. Meanwhile we have seen the wicked flourish like the green bay tree while we held fast to our integrity on an empty stomach, without much prospect of flourishing at all, except in the next world, separated from us by the awful catastrophe of death, bounded on one side by the substance of things hoped for and on every other side by the evidence of things not seen, according to some kind of spiritual geography of the fate of man, credible only by faith.

A Folly Old and Vain

AND the worst of the whole situation is that the church, created to nourish and protect the fainting delicacy of men's souls in this great adventure that faith in immortality is, has risen in temporal power and financial assets to be an enormous enterprise in architecture, education, hospitalization and discreet social work, but diminished in spiritual authority.

In short, the church is failing again, as it has done many times before, to overcome the world and the things of the world—which is the only justification for its existence. The ministry still depends for the success of the gospel upon the old effects produced by playing upon men's fears, hopes and emotions. Meanwhile, we have been growing up into a wider knowledge of ourselves and require a more spiritually intelligent interpretation of God and His purposes. Even the Christian world was ripe for a change—had to have a change. It was in this nick of time that the intelligentzia stepped in and proclaimed rationalism and egotism as a liberal doctrine, convenient and suitable, since it offers all the frank joys of living without any restraint not imposed by the doctors and psychoanalysts, who are rarely called in to diagnose or extract the cube root of your transgression by analysis until you are beyond repair.

This is the vain repetition of a folly that has been tried before. Never yet have men been deprived of their God or gods by a proclamation or a system of philosophy, however hedonist. We have religious instincts that must be gratified. One time France exiled her too-tyrannous priests and set up the Goddess of Reason. Presently it turned out that Frenchmen are not rational after all. They were obliged to take down the goddess—nobody knows what became of the thing!—send for their priests and start over again, hoodwinked against the terrors of their lower nature, as usual, by faith in Providence. Two years ago Mexico closed her churches and imprisoned her priests. Whatever the provocation, she has been obliged to make peace and open her churches. Russia has made the most determined effort in modern times to deliver her people from religion. But she has been compelled to concede them the right to worship something more potent than icons. It is a kind of bargain the Soviets have made with them to take what they produce in exchange for limited religious liberty. A fine communistic arrangement, with a lesion in it which will begin to function the other way presently. Give a slave religious liberty and you have predicted his freedom.

He will spoil the Egyptians, wrangle for forty years in a wilderness, make the sun stand still while he slays his enemies in battle, and found a civilization based upon the sternest laws of the Almighty, and never be much better than he was before. But he will insist upon worshiping God and believing in immortal life. Nobody understands it.

For my part, the idea of a God who never changes his attributes or his plans is more intelligible than this obvious creature we call man. There is no rational explanation of him. Neither are his most notable achievements rational—those things by which he really makes his mark on the walls of time—but they are inspirational, like his poetry, religion and fine arts. His cities, civilizations, wealth and sciences all pass away, and new forms take their places, but the songs he sang, the statues he carved, the pictures he painted, the gods he worshiped, do not seem so perishable. They are found again in the dust of centuries, dark and deep, and brought over into his next experiment to enlighten and lift his still-sordid efforts. But from first to last he remains as much a mystery to himself as those far-off heavenly bodies about which he speculates. They are, no doubt, the result of ten thousand experiments in light, life and matter finally set into constellations and solar systems. But never in time will he be so adjusted to either his faiths, philosophies or sciences.

There will remain too much that he cannot know or think or believe. The same eternities are required to build the heavens and the soul of one man.

The Danger of Thinking Freely

THE difference between a fundamentalist and a modernist has finally been discovered to the decimal point of the faintest little fraction. A professor in a Western university did this work. But, in my opinion, it does not compare in interest with a miracle Cellini performed with the powers of darkness one black night in the old Coloseum at Rome. Positively dull in comparison, and no more convincing. This scientist examined six hundred college students, selected fifty extreme conservatists in religion and fifty extreme radicals. He found that the religionists were, first, less capable of solving different sorts of intellectual problems; second, more suggestible in five different situations; third, less willing to endure distress in competitive situations; fourth, less able to coördinate muscular activity in competitive situations; fifth, but they all exceeded the others in common honesty!—which gives the whole game away. No wisdom in being so smart, if your wit makes a rogue of you.

The extreme rationalist had more mental elasticity, because the scientific method of developing the mind of youth is to do it without the handicap of moral restraint in thinking. This accounts for the startling advance our criminal classes have made in intelligence and enterprise.

I myself know how to believe in the Holy Ghost and have recited the Apostles' Creed without flinching for more than forty years, but with every door closed I should not dare let go and think with complete freedom along any line my mind was disposed to travel. The experience might be like associating with a mute Milton, but it could be like making the acquaintance of the potential criminal in me. I am too parsimonious about my hard-earned virtue to take the chance. This Western professor would put me down as a Dumb Dora, but I can prove by several people that I have a very good mind and vocabulary for being dumb. I belong to the normal class—not too bright, not too dull, except for conscience's sake. I found out how to repent of my sins, and was born again according to the Scriptures a long time ago. I am very well fixed, so far as eternal life is concerned, by faith, which is my sinking fund, spiritually speaking. What I lack in righteousness I eke out in this manner, mindful of that passage, probably in Romans, which says, "His faith is counted for righteousness." I actually do believe in the experience of being born again, not as a doctrine but as a well-established fact in the science of spiritual phenomena. And I have always thought it was pure stubbornness in Presbyterians, for example, to evade the possible emotional excitement of being born again, by claiming in a cool dignified manner that they simply grow in grace. We all do, or we don't, as the case may be, but I stick to it that somewhere along the way Christians must be born again. I remember the very candle-lit hour in my own case—how I felt. There was a break in the continuity of my mortal mind, and suddenly I had another mind, very clear, without fear or animus in my judgment. I am still sure that in this moment I had my first glimpse of the way God regards us. I had no sense of pride or class. I could have sat down in love and charity with the worst and the best. I could have forgiven an infidel his stupidity. This was the very childhood of my spirit, innocent and defenseless as that.

Among the Elect

LATER I grew up enough to know better than to love so much or give myself the airs of forgiveness. I found out that I was still very mortal and must exercise discretion about angling around with the wicked, and have learned long since to keep my spiritual fingers crossed when I do it. Only in rare intervals since then have I had the glory of such a mind shed light upon my path; usually after a terrific chastening decently borne or some verifying blessing for hard duties well done. But the whole thing is still so clearly defined in my memory and experience that to this day I quickly recognize any person who has passed through a similar experience, whether there is any high talk between us or not, and even if he is now a reprobate. More particularly, I recognize one who has not been born again, no matter how noble the talk we engage in, and not even if he is a professing Christian. He is short on spiritual perception; something too neatly natural in his point of view. I miss one of his elevations, because he has not got it—never been up, so to speak.

However, I am not ambitious as a Christian, never had the least talent for holiness. I always wondered at the ignorance such people display of their strictly human nature who strive to be perfect. I would as lief be dead—comes to the same thing—finished. "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

(Continued on Page 79)

I Was Very Young and Not Much of a Saint, But Obliged Sometimes, as My Circuit Rider's Wife, to Lead the Women's Prayer Service on the Edge of the Graveyard Behind the Church

5000 FEET MAKE ONE SMILE

"You Don't Think Nothin', 'Cause You Ain't Got Nothin' to Think With. An' Besides, I Don't Care What You Think"

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE executive staff of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., was in session when an office boy entered the room and placed a card before Orifice R. Latimer, the president of that organization. That portly and pompous official took one glance at the printed pasteboard and uttered a hollow groan.

"He's heah!" announced the president.

"Who?" inquired Production Chief J. Cæsar Clump.

"Johnny Skidd."

Florian Slappey, present by request, gazed blankly about the room. Each dusky countenance was filled with woe, and Mr. Slappey did not understand.

"Mistuh President," spoke Florian, "I crave to ask a question."

"A'right, Florian. What is it?"

"Who is Johnny Skidd that you should look so sad about his bein' heah?"

Latimer sighed profoundly. "Ain't you heard 'bout him?"

"I ain't heard nothin' 'bout nobody, an' curiosity is the most thing I has got."

"Well," explained the chief executive lugubriously, "Johnny Skidd is Mistuh Skidd's only son."

"Well, dawg my cats!" exclaimed Florian. "Wasn't that careless of Mistuh Skidd? An' who he is, anyway, that you should count his offsprings?"

"Mistuh Skidd ain't nothin' but one of the biggest stockholders in Midnight Pitchers Corporation, Inc."

"No?"

"Yeh. Nor neither that ain't half, Florian. He lives in New Yawk, an' lots of other stockholders live there too. Now, us, we has been makin' money ever since this comp'ny was disorganized to make two-reel comedies. We ain't never had no trouble, 'cause they has let us run things our own way. But, Florian, if us ever made a man like Mistuh Skidd mad he would git all them other stockholders together until he had control of the majority stock, an' then, the fust thing you know, we would all be th'owed out on our ears."

"Hmph!" Mr. Slappey considered the matter. "I got one good piece of advice."

"What is it?" Eagerly.

"Don't make Mistuh Skidd mad."

"Tha's the most thing us aim to refrain fum doin'—which is why we ain't celebratin' Johnny Skidd's arrival."

"I see," murmured Florian. "But I sho don't understan'."

"It's thisaway," went on President Latimer. "This heah Johnny Skidd ain't but twenty-th'ee yeahs ol', an' he ain't never done a lick of work in his life. I know just what kind of a feller he mus' be: Bawn an' raised in Harlem, uppity an' hifalutin. An' his paw has made up his mind that Johnny has got to learn the pitcher business, which is how come him to arrive in Bumminham. We got to give him a job."

Mr. Slappey's eye lighted eagerly. "You mean one of them tough jobs where he gits sore an' goes back to Harlem?"

"Gosh, no! We got to keep him happy, else his paw will mos' likely make trouble."

"H'm! That sho looks like a tough spot fo' us, don't it, Orifice?"

"An' how! Even befo' I meet that feller, I know he ain't gwine be the leas' bit populous with me. Cullud fellers fum Harlem always look down on us Bumminham folks; on'y this time we got to take whatever he says. An' we got to like it too."

The sonorous voice of Lawyer Evans Chew boomed through the room:

"I don't crave this feller's sassiety no mo' than what you do, Orifice. I know just what kind of a high-hat, wuthless, no'-count piece of tripe he's gwine be. But suppose you have him brung in, an' leave us observate fo' ourselves."

The suggestion of Lawyer Chew was adopted unanimously, and all eyes became focused upon the door through which the son of the most powerful Midnight stockholder was to enter the room.

They knew just what to expect—a dapper, insolent, condescending young colored man who considered the whole assemblage beneath him. Birmingham had entertained Harlem on other occasions and the formula was invariable.

The door opened and the Midnight executives received the shock of a lifetime.

There sidled into the room a slim, somewhat furtive and openly apologetic little colored man who glanced about with awed bewilderment.

Johnny Skidd was well dressed, but not nearly so gayly as Florian Slappey, J. Cæsar Clump or Author Forcep Swain. And his manner was that of the supplicant rather than that of a person who holds the balance of power.

For a few seconds President Latimer stared. Then he rose and came forward with one hand outstretched.

"Mistuh Skidd?"

The newcomer ducked.

"N-n-n-nos-suh. I ain't Mistuh Skidd."

"You ain't?"

"No. My papa, he's Mistuh Skidd. I ain't only Johnny."

They were staring at the little man with amazement and delight while President Latimer was pumping his hand and making him welcome. Throughout the series of introductions, Johnny Skidd acted like a peasant in the presence of royalty. He was a shock—albeit a pleasant one—and every man in the room was attracted instantly to his shy, diffident manner.

"Gee," said Johnny, when the introductions were concluded, "it sho is swell of you fellers to let me meet you-all."

"Why, Mistuh Skidd ——"

"My name is Johnny."

"Why, Johnny, the pleasure is all ourn."

"No it ain't. Nobody never gits no pleasure out of meetin' me."

"We do. We think you is a wonderful feller. Honest. Now, befo' you come in that door, we was speculatin' 'bout would you turn out to be somethin' terrible."

"Didn't I?"

"Golly, no! You is swell. We like you, don't we, fellers?"

An enthusiastic chorus of indorsement arose, and Johnny Skidd beamed with delight and embarrassment.

"It's awful nice of you to lie thataway. 'Cause I know it's a lie. I just ain't no 'count at all."

"Yo' paw says you is a bright boy."

Johnny sighed. "Papa always was kind of 'fluenced in my flavor."

Johnny was placed in a chair, and his eyes drifted about the room.

"Ain't this wonderful?" he said in a hushed voice. "Heah I is sittin' with all you great fellers which I has always heard about an' sawn on the screen. I think you, Mistuh Randall, an' you, Mistuh Potts, is the two swellest actors in the world. An' them stories you write, Mistuh Swain—they just nachelly consults me with laughter." He started to rise. "But I reckon I better be goin'. You fellers is busy an' I ain't got no right takin' up no mo' of yo' vallible time."

"You sit right where you are, Johnny. 'Cause fum now on you is gwine work with us."

"Oh, shuh! I cain't do nothin'."

"Ain't that what yo' paw sent you to Bumminham fo'?"

"Uh-huh. I reckon so."

"Then a job you has got to have. Now, Johnny, us is all crazy 'bout you, an' we crave fo' you to be happy. So suppose you tell us just what kind of work you mostly want to do with this comp'ny."

Johnny was quite shy.

"I—I don't know, Mistuh Latimer. Whatever you say."

"Ain't you got no ideas?"

"Nos-suh. Not even half a one."

"H'm!" Latimer glanced at the others. It was apparent that they were slowly recovering from their amazement and already commencing to adore this modest young man from New York who, instead of being a firebrand, seemed destined to prove a delightful addition to Midnight's happy family. "We sholy got to find some fine job fo' you, Johnny. Can you ack?"

"Lawsy, no. Was I to git in front of a cam'ra, I'd mos' likely die of fright."

"How about learnin' to be a director?"

"Shuh! I woul'n't be no good at that. Ise too awful dumb."

"Would you like to be a cam'raman?"

"Not me, Mistuh President. I once had a li'l' two-dollar cam'ra an' I never could keep fum bustin' it. All kinds of machinery is too complicated fo' me."

"Well," beamed Latimer, "you could be an author an' help Forcep Swain write stories."

"Me? Gosh! I never had no idea fo' a story in my life, an' if I ever did have, I woul'n't know how to write it."

"But anybody can write stories," explained Latimer. "There ain't nothin' to it. All you need is a typewriter an' some paper."

"I woul'n't be no good author, Mistuh Latimer. An' I wisht you woul'n't say nothin' mo' about it."

"All right." Latimer was at sea. "How about learnin' to be a cutter?"

"Nos-suh. I know I'd cut that fillum in the wrong place."

"You could be a feenancial espert."

"Not me. I don't know nothin' 'bout money. My wife only lets me keep five dollars a week fo' myse'f."

"You is ma'ied?"

"Yas-suh. My wife come to Bumminham to keep me fum gittin' run over or somethin'."

Latimer returned to the important subject: "Maybe you could write publicity fo' us."

"I don't know nothin' 'bout no publicity."

"Could you decompose theme songs?"

"Nope."

"Or play in the orchestra?"

"I don't know no music, an' I cain't even whistle a tune."

"Gosh! You cain't act?"

"No."

"Or direct?"

"Nos-suh."

"You cain't write publicity? Or stories? Or theme songs?"

"I cain't do none of them things."

"An' you couldn't even be a cutter?"

"Nos-suh."

Latimer's face was a study in melancholy thought. Then suddenly his forehead crinkled with an idea and he looked up brightly.

"You don't know no job you could hold down in this studjo, Johnny?"

"Nos-suh."

"And you don't know nothin' about movin' pitchers?"

"Not one single, solitary thing."

Latimer leaped to his feet in excitement. "Hot ziggity dam!" he shouted. "I got it!"

"You got what, President Latimer?"

"A job fo' you."

"Yas-suh. What is it?"

Latimer beamed pridefully upon the assemblage. Then, in a delighted voice, he announced his decision:

"We is gwine make Mistuh Johnny Skidd a supervisor!"

For a few seconds there was a tense silence; then a chorus of acclaim rose on the smoke-laden air.

"Hot dawg!" enthused J. Cæsar Clump. "What you has got in yo' haid, Orifice, is brains."

"Ain't it the truth? An' now, Supervisor Skidd, what do you say about it?"

Johnny was completely dazed.

"Mistuh President," he remarked bashfully, "I done tol' you I don't know nothin' about motion pitchers."

"To be a supervisor, you don't have to."

"But I got to know somethin'."

"Not nothin'."

"We-e-ell, what does a supervisor have to do?"

"Hold conferences!"

"What them is?"

"Talks. You got to talk to other folks."

"About what?"

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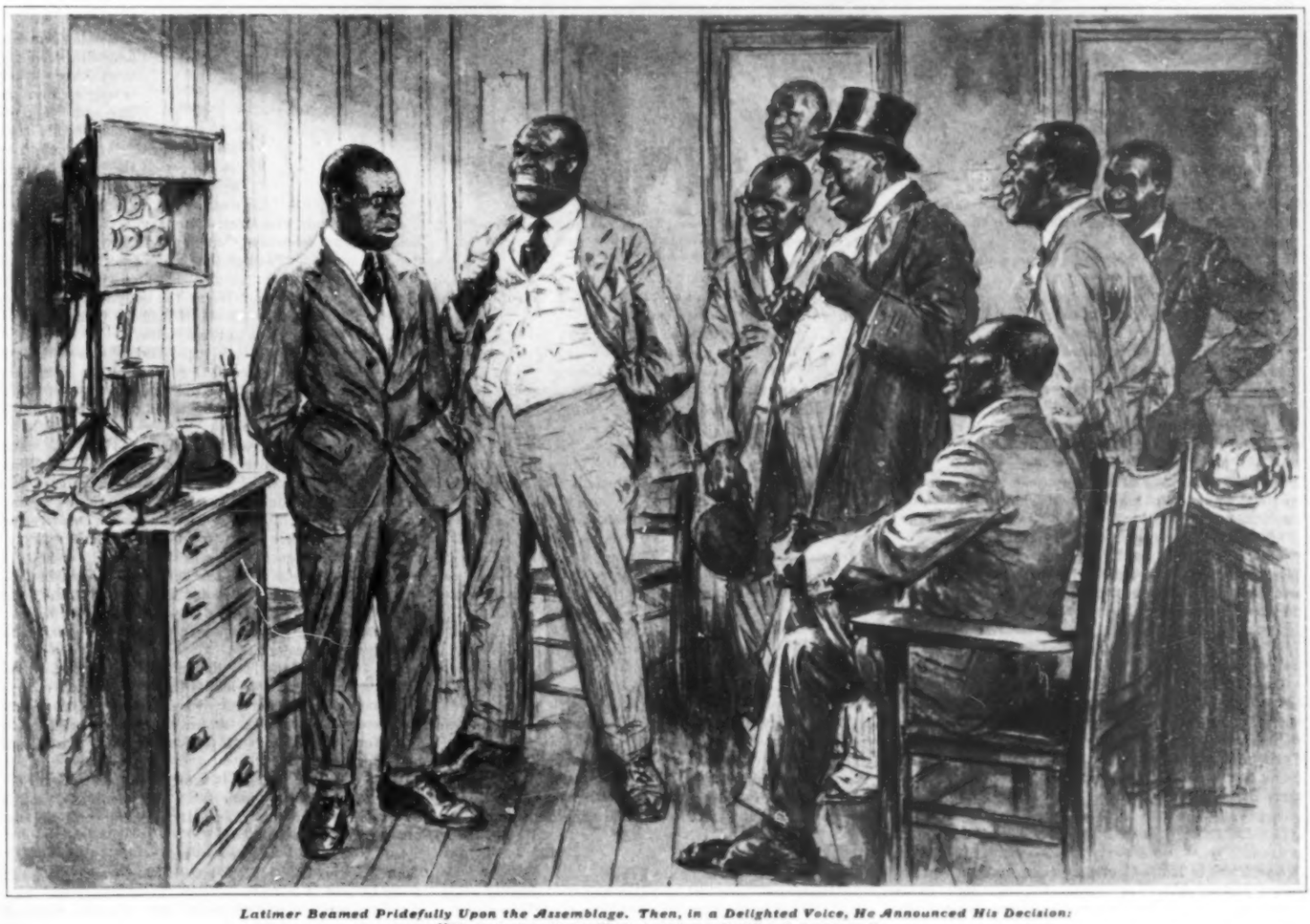

Latimer Beamed Pridefully Upon the Assemblage. Then, in a Delighted Voice, He Announced His Decision: "We is Gwine Make Mistuh Johnny Skidd a Supervisor!"

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

SPEAKING of the twenty-ninth of last October—and what a headache that was!—I happened into Lamb & Dyer's place on Thirty-fourth Street for a look at the Curb ticker. "Good morning, Mr. Weller," I said to Mr. Weller—he is the manager—"and how does she look?"

"There's a telegram for you," he said, pointing to a pile of wires he was sending.

"Which is mine?" said I.

"Take any one, Mr. MacMasters," he said. "They are all the same."

And I took one and it was a stand-and-deliver for a thousand dollars more margin. I shook my head, meaning No, and he said, "Close you out—sorry!" and dived into his telephone.

All the customers' men were telephoning, and this is what they were saying, "Come right over and bring it with you!"

Somebody yelled from the news ticker, "Steel down 10 on the floor between sales!"—and what an unhappy remark that was!

All the customers flinched. They could not sit in those comfortable armchairs. They could not be comfortable. They were getting up and backing away from the board and going into a huddle, while the illuminated ticker over the board was saying:

DT	..	RSVP	..	DT		RSVP	..
108		36		40,000s	96	35	34¼

Lamb & Dyer is a Stock Exchange house and they have only the Big Board and do not have a board for the Curb, but they have a ticker in a corner. I went down front to see what HG was doing—meaning Howe-Goode, which is on the Curb. Five customers were tailing on the tape, trying to pull it out faster, and I grabbed hold, too, and looked, and there I see the following:

DF	.....	HG-		PDQ	.....	HG	..	....
	6½		24		194		16¼ 16	15¼ 14

And I was in Howe-Goode for eighteen thousand cold, round, flinty plunks. Yes, brother, I'm speaking of money. Eighteen thousand dollars is money to me. Four hundred shares of HG at 45—can you imagine me?

Five Customers Were Tailing on the Tape, Trying to Pull it Out Faster, and I Grabbed Hold, Too, and Looked

I stepped to the window—just one step, and it's about thirty feet from the Curb ticker.

"Let me out!" I hollered.

Mr. Weller heard me and he ran over and grabbed me and said, "Take it easy, Mr. MacMasters. Be a sport! You're not the only mourner. Don't hog the grief, please." He didn't know what I had, but he thought he knew my trouble.

I would lose money talking to him. How did I know what HG was doing on the floor? The tape was forty minutes late right then. I reached in and grabbed the clerk with the little mustache—the same bird that had been kidding me about HG—and I cried, "Let me out of HG, you hear, curse you? At the market—at the market!" Meaning, you understand, the best price he could get. You take a chance on being trimmed by the specialist on the floor, but he will not trim you, so I have read, because it is against the rules and he must always give the customer the best of it. I stepped back to the ticker.

No news of Howe-Goode. More silence on the subject. And then suddenly not a word of it. Can you imagine me? You know how it is in a market like that—you might not find out until the next day what price you bought or sold at. If you will take the market on your stock, your order will be executed at once, but what is the market just then? The best you can do is watch the tape and make a guess. So my companions and I hauled faithfully on the ribbon during this awful silence, until we had pulled about a mile and a furlong, and at last we pulled something out:

..OK	. ...	DF	....	HG	.....
	35		3		4½ ¼ 3

"Ho-ho-ho!" laughed one of my helpers, probably going mad. "They certainly pulled the plugs out of Howe-Goode. From 45 closing last night, down to 3! Howe-Goode at 3!"

Mr. Weller snatches a handful from the news ticker—which is only six minutes late—and bounds back to his telephone to cry the latest quotations he can get on the blue chips, and he ends up with: "Come right over and bring it with you!"

And somebody with a real art for saying the wrong thing hollers from a telephone, "Steel down four to 170 on the floor!"—meaning, "Laugh that off." They think a lot of Steel in that business; they're all watching Steel all the time. It's X, meaning, "Where the body lies."

I should worry about Steel—HG at 3! "Am I out?" I inquired, stepping back to the window.

"Mr. MacMasters," said this clerk, "don't pull me through the window, please; I got lots to do. Certainly you're out. Well, I will try this once." And he called down his telephone and then he said, "Four hundred shares bought at 1."

"At 1?" I said. "Meaning 1 as in 1, 2, 3? . . . Here, you attend to me—never mind those poor people! What did you buy it at—and I don't want any schoolboy stuff! You bought four hundred shares of Howe-Goode for my account and risk at 1? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! You are some spoofer, and you are going to get from me either a fifty-dollar bill or a beautiful bang in the puss. So be right!"

He said smilingly, "It's the berries, Mr. MacMasters, and I will take it now, if you don't mind, while your heart is still warm. . . . Don't crowd, gentlemen; let Mr. MacMasters finish his business, please. . . . Oh, thank you, Mr. MacMasters."

Did I give him the fifty dollars? Well, I certainly did give it to him. I know he hadn't earned it, but I owed it to somebody. Why, I had won over seventeen thousand dollars—meaning seventeen thousand dollars won! I had sold Howe-Goode short at 45, four hundred shares, and had bought in at 1.

Well, you don't believe it, and I don't blame you, because I didn't believe it myself. "Oh, nonsense," said I to myself. "Come, now, Joe MacMasters; pull yourself together and be a man."

But it was only too true. I went inside to see Mr. Taproot, who had put me into Howe-Goode at 45, and there he was in a private room, pulling tape and putting down numbers and symbols in long columns—business as usual.

I said, "Mr. Taproot, do you know what Howe-Goode is right now? You gave it to me at 45, and do you know what I got out at?"

"It's the fortunes of the market, my friend," he said. "I knew they were going to move Howe-Goode, and move it big, and you must admit I was right."

"Have a good cigar, Mr. Taproot," I said; and he looked up at me.

"Well, I must say," he said, looking at the cigar, "that this is mighty handsome of you, MacMasters, and you are a real sport."

I went back to my office on Forty-second Street to break the news to my partner; I'm in the building business and partners with Fred Spurgeon—Spurgeon & MacMasters. The reason why I had to break the news to Fred was —— But tell me, do you understand the building business? Oh, hecks, I might as well come right out with it—the eighteen thousand dollars I had bet against Howe-Goode was partnership money. Now you have it; I had taken eighteen thousand dollars out of our account and stuck it into the market. Was I wrong? Yes, certainly, I was wrong. I was wrong as can be, and it was a wrong thing to do, but let me explain to you right away that I was good for it. And Fred knew I was good for it. He didn't have to take on as he did when I told him; particularly as I hadn't lost the money, but had won for us over seventeen thousand new cash.

"Why, Fred," I said. "Did you hear me right? I said I won!"

"But that is not the point, Joe," he insisted. "It is the principle of the thing."

He had been looking very gloomy when I came into the office, and when I broke the glad news—it was glad news, wasn't it?—he rallied sharply, but then he got a secondary reaction and slumped off again. You would be looking very gloomy, too, if you were in the building business in New York last October. You couldn't sell and you couldn't borrow, and you could only sit on your houses and wait for some mortgagee to shoot them out from under you. The real-estate market was very quiet—meaning that it was very frightful.

"You took our money, Joe MacMasters," he said, "and you gambled it. You might as well put it in a poker game. You might have lost every cent. Don't repeat, please; I heard you. It don't make any difference, Joe, if you won or lost; it's the principle."

"Fred," I said in a nice way, "if you can't see the difference between playing the stock market—which is an investment—and such a common gambling game as poker—which is nothing but a mere speculation—then, Fred—pardon me—you are thick. No offense, Fred, old boy. I wouldn't have a growl with you; you are my partner, and I wouldn't have a growl with my partner."

"The difference between the game in Wall Street and the game in any poker room—pardon me, Joe," said Fred very bitterly—"is the percentage of the house is bigger in Wall Street. You made 44 points, but I guess you will tell me that is unusual; only a sucker will make such a profit, because those wise tape pullers down there will take a point or a point and a half, and get out. By the time they pay the brokerage and the tax, they are nicked 15 or 20 per cent of their winnings. Would you sit in a poker game with a kitty like that? You are right; it is not real gambling—none that I ever saw. It is investing."

I pleaded with him. "Fred, old boy, don't try to make me call you names. Not between partners, Fred. All I will say is you are forty-nine and seven-eighths, and I only hope you never find out what fifty is. What is the object of Wall Street? It is to make a market for honest men that want to sell their securities. You think those crowds of men and women you see playing the market in those board rooms are nothing but gamblers? Oh, no, Fred Spurgeon, they are making a market in case some day, some time, some honest business man will walk in there and want to sell his stocks; and then he will find a market for his stocks. Try not to be narrow-minded and ignorant, Fred. You sound so old-fashioned."

"They are making a fine market for him today, ain't they?" he argued. "And he will have to sell his securities, too, because they are putting business on the blink."

Well, Fred had an argument there, because business—meaning the building game—had been getting something fierce. Let me give you our set-up. . . . Maybe you got mortgage money; maybe you know somebody else, eh? So leave me coaxing Fred to take his cut of seventeen thousand six hundred minus, and you look over some figures.

Fred and I had been putting up one-family residences up Pelham way in the Bronx—seven thousand, nine hundred and ninety dollars apiece for as neat a little job of six rooms, tiled bath and kitchen, vapor heat, brass plumbing and garage as Rockefeller would want to live in if he had the money.

We financed with a bank first of four, and a private second of twenty-five hundred. That's sixty-five hundred, and, between ourselves, they cost us only five thousand to build. No quarrel with that, eh?

That September—meaning six weeks before I burst on Fred with the glad news as above related—we finished up a batch of twenty residences up Pelham way, and we went to the bank and the brokers, as per usual, to get our financing, so we could go ahead. The way we do, we build with our own cash and credit, and finance afterward; we get better mortgages that way.

"Take it Easy, Mr. MacMasters. Be a Sport! You're Not the Only Mourner. Don't Hog the Grief, Please"

The bank said to us, "Come around next Friday." Suspecting nothing, we waited and went around the next Friday. The bank said to us then, "The committee did not get to your loans yet. Come again, please. But, by the way—and not making any promises—would you take three thousand apiece instead of four thousand, and also pay 10 per cent expenses?"

Fred and I laughed lightly and shouldered out, but, after talking things over and listening to our contractors crying for money, we went around again and said "Yes."

Then the bank said to us, "No. We are not making any commitments at present."

We said, "What do you mean—at present?"

And the bank said, "Meaning just that—at present."

That was first-mortgage money. Still thinking someone had blundered, but not thinking it was us, we went to the brokers for our seconds.

They said, "We never saw mortgage money so scarce. We don't say we can't get it for you, but, while we're on the subject, would you take fifteen hundred instead of twenty-five hundred, and also pay 20 per cent bonus?"

We said hotly, "We should say not! Have you got it?"

And the brokers said "No."

And there were no buyers.

We sat around, and then we sat around some more. "What is this thing, Fred?" I said, getting nervous.

"Nothing to worry about, Joe," he said. "The country is prosperous."

I said "Yeah?"

He said, "Certainly is. I read it in the newspaper. Look at Wall Street! Everything is on the boom."

"That gives me an idea, Fred," I said. "Mark a copy of that newspaper and leave it here for the plumber when he comes in again for his money. We owe him six thousand dollars and he is getting nasty."

"Don't get to fretting, Joe," said Fred. "We owe the contractors fifty thousand dollars, but we got forty laying in the bank, and so long as we can feed them something every week, they will wait till we place our loans or sell. What do you say if we advertise the houses next Sunday for seven thousand flat?" And I said "Do that." That was September. Coming into October, we still had twenty high-class and pretentious private residences in one of the best sections of the Bronx, and they were all still free and clear. We wouldn't credit there weren't any buyers for such swell propositions, and we thought the brokers were holding out on us; so we spent all our free time and Saturday and Sunday on the job, waiting to sell, watching down our new street. Brother, you wouldn't believe it. Other years, we would have a hundred prospects every Sunday, but this year we wouldn't have more than half a dozen. And even at that, six of them were no good.

Fred said to me, "Joe, I see where there is eight billion dollars in brokers' loans to carry stock on margin for these investors in Wall Street; but some big bozo in the know says to not worry, because soon there will be twelve billions, as this is a great country."

"Who's worrying, Fred?" I said. "If there is no money for us now, let their loans go to twelve billions or twelve billion billions—whoopee!"

"Don't act dumb, Joe," Fred said. "The reason we can't borrow on our houses is because all the mortgage money is down in Wall Street building up the essential industries with loans on stocks."

"Are all the essential industries in Wall Street?"

"They certainly are," he said. "I've been studying up on this Wall Street thing, and we are away behind the times, going to a bank for money. The way a business man does nowadays when he wants money, he does not go to a bank and take a third degree; he sells stock in his business in Wall Street, and he gets twice as much money and no questions asked. What if he can't pay the interest? He don't have to pay interest; the people that buy his stock don't want interest; all they want is 2 points up."

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WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

As They Approached the Broad Allée de Longchamp, He Raced Forward, Reached for the Mare's Reins, and Brought Her to a Slithering Stop

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

IV

IT USED to be that maids had to stay up to unbutton their mistresses' frocks down the back, if for nothing else; but nowadays the process of going to bed has become so simplified that even the most exacting feel foolish over keeping a woman up till all hours of the morning. Nona came into her mother's room to have what was left of the wisp of green drawn off over her head, but it was only an excuse for a good-night chat.

She dropped the absurd cloth doll which had been her souvenir of the gala, but as soon as she was free of the dress she picked up the doll, glared at its utter silliness, and hurled it at the fireplace. It assumed a pose of transcendent abandonment. Nothing could have appeared more forgotten, more nervelessly lax or more forlorn. Its head took one disconsolate angle and each of its gangling limbs another.

"Look, mother," said Nona; "that's the way I feel. Did you ever see anything so soft and so alone?"

Mrs. Brent threw her arm around her shoulders impulsively. "Didn't you have a good time, dear?"

"Oh, yes, I loved it—the colored lights and everything, and people looking at you. I think that's the best—people looking at you. It makes you wonder who they are, and if you're happier than they are, and if it matters what they think anyway."

"You didn't get along very well with De Puy."

"No. I told him he was an idiot, and when he asked me why, I said if he couldn't think it out for himself, I couldn't possibly explain."

"But something must have helped you to make up your mind about him. What was it?"

"Oh, nothing. Something he said after dinner. Anyway, Tommy Ivor and Jack Dearwater and even Mr. Sterling were lots more fun."

Mrs. Brent frowned, but her frown was a half smile. "You've left out Mr. Selin, and he dances better than any of them."

"Yes, Mr. Selin. Well, I don't like him either."

Her mother drew away and turned her head to look at her quizzically. "Nona, I'm afraid you're racial."

"Is that bad?"

"Not necessarily—not if you can hide it. I've been meaning to say something to you for a long time. I want you to be happy—just as happy as my brains and yours together can make you. But don't let anybody fool you; it takes brains to be happy. I watched you tonight and wondered where we'd gone wrong, if at all. I thought over every move we've made, step by step, and because I can't see where we got off the track, I'm convinced we're still on it. I admit that's pretty poor comfort, so if you make up your mind you don't like Paris, just remember all you have to do is to be frank about it and we'll get out."

"Mother, aren't you well?"

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Brent, her eyes staring. "I never felt better in my life. A little tired, perhaps, but just as well as can be."

Nona laughed. "Something must be the matter just the same. I've never known you to be so meek. What sort of chance have we given Paris? We haven't half started—at least I hope we haven't."

"I'm glad I spoke to you; you've made me feel a lot better already. When I said you could be racial, but you mustn't show it, I meant a lot more. All sorts of prejudices have gone out of fashion. Hiding one's aversions may be only a temporary pose—I haven't been able yet to make up my mind about that—but while it lasts, if you have a pet morality, you'd better avoid parading it."

Nona faced around squarely. Her shimmering underclothes and straight silk-clad legs gave her the semblance of an elf, and one would have expected to find the look of mischief in her eyes, but at her mother's words they turned preternaturally grave. "You queer dear! I wonder how far you'd go."

"Nona!" Her mother stared at her. "How far I'd go? Not an inch. I don't mean for a minute that you have to stretch tolerance into any sort of active sympathy. Please don't ever think again that anything I say is meant to change you from what you are. Be yourself, and one of the best ways to begin is to throw every axiom—every old saw you've heard—into the discard."

"What, for instance?" demanded Nona.

"Oh, that birds of a feather necessarily flock together, or that evil communications corrupt good manners, or any one of a dozen others—above all, that prize error, the woman always pays! If this age has any philosophy at all, it's a command to believe nothing you haven't worked out for yourself." She walked up and down solidly; her cheeks were flushed and her eyes snapped as if with an inner fire. "I've thought about it a lot, and always in reference to you. Why I should have steamed up to the boiling point at this hour of the morning, I can't imagine. But I have, and since it may never happen again, I might as well tell you where I stand." She turned, her feet firmly planted. "I don't care what you believe or do, nor where you go, Nona, just as long as you've really taken the trouble to think it out for yourself. Don't be too lazy to think and I'll stick by you through thick and thin, up hill and down again."

"Honestly, mother?"

"Honestly."

"I love you," declared Nona. She threw her arms around her mother's neck; then, seized with sudden embarrassment, she gave her a quick kiss, snatched up her frock and ran from the room.

Mrs. Brent stood still, staring at nothing. From thinking of her daughter as an isolated identity, she went back to pass the evening in review. In due course she stumbled against Herring and frowned. She wondered why she had not spoken of him to Nona; and more still, why Nona had failed to bring up his name. Nor would she have been relieved could she have penetrated her daughter's mind, for

Nona, half ashamed of herself, was taking pride in having avoided any reference to the chance guest for whose presence she had been responsible.

She was far too healthy to have to read herself to sleep. It was her custom to lie on her right side for one minute, turn over to the left for another, and then roll back slowly into profound slumber as her right cheek reached the flat pillow again. But tonight, just as the last maneuver was about to be consummated according to rule, Mr. Herring obtruded himself upon her consciousness so vividly that to her own amazement she found herself lying flat on her back, staring into the dim shadows of the high ceiling.

Not for a moment was she deceived into thinking she had been the victim of love at first sight; if anything, her feeling tended to the contrary. According to her recollection, there was nothing about him, with the possible exception of his smile, which did other than repulse her. He had seemed badly dressed, carelessly groomed, and certainly nobody would accuse him of being good-looking. Neither had her feeling been one of pity or commiseration, for the very thought of those two words in connection with him made her lip curl in mockery. Having reasoned thus far, she came to an abrupt halt. Since he was by no means a colorless person and since she certainly was not attracted to him, then, logically, she must dislike him. But she didn't, and the realization that she didn't was the source of her present uneasiness. She might have puzzled over the paradox half the night had not youth asserted itself and put her to sleep irrespective of how she lay.

She awoke to a feeling of depression, and it had nothing whatever to do with Mr. Herring. If he remained in her mind at all, it was only as a mere incident in a long series of like incidents which had gone to make up what had been, on the whole, a disappointing evening. What depressed her was something far broader—a conviction that the world had become peculiarly empty of people one liked and of things one wished to do. Her mother noticed her mood, but sensed it too accurately to jar it with useless questions. But when it extended through two days, and then threatened to cast its shadow over the entire week, even her patience reached its limits and she was forced at last to a protest.

"Why refuse this particular invitation, Nona?"

"Oh, I'm tired of the Comtesse de Fontebello and of Sybelle and Jack and Ivor and the whole lot. It seems to me the bigger the town you're in, the surer you are to see the same old faces day after day and night after night. Since you've told me to shake loose from axioms, I'm going to begin by chucking the one that says old friends are best."

"Not so very old," interposed Mrs. Brent mildly.

"They start from the beginning of when we came here, don't they? And that's the same as from the beginning of the world, isn't it?"

Her mother was not annoyed by her petulance, but she studied her intently, as one might puzzle over a baffling problem. Nona had one peculiarity which was worth struggling over. When she was discontented, a threat of ugliness seemed to shadow her face; but when she was pleased, however slight the cause, the same features could become beautiful. Not in any classical sense, of course, but in the profounder manner of an inner illumination. At such moments of radiation she was lovely, and Mrs. Brent rebelled at the thought that she could not always lay her hand on the trifling kindling which would start the glow.

"What if I have that lawyer, Mr. Adams, and his wife again?" she suggested in the weakness of desperation. "Perhaps with the manager of the bank? The Adamses have two very attractive daughters and they'll be back from school in England before long."

"Now you're trying to force your own hand," said Nona. "You know they've only had you to tea, and you'd never think of including them in another dinner unless you were desperate to get me out of the dumps."

Mrs. Brent's squared shoulders drooped, but she could smile in appreciation of a shrewdness in deduction equal to her own. She walked to the window and stood looking down into the street until she felt the necessity to say something which would indicate she had abandoned the problem, at least for the time being.

"When the comtesse called up she asked me to remind you that her horses were at your disposal."

Nona came suddenly to life and sprang to her feet. "That's it," she exclaimed. "That's exactly what I need, but I don't want one of her horses. There's an awfully good *manège* just off the Rue Pergolèse, and only a few blocks away. Can't I send Charles around and have them pick me out a good horse?"

"Of course you can. That's a good idea, Nona. Hire from different stables for a while, take a groom with you each time you go, and pretty soon you'll hear of exactly the kind of horse you want. People are always selling even their favorites, and the grooms are the first to know they're on the market. I'll tell Marie to get out your riding things, shall I?"

"Oh, yes, please do, and ask her to hurry. I feel half cured already."

An hour later Nona had penetrated into a courtyard where Charles was trying to look wise and was lording it over two stable hands engaged in showing him one horse after another. Nona's French was much better than her mother's. In the first place, it had been taught with the definite intention of being used; in the second, she had not once missed her daily lesson since arriving in Paris; and in the third, she had the courage of her years. It took her only a moment to extract the manager from his office, and her very manner of stating her needs immediately produced a much better horse than she would otherwise have obtained.

Needless to say, with the best horse went the smartest groom, and his name, either real or assumed, was James. He was an old English hostler, much addicted to drink from Saturday to Monday morning, but during the other five days of the week good form was his god, whether in his own deportment or in the appearance of his transient masters. A gleam came into the pin-point pupils of his small blue eyes as they fell upon Nona.

Nothing could have been more correct than her turnout. Her soft felt hat was of the same shade of brown as her long coat, and she wore a neatly tied stock over a creamy shirt of heavy silk. But it was the cut of her

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"Nona, Tell Me All About It"
"About What?"
"Don't Hedge. About That Mr. What's-His-Name"

GUIDO SIGNS A BOND

Guido Blurted Out a Report of What Nina Had Said, Finishing With: "You Wool Tell Her That We are Not Friends, Paul?"

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

GUIDO PASQUALE, the produce merchant, was a very happy young man. He was so happy he felt like singing that fine love song, Cara Nome, from Rigoletto. La-la, la-la-la, la—so! And with trills. But he did not sing it. His beloved Nina had said: "Sing American songs, Guido. It will help your English." Only last night she had said that while they were walking home from the picture show. A smart girl, Nina Drucci. She had the good fortune to be born in this big American city; she spoke the English perfectly and taught a room full of children in the Carr Street School. How blessed he was to have a smart, pretty girl like Nina to love!

For Nina's sake he would sing an American song:

"H'm-m-m-m! Don' eat meat, stay away from sweet; you'll get pain an' roon tum-tum. Stay away bootlig geen . . . on a spree. . . . Take good care yourself; you belong to me!"

He remembered suddenly that there should be a sound like "o-o-oh—o-o-oh" after the words "meat" and "sweet," and that somewhere in the verse he should admonish his absent Nina to button up her overcoat. Being a pious musician, Guido started back to sing the song as it should be sung. Was he not an American citizen of six months' standing? He must sing like an American to please Nina. It was she who had persuaded him to take out the final papers. Dear, darling little Nina. . . . La-la, la-la-la—gr-r-r, clank!

Guido's truck hit a hole in the center of North Twenty-first Street. Guido himself hit the top of the steering wheel with his stomach. Two crates slid off the side racks amid loud squawkings and cacklings. Guido brought the lurching truck to a halt. Leaping out, he ran to pick up the crates. There were six geese in one crate, a dozen chickens in the other. The geese were making the most noise, so to them he said, "I am sorry, my friends. I should have watched for holes in the street."

As he lifted the crate he noticed that one goose had hurt its head. He smoothed the ruffled feathers gently, remarking: "If you had not poked your head between the slats to eat my lettuce in the basket yonder, you would have escaped injury. However, if you possessed wisdom you would not be a goose. I am sorry for you and will ask Mrs. Schoworszki to remove your head first of all."

He was careful to turn the crate so the injured goose could console itself by eating more lettuce, which it promptly proceeded to do.

With crates and baskets once more in place on the truck, Guido patted the left front fender of his ancient and overburdened flivver.

"A few more trips, my comrade, and you will work no more," he confided. "I shall soon buy a big new truck—one that my Nina will not be ashamed to go riding in of a Sunday. But do not grieve; I have refused to sell you to Mr. Graustein, the junk man. I shall have room for you in the back yard and some day, perhaps, the little ones ——" Guido laughed a big laugh—ho-ho-ho!—and kicked at the running board, which was by way of giving the flivver a dig in the ribs.

Still chuckling, he started off. It was a warm May morning. The thoughts of North Side husbands would be turning to fresh spring vegetables, and North Side housewives would make fine customers for Guido Pasquale this day. Nina said that as soon as he had the new truck paid for and the last note against his store building satisfied, he should start another store in the West End. There were rich Americans in the West End, so Nina said, who would think nothing of buying spinach, string beans, peas and asparagus all on the same day. Then, if he learned to talk good English and obeyed the laws—Nina was even against making red wine—and stayed away from wild young men who created so much disturbance at the Santa Fara Club Saturday nights, Nina would marry him.

But he must be an American. Nina said he must wait until he had proved it to her. "I am an American girl," Nina told him. "I will not marry a man who is not American too."

Guido was so absorbed in thinking about Nina that he did not notice the crowd which milled about the doors of the Tenth District Police Station. He would have rattled by unheeding had he not been hailed by one Tony Amatolli.

Tony, a butterball of a man, who was a ne'er-do-well restaurant keeper and ward politician, ran across the street shouting: "Hi, Guido! Hi there, Guido! Wait a minute!"

The truck careened in to the curb. Guido, turning in his seat, stared at the crowd.

"You are just in time," Tony said in Italian. "I was starting to go for you. The saints must have heard our prayers!"

"What has happened? Nina is not ——"

"The police have arrested your friend, Paul Scalese," Tony rattled on with excited gestures. "They have held him in jail all night. Such tortures! Such anguish! But listen! Those are the cries of his poor mamma!"

Guido frowned uncomfortably. Paul Scalese? They had been like brothers three years ago. But Paul had turned to wild ways; it was rumored that he belonged to the Green Onions, a North Side gang of bootleggers and racketeers. Nina did not like Paul Scalese. She had made Guido break off the friendship. Nina said Paul would get Guido into trouble.

"We are not such good friends any more," Guido remarked. "What has Paul done?"

Tony shrugged.

"He has done no wrong," Tony said; "the police say he robbed a cigar store on North Broadway, but that is a

big lie. They are monsters, these police! You have come just in time to save him." He turned and shouted across the street, "Guido is here! Guido will do it! Guido will save him! Tell Mrs. Scalese to dry her tears." Guido was very much bewildered.

"Save him? I do not understand. How can I save him? I have no influence with the police."

"Ah, but you can sign his bond! That will get Paul out of jail immediately."

"Bond? What is that?"

Tony launched into staccato explanation. From it Guido gathered, vaguely, that if he signed a certain document promising to have Paul in court on a certain day, the police would let him out of jail.

"Why don't you sign it, Tony?" he wanted to know.

The little politician puffed out his cheeks. "It takes a man of importance, a man of property. A fine American citizen like you. For myself—pouf! The judge would laugh at me."

"You talk nonsense, Mr. Amatolli," said Guido, pleased and flattered. "The judge does not know me."

Mr. Amatolli pounded his chest with both hands.

"I myself will tell the judge of you. I will tell him you are the leading citizen of the eleventh ward. . . . Come; there is no time to delay, my friend. Even at this moment those villainous police are putting poor Paul Scalese to torture."

"I'd have to ask Nina Drucci," said Guido uneasily. "She has warned me not to sign my name to documents unless ——"

Tony broke in with dramatic objections. There was no time to go to the school and see Nina. These police were sly, treacherous schemers. They had informed him, Tony Amatolli, that unless the bond was signed at once, they would not release the prisoner.

Suspiciously: "This bond—it is not money, is it?"

At this juncture Paul Scalese's mother and several little Scaleses, all wailing, together with a score of neighbors, crossed the street to join in the argument.

"They will beat my Paul to death in that jail," Mrs. Scalese sobbed. "He is a good boy and not a robber.

Have you so soon forgotten your friendship for him, Guido Pasquale? Have you forgotten the days you stayed at my house?"

Mrs. Scalese wiped her eyes and nose on her petticoats and fell to sobbing again. Angela Scalese shrieked in the terror of seven. Roderigo Scalese, nine years old, stared at Guido with tear-filled, reproachful eyes. Four-year-old Tomasso, sitting in the dust of the street, bawled lustily. Friends of the family set up a pleading clamor.

"For shame! Paul is your friend; why do you hesitate, Guido? Do a mother's tears mean nothing to you? Only you can save him."

Well, after all, Mother Scalese had been good to him when he was a lonely immigrant boarder at her house. And it was true that he and Paul had been great friends.

Tony Amatolli, shouting above the tumult, added the clinching argument:

"You say you are American. You say you are a good citizen. Good American citizens do not fear to stand up for a friend and see that he gets fair play."

Thus exhorted and swept into the dramatics of the occasion, Guido stood on the running board of his truck and made a speech in impassioned Italian. It was quite true, he declared, that he, Guido Pasquale, was a good American citizen. It was likewise true that he believed in fair play. Therefore, he, Guido Pasquale, acting as a citizen of the eleventh ward, would sign the bond of Paul Scalese and restore to him his precious liberty.

Great rejoicings. Invocations of the saints. Tony Amatolli wrung his hand fervently. Mrs. Scalese kissed him on both cheeks and hugged him. Every morning and night she would pray to the Virgin to protect and prosper him. A cheer went up and hats were thrown in the air.

"Come with me, Citizen Guido," said Tony Amatolli pompously. "We will go to the Municipal Courts Building seeking justice and freedom. It will not take long."

Guido hugely enjoyed the mysterious technicalities necessary to qualify him as a bondsman.

First, there was a magnificent entrance to the main corridor of the Municipal Courts Building, with Tony bowing right and left to political acquaintances. Tony introduced him to several important-looking gentlemen as "Mr. Pasquale, a wealthy merchant of my ward." Thence, along marble corridors like the palace of a king, into the imposing office of the clerk of the circuit court—carpet on the floor and a mahogany counter.

Making a Magnificent Bow to His Honor, the Judge, Guido Said: "I Have Kep' My Promise"

Tony summoned a clerk with lordly gesture and announced: "This is Mr. Guido Pasquale, a wealthy and influential citizen of the eleventh ward. He wishes to qualify as a bondsman."

Followed then the impressive business of stating items of real estate and their valuations owned by Guido. Tony did all the talking, but turned deferentially at times to the prospective bondsman. Thus:

"And how much is the store building on North Jefferson Avenue worth, my friend?"

"I pay seex—seven ——"

"I recollect that now. Seventeen thousand five hundred, wasn't it? And worth twice that, but we'll value it at twenty thousand."

The perfunctory clerk scratched figures on the qualifications blank. It was no business of his to question the valuations placed on Guido's property. An attaché of the circuit attorney's office would check the figures at the recorder's office later. That is, perhaps he would.

To Guido it was all very grand. He had no idea that the property he owned was worth so much money. He started to explain to Tony once that the lot on North Grand had cost thirty-two hundred, not seventy-five hundred. Tony replied to that in Italian, saying: "They only want to know what it will be worth some day, Guido." So Guido, who reckoned his total wealth at about eight thousand dollars, found himself qualified on paper at thirty-five thousand. "Hold up your right hand," said the clerk. "Do you solemnly swear that the statements made herein are the truth, so help you God?"

Tony nudged him, and Guido not wishing to be thought ignorant, held up his right hand the very first time. Tony handed him the pen. He signed his name with a flourish.

"Now we will call on Judge Clavering," said Tony.

It was most magnificent, that call. The judge was in his handsome chambers behind the court room on the third floor. A picture of George Washington hung above the judge's chair.

The judge, a white-haired and rather stern-visaged man, smiled when Tony and Guido entered. The judge was a good judge, but also a politician, and would need votes in the eleventh ward next fall.

"What can I do for you gentlemen?" said he, after Tony had introduced Guido.

"Mr. Pasquale has qualified as a bondsman, judge," said Tony smoothly. "I have a ten-thousand-dollar robbery bond for Paul Scalese. Mr. Pasquale has qualified for thirty-five thousand."

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Nina Jerked Her Arm Away and Hurried On

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Bulls and Bears

FOR months, and sometimes even for several years, after a disastrous stock-market collapse there is sure to be agitation for various reforms and new laws intended to prevent similar losses in the future. Among the practices most vehemently denounced at such a time is that known as short selling, which is the sale of borrowed shares of stock with the purpose of repaying the loan from other like shares purchased later on at a lower price level. For more than a hundred years the question of short selling has been hotly debated, and laws have been passed against it. But such laws generally have been repealed, and students of the subject have almost invariably reached the conclusion that bear operations, within reason, are essential to a normal open market.

There have been times when governments or stock exchanges have found it advisable to ban temporarily or discourage the practice, just as there are times when it is wise to close the markets altogether, except perhaps for cash transactions. Such an occasion was the outbreak of war in 1914.

Short selling in an already demoralized situation, when buyers have almost vanished because of prevailing hysteria, may be very dangerous. But such conditions are fortunately rare, and at most times short selling is a necessary stabilizer, taking the sharpness or extremes out of movements and serving a useful purpose in checking unwarranted optimism. Opposition to all short selling springs from an emotional rather than a logical school of economics, and is in the nature of finding a scapegoat for evils which lie at one's own doorstep.

Bear operators are very unscrupulous at times, but the false rumors they circulate do not begin to equal in number or extent the fabrications spread by those who speculate for the rise. Far more harm is done by driving stocks too high than by forcing them too low, when we consider the relative scope of the two operations. Panics come not from underdoing but from overdoing. Though there are exceptions, short sellers try, as a rule, to sell when prices are unreasonably high, and their buying comes when such buying is most needed. All short sellers are forced to buy, sooner or later, to repay their loans of stocks, and practically all buyers in a speculative mania buy to sell at a higher price rather than to hold as an investment. Therefore the only difference between the bull and the bear at such times is one of sequence, which is hardly a moral distinction.

Yet the public, as a rule, does not sell short. The average amateur or semi-amateur operator does not understand the practice and is afraid of it. Thus short selling is engaged in mostly by the more hardened and professional operators, and constitutes but a small proportion of all operations. It is a hazardous undertaking and cannot be applied to all stocks. Those who sell short are sometimes cornered and subjected to heavy losses. But a short interest is essential to a normal trading stock market, like a minority party in a political system.

There are serious abuses in the practice, as in so many other commercial operations, but history seems to show that the dangers without it are still greater. It graduated the necessary downward movement in 1914, as it often has throughout the years in the cases of individual stocks destined to sell lower because of the collapse of the companies which they represented. It distributes losses over a period of time and tends to shift risks from investors to professional operators.

Investors in stocks naturally dislike such words as "lower prices" and "losses." Therefore any part of the mechanism which distributes losses is distasteful to them. If the only purchasers of stocks were those who bought for long-term investment, rightly trusting in the normal growth of inherent values, there might be no need of short selling. But when vast numbers of persons ignorantly and recklessly overspeculate in a sheer orgy of gaming, and when fury is added to the flames by pool and other strong-arm efforts, then such a cog in the market machinery as short selling finds its rightful and essential place. It is not these technical aspects of speculation, however, which particularly need attention and reform. They can be controlled far more readily than the waves and extremes of human emotion which employ them.

Unsportsmanlike Sport

THE movement for the conservation of wild life has effected some highly encouraging results, and the benefits of adequate protection over a term of years have proved to be even greater than its most earnest advocates supposed. The experience of Pennsylvania has been as striking as that of any state in the Union. In the early years of this century her wild life appeared doomed to extinction, whereas game has now become more abundant in that commonwealth than it was thirty years ago, and today it offers better hunting grounds than many more thinly settled states which have paid less attention to the problems of game protection.

Many states are giving serious consideration to such matters, but with the best will in the world the wisest course is not always plainly apparent. In more than one region protected deer have multiplied so rapidly as to have become a nuisance, and farmers have been loud in their complaints of the half-tame animals which destroy their early crops.

It is in the endeavor to strike a fair balance between the extinction of game and an overabundant supply of it that the authorities have sometimes gone wrong.

Idaho, among other states, has long been engaged in a commendable effort to protect her forest life. For some nineteen years, we are told, the killing of deer has been prohibited. The herds have increased mightily and the creatures are no more gun-shy than barnyard cattle. Last year it was decided to reduce the herds by declaring an open season of ten days. Wholesale slaughter began with the dawn of the first day. Hunters in the Shoshone Basin, according to local newspapers, literally hauled out venison by the truckload. The deer, which had learned no fear of firearms, huddled in terrified groups, awaiting death. There were from three to twenty hunters, according to the press reports, shooting at each deer, and disputes as to the ownership of carcasses were constant. Some parties carted home three or four for each member in the field. It is pleasant to read that the real sportsmen who went afield to take advantage of the open season, when they took in the situation turned back in disgust. The pothunters and those who kill for the pleasure of killing were left in possession of the hunting grounds.

The thought of presumably wholesome Americans butchering harmless, bewildered creatures merely for the joy of killing something is anything but a pleasant one; and the brutalizing effect of such scenes as the Idaho papers described is more to be deplored than the slaughter involved. No one found them more revolting than the sportsmen who went afield to match animal cunning and fleetness with human strategy and skill.

More rational modes for the reduction of game supplies which are getting out of hand can easily be devised. It is possible to limit the number of hunters' licenses issued and to increase the fees charged for them. The kill can be restricted and the season further shortened. Other practicable checks upon unrestrained slaughter will occur to experienced game wardens.

Despite all the opposition and all the setbacks that the efforts to preserve our wild life have encountered, the situation is vastly more encouraging than it was a few years ago. The results which can be obtained are so well proved and are so well worth achieving that rational protective measures everywhere have the support of enlightened public opinion.

Education and Government

SHORTLY after the present Administration took office last spring, Doctor Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, spoke out very frankly against the creation of a new Federal department—that of education. For some time there has existed in the Department of the Interior a bureau, now known as the Office of Education, engaged in fact finding, statistical and research work. But powerful forces have long favored the erection of a fully equipped department, with large sums at its disposal, to equalize educational facilities in the different states. By his statement Doctor Wilbur has focused attention upon and discussion of this vital subject and the many issues which it raises, and a national advisory committee on education is now seeking to draw up a chart by which the Government can steer its educational course.

Although education was one of the questions which the framers of the Constitution did not pass upon, the Federal Government has steadily increased its attention to these matters. It not only maintains, controls and supports several educational institutions and systems for national purposes, but grants financial aid and exercises various degrees of supervision over several types of education, such as agricultural and vocational courses and schools. The question is how much further shall the Government go. Shall it bring all the rural schools up to the finest type of city schools by financial subventions?

Arguments for so doing are not lacking. Already Federal subsidies on the 50-50 plan are granted for several purposes. Big business has to a considerable extent drained the financial resources of the nation into a few cities. General Motors may have small plants in many small places, but financially the business heads up in cities like Detroit and New York. In consequence, the resources of the country pour their tribute into the Federal treasury in the form of income taxes from the offices of great corporations in the great cities. Thus the grants in aid which Uncle Sam so graciously extends are nothing but a return to the people of their own tax money.

Yet where is the system of Federal subsidies to end? If for general education in the states, why not for every other worthy purpose? The states are large units in themselves and should be able by well-considered taxation to raise sufficient revenue to support proper educational facilities. The really crying need is for state and local tax systems with more logic and order in them, rather than for Federal aid. It is difficult to formulate a sound relationship between the Federal Government and education. There is danger of confusing laws and political mechanisms with the essentials of education. But merely to pour more millions of Federal tax money into education is the easy rather than the sound way of proceeding, and certainly is not calculated to strengthen the basic institutions of local self-government.

Book Values or Man Values?

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, gazing reverently at the vats and pipes of a brewery, saw them as "the means of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Henry Ford, when I asked him one day how much his place was worth, answered thoughtfully: "Oh, not very much. Still, we have a good deal of material around. That ought to be worth something." Doctor Johnson, who as an industrialist was a good lexicographer, saw the little brewery as of itself a wealth creator. He did not think of the brewery master. Mr. Ford saw his vast array of buildings and machines only as a tool. And he knew that a tool is no better than the man who handles it.

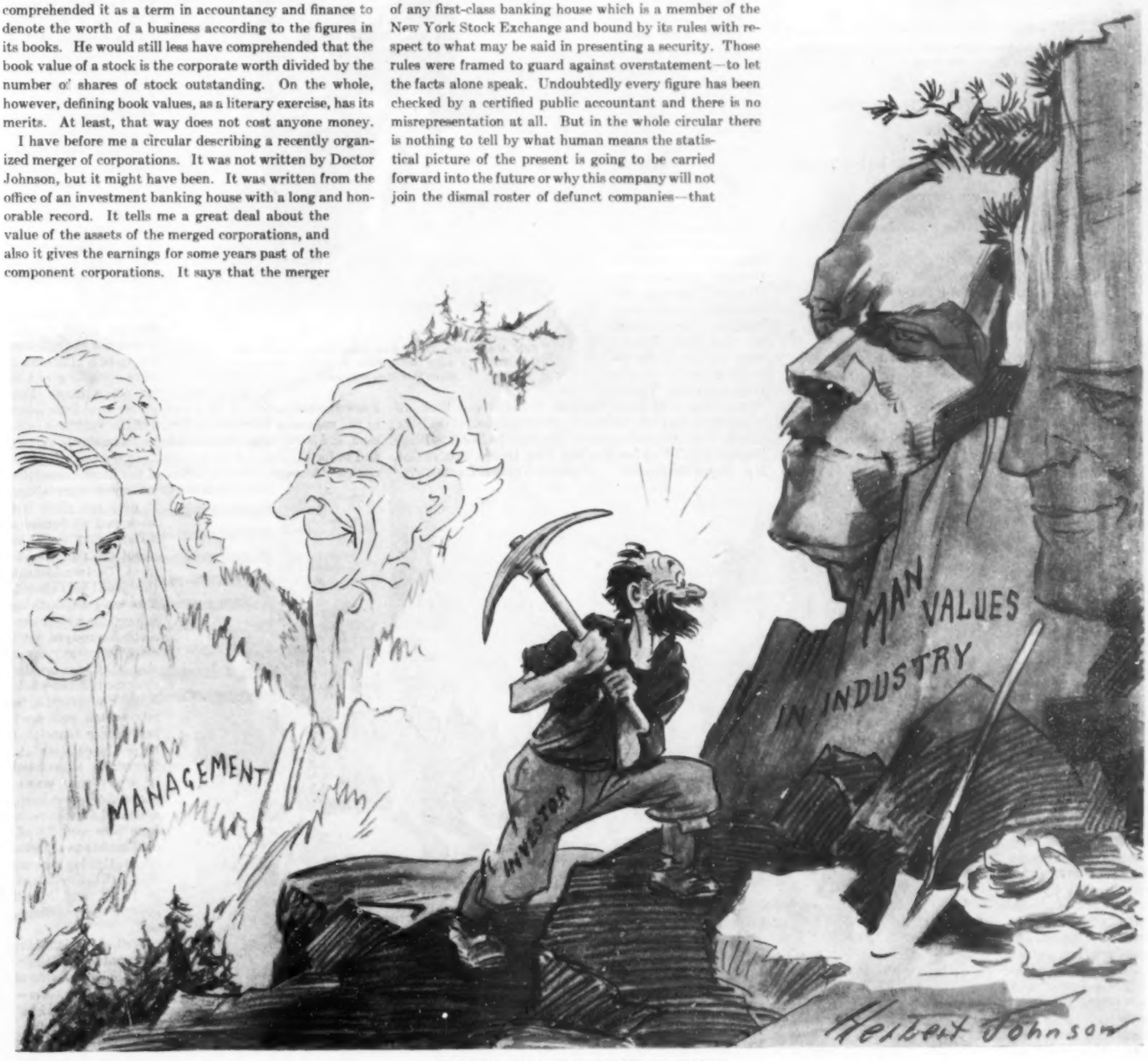
We are inclined to smile at the simple directness of Doctor Johnson. But suppose he had talked book values—earnings and profits? Doctor Johnson never heard the term "book value." If he had, probably he would have fitted it with a literary definition. He could scarcely have comprehended it as a term in accountancy and finance to denote the worth of a business according to the figures in its books. He would still less have comprehended that the book value of a stock is the corporate worth divided by the number of shares of stock outstanding. On the whole, however, defining book values, as a literary exercise, has its merits. At least, that way does not cost anyone money.

I have before me a circular describing a recently organized merger of corporations. It was not written by Doctor Johnson, but it might have been. It was written from the office of an investment banking house with a long and honorable record. It tells me a great deal about the value of the assets of the merged corporations, and also it gives the earnings for some years past of the component corporations. It says that the merger has strong financial backing and recommends the purchase of the stock not only for income but for conservative appreciation of principal. The plans for the future are sound enough on paper; every company in the merger has a record of success, and if two plus two can be depended upon to equal four, then the stock should certainly be worth its price—which, incidentally, was then only about one-third the price at which the stock was put on the market before the break. But the circular does not say a word about one point—the management. The banking house has, without knowing it, described only a joining of lifeless assets and has, in effect, said nothing more than Doctor Johnson said about the brewery.

That circular does not differ from the ordinary offering of any first-class banking house which is a member of the New York Stock Exchange and bound by its rules with respect to what may be said in presenting a security. Those rules were framed to guard against overstatement—to let the facts alone speak. Undoubtedly every figure has been checked by a certified public accountant and there is no misrepresentation at all. But in the whole circular there is nothing to tell by what human means the statistical picture of the present is going to be carried forward into the future or why this company will not join the dismal roster of defunct companies—that Blue Book of the dead corporations which may be bought in two fat volumes.

Is Henry Ford right in dismissing the cost of his whole great plant and thinking of it only as a tool whose value depends on the man who uses it, or was Doctor Johnson right in thinking that the owner of a brewery could not help gaining great wealth? The point is of great importance, for it goes to the very root of all investment, and surely it is high time for us to find some way of judging the worth of a corporation and translating that worth into stock prices. For the public in general evidently has no way of telling what anything is really worth in the way of a security; else it would not be willing one month to buy anything at any price and in the next month to throw overboard anything at any price. There is no distinguishing between the bad and the

(Continued on Page 60)



"THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS"

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY C. D. ANDERSON

"You Know, it's Heartbreaking to Feel Things So Intensely and Not Have Any Form of Artistic Expression"

Just a Few Resolutions for 1930

I HAVE made some resolutions
That may stand as institutions
For the new year we are facing just beyond the mystic wall;
And I'm certain, if you can scan them,
You will not arise and pan them,
But will say in open chorus that I'll likely keep them all.

After much consideration
Of its bearing on the nation,
I've resolved—and I announce it in the most emphatic tones,
Though they brand me as a pagan—
That I will not putt like Hagen—
And I'll never, never, never play my brassie shots like Jones.

In another clean confession,
Though I realize possession
Of a certain lyric talent that a genius seldom meets,
I've resolved, in spite of pleading
From a public keen for reading,
That I will not turn out poems to remind the crowd of Keats.
—Grantland Rice.

The Reward of Patience

"THERE will now be a brief pause for station announcements. This is Station WHOP of New York City. Ladies and gentlemen, it is now my great privilege to announce that you are to have the pleasure of listening to Suggs' Orchestra in San Francisco. This program will be broadcast over a nation-wide hook-up of the Continental Broadcasting System and associated stations. Stand by for San Francisco. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, I regret that a slight technical difficulty will necessitate a short delay in the broadcasting of Suggs' Orchestra at San Francisco. Meanwhile the Olympia Quartet will play for us Beethoven's famous Moonlight Sonata. The Olympia Quartet. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, that was the Olympia Quartet playing Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. I am sorry, but due to a great storm raging in the vicinity of Omaha, there is still some difficulty in getting San Francisco. So I have asked the Olympia Quartet to play for us Mendelssohn's wonderful Spring Song. . . . That was the Olympia Quartet playing the Spring Song by Mendelssohn. . . . I have just had word, ladies and gentlemen, that the connection with San Francisco will be completed in a few minutes over a circuit a thousand miles longer than usual. This delay is most unfortunate, ladies and gentlemen, but we can confidently expect that the program to be given us by Suggs' Orchestra will more than compensate for it. While we wait the remaining few minutes, the Olympia Quartet will play for us Wagner's inspiring Pilgrims' Chorus.... That was the Olympia Quartet playing the Pilgrims' Chorus by the immortal composer, Wagner. Now, stand by for San Francisco." . . . "Good afternoon, folks of the radio audience. This is Station KLUG of San Francisco. You will now listen to Suggs' Orchestra broadcasting from the ballroom of the Blitz Hotel. The first number you will hear will be Don't be Blue, Dearie; Don't You See, I've Got You, Dearie, You've Got Me. Suggs' Orchestra." —GORTON VEEDER CARRUTH.

DRAWN BY MARJE

"Tell Me, Betty, Don't You Like Me a Little Bit?"
"No, Bill—to be Frank With You—I Just Don't Care for Your Type"

Rumblings From a Rumble Seat

PRAY do not mock my plaintive whine;
I've tried each vertebra in turn
Until my poor protesting spine
Is sadly warped from stem to stern.

And that is why I'm
frank to say
I would be happier
than I am
If I could bend the other way
And sit upon my diaphragm.
—Margaret Fishback.

Chapter Chatter

By Way of Appreciation

FELLOWS—I mean brothers in Delta Kappa Upsilon—this is just the opportunity I've been waiting for to speak of something very dear to every one of us. I guess you all noticed that old Ed Barnes, our illustrious Head Alpha, had to go out right after supper, because Prof. McCracken wanted him to come over to his house. Well, I planned that. On account of Prof being a *frater in facultate*, it was easy to fix it up.

Brothers, my idea in getting Head Alpha Barnes out of the house was to talk about what we're going to give him for Christmas. You know the old custom of the house, giving some little token to the man who bears all the brunt of the work and criticism, and is our representative in inter-fraternity activities, and so forth. Just a little something in the way of appreciation. A couple other members of the house committee and myself were talking it over one night last week and we figured a dollar a man would be about the right assessment. That would mean thirty-six bucks all told. You can get something respectable with thirty-six bucks, and you don't want to go any lower than that because, Judas priest, if the whole house is supposed to be represented you can't just give a four-dollar tie or a mashie niblick. Something substantial is what you want. Something he can keep, and maybe fifteen years from now say, "Well, old Eta chapter of Delta Kappa Upsilon gave me that for Christmas back in 1929," and it will evoke tender memories, see?

Well, so I had the idea we ought to give something in silver. One of the fellows—brothers—suggested a cocktail shaker from Bailey, Caldwell & Frost's, but I had to tie a can to that

(Continued on Page 158)

DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

"Shall I Fire, Simpson?"

Nothing easier than having a different soup every day!

Your choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

The best little wish
I could send you each day
Is a cupful of Campbell's
To brighten your way!

Twenty-one choices! Twenty-one different and delicious soups to give daily charm and variety to your meals! Each soup already cooked... on your table in next to no time. Each soup with an individuality and appeal all its own. No wonder these famous Campbell's Soups are so popular! Add an equal quantity of water. Bring to a boil. Simmer a few minutes. That's all you have to do. The soup is ready to serve. Such ease! Such simplicity! Especially welcome in that favorite of favorites . . . Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . because you serve it so frequently. 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

THE SHAGGY LEGION

Then the Savages Were Back Again, Crowded Against the Buildings and Firing In Through Every Aperture

XVI

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE strange life story of Chief Quanah was well known on the Southern plains. In the early 30's the pioneering Parker family, destined to become famous in the annals of Texas, took up its habitat on the outermost frontier. The settlement consisted of the elder Parkers and seven grown sons and daughters, six of whom were married and provided with large families of their own. They built their cabins near one another and erected a log stockade from one building to the next, forming a perfect fort.

In 1836, when the majority of the Parkers were at work in the fields, six hundred Comanche warriors launched an attack on the fort. So dauntless and so versed in frontier warfare were the Parkers that the majority of them made good their escape after a desperate affray. Perhaps a dozen were slain and half as many carried away into captivity.

Among the captives was the little beauty of the Parker clan, blue-eyed Cynthia Parker, nine years of age. Far off in the Colorado hills a roving band of trappers purchased one of the women captives from the Indians and she returned to her people. A wandering band of Delawares, exiled from the East, strayed into the wilds of Northern Texas and purchased a captive whom they restored to Sam Houston. One boy became a warrior among the Comanches, but returned at last. All the captives were restored then but Cynthia Ann Parker, and for a dozen years strenuous efforts were made to locate her, without avail.

The Comanches were divided into numerous bands, each under its own war chief. Rumors were heard to the effect that a blue-eyed squaw rode with the dreaded chief of the band that inhabited the Staked Plains. So wily were these raiders, swooping in swift forays and fading again to their inaccessible retreats, that all expeditions sent against them were futile. The Texas Rangers were organized to hold the Comanches in check. In 1860 a ranger captain made an extended march, located and surprised the village of the Staked Plains band.

The Comanches, most marvelous horsemen in the world, came out fighting and scattered for their horses. Even small children darted for loose ponies, mounted and dashed away. The ranger captain slew the dreaded chief. One of his men captured a squaw and a three-year-old baby girl. The squaw could speak no English, but she had blue eyes.

"I believe it is the famous Cynthia Ann Parker," the ranger said. "We'll take them back with us."

So Cynthia Ann and her baby daughter, Prairie Flower, were taken to the capital of Texas and restored to her prominent relatives. Throughout the rest of her life she grieved for the little boy, Quanah, son of Cynthia Ann and the dead Comanche chief, who had been among the children to reach their horses and escape. She pictured him riding alone and uncared for on the prairies, and begged repeatedly to be allowed to go back and search for him.

Quanah Parker—for he later took his mother's name—was riding on the prairies, but not alone. Even in his early teens he became leader of a band of fearless raiders. He stole horses from the Mexicans numbering in the thousands. More and more wild young bucks followed his leadership. While still a mere boy he became the great war chief of the entire Comanche nation. Before he was out of his teens, the Kiowas, Eastern Apaches, Arapahoes and Southern Cheyennes listened to his counsel and sometimes followed his leadership in war. He became the most sagacious and dreaded Indian leader in the whole Southwest.

Implacably, he refused to compromise with the white men who sought by treaty to deprive his people of their lands. Fiercely, he had rejected the treaty of Medicine Lodge, refusing to sign with the other chiefs and returning to go his own way with such braves as would follow him. It was written that he would be almost the last Southwestern chieftain to give up the struggle, and when at last he was to see that all hope was gone, he was to come in with his people and surrender with the simple statement that it was no use to fight longer; that henceforth he would teach his people to follow the white man's road.

As in the past he had rejected all treaties, so, after accepting one, he was to adhere to it rigidly throughout his life, pick good lands for his people, teach them stock raising and farming, and eventually to become as noted a leader in peace as he had been in war.

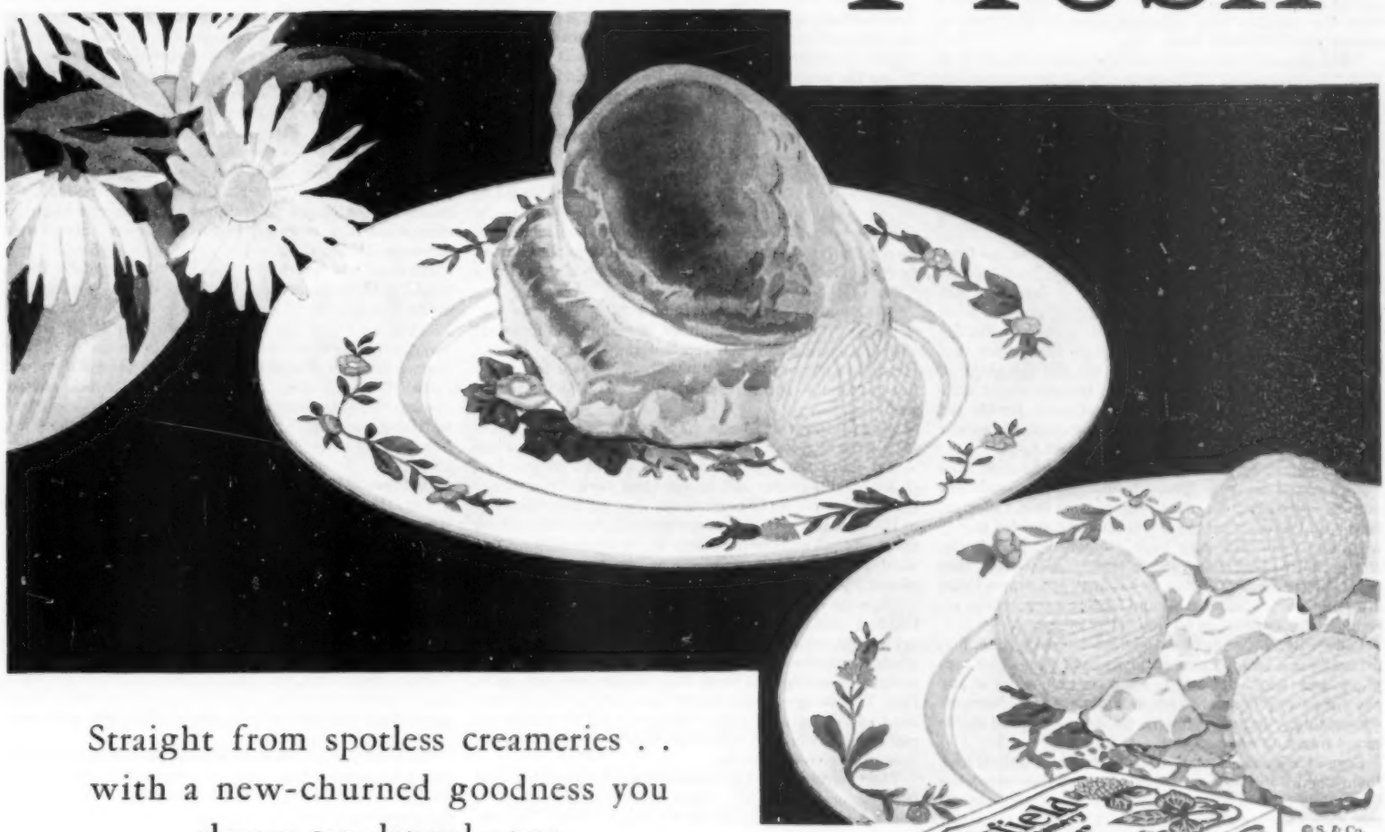
And it was into Quanah Parker's country that seventy-odd hide hunters now marched. It was certain that Quanah would make a desperate effort to retain these last hunting grounds for his people. The hide hunters established headquarters at Adobe Walls. Other hunters, hearing of the expedition and finding no buffaloes in any large numbers north of the Arkansas, were following southward on the trail of those who had gone before.

The country adjacent to Adobe Walls was covered with vast herds of buffaloes. The hunters scattered to make their camps. Coleman pulled out a dozen miles or more and halted his wagons. Then he rode out on Fleabit, while Harper and his other sharpshooters started out in opposite directions.

Coleman worked up a depression in the prairie, drew within easy range of a band, spread his cartridges and pulled behind the shoulder of a bull. The big beast toppled

(Continued on Page 30)

Butter so sweet...fragrant so deliciously Fresh



Straight from spotless creameries . . with a new-churned goodness you always can depend upon

NEVER before have women had this assurance in buying butter . . . The dependable goodness, the unvarying freshness of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter —everywhere . . . *always!*

Snowy creameries in twenty-three states churn it from graded, tested cream.

Immaculate refrigerator cars carry it quickly, directly to the town in which you live. There are no in-between steps, no delays.

Swift & Company's own trained experts speed its delivery, protect its quality, straight through from the churn to your dealer.

Delivered so quickly, guarded so carefully, Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter comes to your dealer—and to you—with *all* its new-churned freshness.

Dealers in your town carry Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. Buy a package today—and learn the difference in butter that is always creamery *fresh!*

Swift & Company

You will find the same dependable high quality in Brookfield Eggs and Brookfield Cheese. Ask for them by name.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

(Continued from Page 28)

to the ground at the thunderous report of the big Sharp. Harper's buffalo gun was speaking swiftly a mile or more to the east, that of the third gunner from the south; and the last great hide hunt of the Southwest was on.

Two enterprising Dodge City men freighted their wares to Adobe Walls, erected two adobe buildings and opened stores. A third opened a saloon.

Because of the menace of Indians that hovered ever above the whole venture, the various outfits in the field did not accumulate any great number of cured hides on the open prairie, freighting them instead to Adobe Walls and stacking them there as soon as each load of hides was cured.

Day after day, Coleman and his hunters watched for Indian sign. The far horizon showed not so much as a smoke column by day or a signal fire by night to indicate that the savages were signaling news of the invasion throughout Comanche land.

"But Quanah knows every move we make; no doubt of that," Coleman said. "His scouts are watching us and he's spreading the news by couriers instead of by signal fires. He knows that signals would put the plainsmen on guard."

The days merged into weeks without the least indication that there was an Indian anywhere within a hundred miles. That very uncanny lack of Indian sign in the heart of the Comanche nation caused the hide hunters to be ever more upon the alert. Military authorities and the Indian Bureau both objected to the invasion by the hide hunters. There was much talk and interchange of messages, but the Government failed to take decisive action. The hide hunters proceeded about their business. Tens of thousands of buffaloes fell before the fire of the thundering Sharps. Acres of cured hides were stacked round Adobe Walls. But the hunters were too plains-wise to believe other than that Quanah was biding his time. This was the last stand of the buffaloes in the great Southwest. Quanah would make a desperate attempt to save those last herds for the red men. Without the buffaloes the Indians could not subsist save on reservations as wards of the Government.

Coleman had cured and freighted something more than two thousand hides to Adobe Walls. Before a sufficient number had been cured to make up another load, Coleman, fearing a possible shortage of ammunition, decided to ride to Adobe Walls and bring back a supply by pack horse. His outfit was operating about twenty miles from that point. After hunting all day, he set forth some three hours after nightfall, riding Fleabit and leading a pack horse, arriving at his destination an hour after midnight.

Ordinarily, including those who tended store there permanently and such hunters as might have come in for supplies, there would not be to exceed ten men there at any one time; fewer, usually. Now the place was thronged. Almost thirty men were present. Coleman wondered at this congestion, but was not mystified for long.

Several isolated hunters had been slain and scalped by a roving band of savages. Those who had discovered the bodies had warned others as they rode, starting a general movement toward Adobe Walls. Throughout the latter half of the day hunters had been arriving singly or in twos and threes. The matter was discussed at length. Was this just a chance foray or the first blow in a general war? Opinions differed. In any event, outfits operating in different directions must be warned on the morrow. It was now but a few hours before dawn. Several men slept outside. The others slept on the floors of the three buildings that graced Adobe Walls. All was quiet for the night.

Quanah, the great war chief of the Comanches, had planned a wily campaign. It was known to him through his scouts that the invading hunters intended to fall back upon Adobe Walls at the first alarm. He planned to swoop down and sack that stronghold first, taking the few souls found there, then raze the place so that the hunters would have no feasible point of defense in which to make a stand. Then his braves would dart like hornets, scouring the open plains for the scattered hunters, and kill every man of them at all costs. When the news reached Dodge City that every man of the invading expedition had been slain, Quanah believed it would be long before others would attempt to kill off the buffalo herds of Comanche land. He assembled his own fighting men and picked bands of warriors from among the Kiowas, Arapahoes and Cheyennes. A thousand selected warriors were ready to strike at his bidding.

In the first gray dawn Coleman was roused by a shout as someone slammed the door. He leaped to his feet, rifle in hand. Every man in the place was on his feet in an instant. The ground trembled beneath the pounding feet of a thousand running horses. The war whoop rose from a thousand throats. High above the general uproar sounded the dreadful Comanche scream, freighted with a peculiarity of its own—the most frightful note to which any creature in America, man or beast, gave voice.

The door groaned as horses crashed against it from without, hurled by their Comanche riders in an effort to break it down. A window splintered and a mounted warrior thrust his rifle through it and fired into the dim interior of the room. Coleman touched off his Sharp at the figure outlined there. Other buffalo guns filled the room with an infernal uproar as every hunter went into action. Six-shooters blazed from the hands of men who were expert in their use. From without sounded the Comanche scream, the constant billowing of rifle fire, while the dull, muffled roar from the other two buildings of Adobe Walls revealed the fact that their occupants were still in action. Desperate at the unexpected strength of the resistance, the savages rode their horses full tilt against the doors in an effort to break through, hurled themselves at the windows and thrust their heads and rifles through them to pump lead at the occupants.

Coleman shot a savage between the eyes with his Sharp. Another body appeared there behind a rifle. A gun crashed in Coleman's ear as the hunter beside him shot the warrior dead. The room filled with smoke until it was impossible to see the length of it. With a Frontier Model pistol in each hand, Coleman fired at every form that loomed at a window. The reports of his companions' guns were so continuous as to deafen him. Swiftly he reloaded his guns again. There was a sudden cessation of the din outside. The savages, appalled at the frightful loss, were drawing off for conference. Instantly, sharp-eyed hunters leaped to the windows and trained their buffalo guns upon the retreating horde of warriors. They did not shoot blindly or merely fire into the bunch, but each man picked his human target as unerringly as if picking a single buffalo out of a herd.

Other buffalo guns were talking volubly from the windows of the other two buildings, revealing the fact that their occupants, too, had repelled the savages who had struggled furiously to break inside. Dead warriors and a few dead ponies sprawled on every hand. But the retreat was brief.

Quanah, the great Comanche chieftain, knew that unless his braves took Adobe Walls, his whole plan of campaign would fail. Before his warriors were out of gunshot, Quanah rallied them and hurled them back, firing at the doors and windows as they came. Peering from the sides of the windows with but an eye exposed, each hunter took his steady toll with his big Sharp as the advance swept forward. There was no promiscuous shooting. Each man picked a warrior and shot him from his horse.

Then the savages were back again, crowded against the buildings and firing in through every aperture. Flattened against the walls, the hunters fired with pistols through the windows into the very faces of the savages. Such inhumanly accurate shooting was more than the bravest men could face. The savage throng surged back again, taking their dead and dying with them. And again the sharpshooters rallied to the windows and turned their deadly buffalo guns upon the retreating horde.

The two men who had slept outside had been killed at the first onslaught. But there still remained some two dozen defenders within the three squat buildings. Instead of finding a half dozen or so unsuspecting souls there, as he had anticipated, Quanah, by sheer accident, had chosen the one morning of all when the floors were strewn with sleeping hunters who had come in with their arms and ammunition; men so difficult to surprise that at the first alarm they had come up shooting—and shooting with fearful precision too. Practically every man present was a veteran who had shot back into the smoke in many a life-and-death encounter. And it was this accidental gathering of twenty-odd of the deadliest gunmen in the world, ensconced behind bullet-proof walls, that Quanah's naked braves must conquer before his campaign of extermination against the invading hide hunters could succeed.

If the situation of the handful of defenders was desperate, the case of the warriors was scarcely less so. Break this stronghold they must, then wipe out the scattered hunters on the open plains, if they were to retain for the red men this last stretch of the great Southwest that remained untouched by the white man's civilization. Should they fail, the hide hunters would exterminate the great buffalo herds within a few short months. Should they fail, cattlemen and settlers would invade the region as the buffaloes disappeared. Failure, in fact, meant the difference between living in the old, free, untrammeled fashion of the red men and settling down on one spot to be fed and clothed as wards by a benevolent white man's government. Quanah knew full well all that hung upon the issue. The red warriors dared not fail. And inside the three squat buildings of Adobe Walls the grim handful of defenders, twenty-odd against a thousand, knew that they must win or die.

The savage horde formed again and charged with redoubled fury. And the swift roll of the buffalo guns took dreadful toll. Then, as the red ranks closed again round the three structures, some warriors even seeking to hurl themselves through the windows, the defenders flattened themselves against the walls, each man with a six-shooter in either hand, and shot with deadly accuracy through the dense white powder smoke that stung the eyes and filled lungs with agony.

A third time the savages retired while the buffalo guns resumed their frightful work from the windows, whirled and charged back again as defenders reloaded pistols with deft speed and drove the assailants off as before.

The great war chief knew the caliber of the men with whom he had to deal. The majority of the scattered hide hunters out on the plains would not draw off and seek safety in flight. Instead, with the coming of night, many of them would endeavor to slip through the cordon of besieging red men and join their beleaguered fellows, throwing in their lot with the defenders of Adobe Walls. When a member of any plains tribe from Canada to the Rio Grande wished to convey the word "Comanche" in sign talk, he used the universal symbol—extending his right arm forward and slightly to the left at the level of his shoulder, then pulled the member straight back with a wriggling motion of hand, wrist and forearm. It was imitative of the movements of a crawling snake in the grass, indicative of the extreme ability of the Comanches to creep unseen across country that afforded the slightest cover. Chief Quanah knew that that sign might well apply also to many of the plainsmen who were hide hunting in Comanche land. If another night passed before he could crush and raze the stronghold, the morning would find more, not fewer, defenders behind those walls.

He could not resort to a siege. Those in Adobe Walls would hold out until the last man died. Already, no doubt, volunteers from among such outside hunters as had become aware of the fight were riding at top speed, carrying the news to far-off Dodge City on the Arkansas. Quanah had no illusions. Long before he could reduce Adobe Walls by siege, lengthy columns of blue-coated cavalry would be pounding down from the north in overwhelming numbers. Despite the fact that the invading hide hunters were there in defiance of treaty and against the express orders of the authorities, when the soldiers came it would be as enemies, not as allies of the Indians.

The fate of the buffalo herds and the immediate future of the red men of the Llano Estacado and the adjacent region hinged directly upon the outcome of the present fight. It must be won now or not at all. So Quanah hurled his fighting men again and again at those three low dobe-walled buildings. And twenty-odd tight-lipped, calm-eyed plainsmen fired point-blank into the faces of a thousand painted warriors. White powder smoke rolled from the windows as if a fire raged within the interior of each building.

From dawn until high noon the battle of Adobe Walls raged without cessation, save for a few brief spells when the savages withdrew to form and charge again with desperate, unflinching valor.

Then the savages drew off and the battle resolved itself into a long-range duel. Bat Masterson and Billy Nixon had performed prodigies of marksmanship. Nixon now distinguished himself by singling out a lone savage more than half a mile away, as the warrior rode out beyond his fellows, lining on him carefully with a buffalo gun and shooting the brave dead, the heavy ball knocking him from his horse. The Indians were appalled at such marksmanship. Later, a chief in resplendent dress swept across the distant foreground on his pony. Several plainsmen tried for him. The distant chief fell from his pony and sprawled motionless on the prairie. A Comanche warrior, running his horse furiously toward the fallen chief, leaned from his saddle, seized the prostrate form, lifted it with superhuman strength without slackening the speed of his war horse, and carried the stricken leader to safety across the neck of his racing pony despite the concentrated fire of the deadliest marksmen that the West afforded. The rescued man was Quanah, merely stunned by a grazing bullet.

Late in the afternoon the savages, after terrible losses, gave up the fight. Save for those killed outside at the first onslaught, the defenders had suffered the loss of but one man. The great battle of Adobe Walls was ended. In point of the number engaged, the overwhelming odds against the defenders and the terrible loss inflicted upon the attacking forces, it was the most crushing defeat ever encountered by the Indians of the plains with one exception—the Medicine Fight. In that encounter in the far Northwest, thirty-two men in a corral formed by sixteen loop-holed iron wagon beds, which they covered over, beat off Red Cloud and three thousand warriors with such tremendous losses that the Indians thereafter referred to the disaster as the Medicine Fight, believing that bad medicine had been exercised against them to render the wagon beds bulletproof and the fire of the whites unerring.

But in point of importance, the battle of Adobe Walls took precedence over any similar engagement. Throughout the night, hide hunters came singly and in little groups

(Continued on Page 145)

Save your engine from deadly wear caused by too-thin winter oils . . .

Change to Mobiloil Arctic today!

Even though the temperature outside is freezing, the running temperature of your engine is scalding hot. Many so-called "winter oils" are purposely made thin to give easy starting for cold engines. But *hot* engines further thin them out—often beyond the danger point.

Mobiloil Arctic is the most famous cold weather oil the world over. Because it gives *double-range* lubrication! At zero temperatures it gives summer starting ease. And at the higher running temperatures it *keeps its body*, provides rich protection for hot pistons and cylinder walls.

Your battery and your engine demand the starting ease given by Mobiloil Arctic. Your engine demands its rich lubricating quality at high running temperatures. Change to Mobiloil Arctic today, and end winter lubrication worries.

New Ease in Gear Shifting

To further lighten the load which winter driving conditions place on your engine, have the transmission and differential drained and refilled with Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant. This unique lubricant remains fluid in coldest weather, and will not "separate out" and harden. Ease of gear shifting and smooth performance are assured where Mobiloil "CW" is used.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

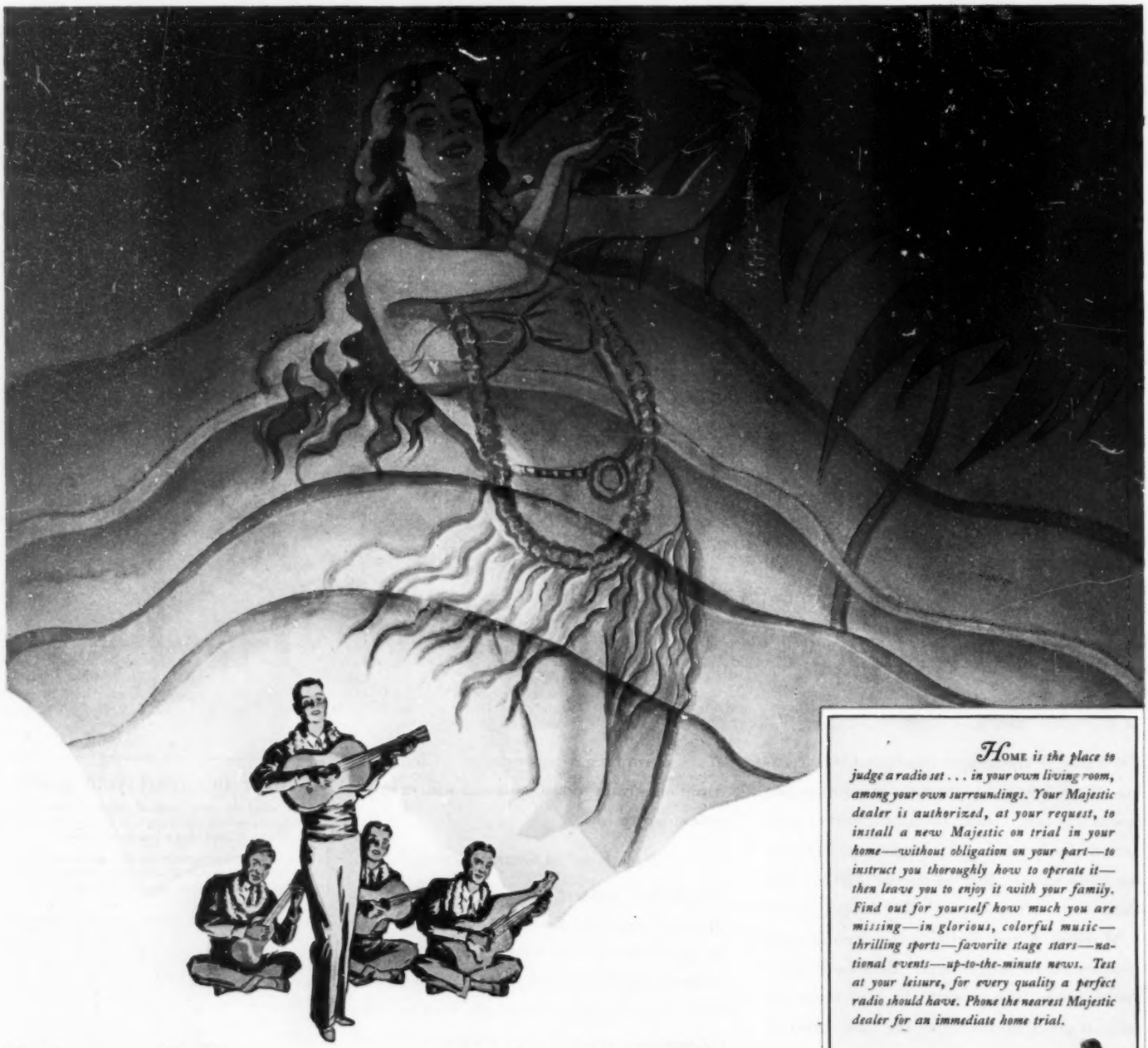
NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
" 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Cadillac			A	Arc	A	A		
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 6-cyl.			A	Arc				
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" cars	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Model T					E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
" other models							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.							B	Arc
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

the New

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

ARCTIC



Hear Majestic's Colorful Tone

paint this vivid picture of distant Hawaii

VELVET voices crooning Hawaiian melody, plaintive rhythm of singing guitars . . . Majestic tone is musical magic that pictures swaying dancers on a moonlit beach . . . makes music so real, so true in every shading of its gorgeous beauty that the lei-wreathed musicians seem actually present in your living room.

Learn the thrill of Majestic's COLORFUL TONE. Hear it today at the nearest dealer's store . . . or in your home, on free trial. Test the giant power, super-keen separation of stations, tremendous volume and distance Majestic gives. Then ask about time payments on Majestic's own Finance Plan.

HOME is the place to judge a radio set . . . in your own living room, among your own surroundings. Your Majestic dealer is authorized, at your request, to install a new Majestic on trial in your home—without obligation on your part—to instruct you thoroughly how to operate it—then leave you to enjoy it with your family. Find out for yourself how much you are missing—in glorious, colorful music—thrilling sports—favorite stage stars—national events—up-to-the-minute news. Test at your leisure, for every quality a perfect radio should have. Phone the nearest Majestic dealer for an immediate home trial.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Complete Radio Receivers

Majestic RADIO

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

A ROYAL REBEL

By Madame Klepač

As Told to Helen Durham and Margaret Norris

OF ALL the colorful memories that I carry of my royal mistress, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, Queen Victoria's most gifted daughter, there is one that stands out in high lights which the twenty years since I left her have not dimmed. We were at Windsor Castle for a banquet which her brother, King Edward, was giving in honor of King Manuel of Portugal. I had just finished dressing her for it and she was standing in front of her mirror in her cloth-of-gold gown with its long court train, and the sweeping lines accentuated her slenderness—slenderness that was rare in the royal family. There she stood in her glittering trappings, bejeweled from tip to toe, as the court insisted she should be for state functions; on her head her Russian tiara, a crescent of glistening stars; on her shoulders the royal insignia worn to honor visiting monarchs; from throat to waist, ablaze with diamonds; jewels on her wrists, on her shoes. She cast one disdainful glance at herself, threw out her arms and exclaimed in utter scorn:

"See, I look just like a jewelry-shop window!"

How the Duchess of Argyll hated jewels! The careless way she left them about almost drove me mad. I was always picking them up from the mantel or table where she had heedlessly tossed them and putting them under lock and key. Every piece of jewelry she owned was worth a king's ransom; once lost, it could never be replaced; yet to her it was all just glittering trash. And no wonder! Worn in such profusion as queens and princesses wear them, precious gems lose their value; one grows satiated with them. For years after I left Kensington Palace I could not bear to look at a diamond. I dislike them to this day.

The Empress of Austria

A Princess' Jewel Trunk

WHENEVER we went from Kensington Palace, where Her Royal Highness lived, to Windsor for a court function, Scotland Yard sent a detective accompanied by an armed guard to carry her jewel trunk. It was I, her personal attendant, who always carried the key. This trunk contained a series of velvet-lined jewel trays, one for each suite of jewels, and each tray, in turn, was divided into small compartments, or grooves; one for each piece of jewelry—the necklace here, the brooch there, the bracelet in its own little niche, rings strung on small rods. When I opened the trunk I could tell at a glance if as much as one earring was missing.

There they lay, tray upon tray, in layers; a bewildering, dazzling ensemble that would leave any connoisseur gasping—rubies, emeralds, diamonds, pearls, sapphires, opals, turquoises. No one but royalty could own them. One cannot set a price on them, for there are no others like them in the world.

Among them was Queen Victoria's black pearl necklace given her by an Indian princess, and which the Queen, at her death, had willed to her fourth daughter, Princess Louise, my royal mistress. Each pearl, as large as the end of my thumb, was encircled by diamonds and from each hung a great pear-shaped black pearl; the largest one, in the center, a full inch long. To value it would be like setting a price on the Koh-i-nur diamond itself.

Pearls were Victoria's favorite gem, and to each of her five daughters, on her birthday, the Queen had given a huge pink pearl the size of a pea. Strung together, they made a perfectly matched rope. Princess Louise's string hung to her waist. Of all her jewelry, it was the only piece for which she had any sentiment or love.

There was the corsage of emeralds which hung like a glittering yoke of cold green fire over her bosom and around her shoulders—emeralds—some of them one inch square—bound together with a lacework of diamonds. There was the set of Australian fire opals, like glowing embers at night, aflame with high lights of green, orange, blood red. There were sets of aquamarines, sapphires, rubies, all *en suite*, with rings, brooches, bracelets to match. Once a year the court jeweler came to appraise and clean them. The cleaning alone took three weeks.

These were only her private jewels. In addition, there were the court jewels, the tiaras and foreign insignia—public possessions loaned her by the court for her lifetime. When she dies they will be either returned to the Tower of London or handed on to some other member of the royal family.

The Queen

BUT in spite of their fabulous worth and beauty, the Duchess of Argyll cared nothing for them. In fact, she really despised them and wore them only under compulsion. She particularly disliked the tiaras. When obliged to wear one, Emile, the court hairdresser, came to coif her and adjust it—a very difficult task, for her hair was so soft and fluffy, and she wore it so loosely arranged that it was almost impossible to keep the jeweled band in place. It was heavy and uncomfortable, and to keep it from slipping she must hold her head as though she were balancing a bucket of water on it. It was a trying ordeal for us all and usually brought on one of her tantrums.

Often, as Emile worked patiently over her, she would sit there, flinging at me a steady stream of amusing asides in German. Once, just as he added the finishing touches, she gave me a broad wink in the glass and said, in German, of course:

"Just look at the stiffness of it! The minute he is out the door down it comes."

She and I always spoke German, for it was her father's native tongue—the language used in the royal family during the Prince Consort's lifetime. It never occurred to her that Emile understood it, for he, of course, passed as French, though I knew he was not French, but Swiss, and knew German as well as we did. Yet his impassive face never changed expression. He departed with his three-guinea fee, and down came the Princess' hair!

As much as Princess Louise hated formality, Queen Alexandra loved it. Pomp and ceremony were her meat and drink, the wine of her existence. Jewels, power, homage, court display were the things for which she lived. She was the Queen, and she never permitted anyone to forget it. I have seen her sweep into a state room at Windsor and command the gentlemen of the court, the brains of the realm, as though they were her minions. While she was in reality a small woman, she gave an impression of height by her regal carriage, the studied lines of her garments, sweeping trains, choker collars and an elaborate, high-piled coiffure in which no single hair was ever disarranged. Her appearance was almost too flawless. One felt she was always on display, the perfect model of a queen whose regal bearing was never relaxed, even in the privacy of her boudoir. It was as though Denmark's princess had been trained from birth to be England's queen.

She had married Edward, then Prince of Wales, in 1863, and within eight years six children were born to them—three sons and three daughters. Although we who knew her well found her cold and formal, she presented to the popular eye a picture of royal domesticity

Queen Alexandra

(Continued on Page 135)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Announcing

THERE are 76 specific improvements in the new Chevrolet Six—affecting every phase of its performance, comfort, endurance and dependability. Many of these advancements cannot be seen when you inspect the car—but you sense their presence the minute you take the wheel. For this reason—we suggest that you see and drive the Chevrolet Six at your earliest convenience.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

the Greatest CHEVROLET *in Chevrolet History*

Smoother · Faster · Better

Chevrolet presents the Greatest Chevrolet in Chevrolet History—

—a smoother, faster, better Six . . . at prices within the reach of all!

Chevrolet sincerely believes that this new car will meet with your approval, in every respect.

There are scores of vital improvements—affecting every phase of comfort, performance, endurance and safety.

Lighter cast-iron pistons, with bronze bushings; new motor head design; fully-enclosed, internal-expanding brakes; four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers; sturdier transmission; heavier clutch—these are typical of the improvements found throughout the entire design of the car.

Other advancements include a heavier rear axle; larger tires; new self-adjusting spring shackles; new electric gasoline gauge; new non-glare windshield; new instrument panel; new and richer upholsteries.

This increased value has been made possible by the great success of the Chevrolet Six.

During 1929, Chevrolet built and sold over a million three hundred thousand six-cylinder Chevrolets. This enormous volume production has made possible many savings in the Chevrolet factories—in the cost of raw materials and in the various production processes.

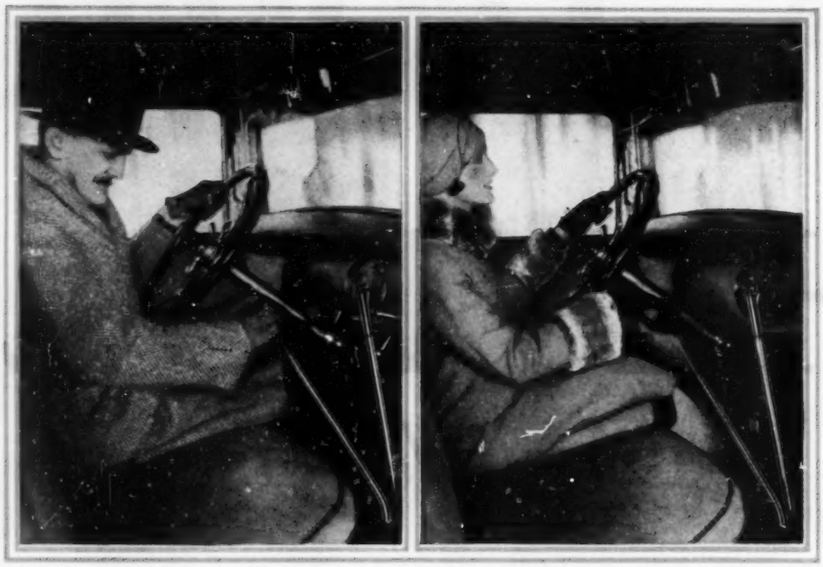
These savings Chevrolet now passes on to buyers of the Greatest Chevrolet in Chevrolet History.

No written description can do justice to the extra value and quality provided in this new car. So we ask you to visit your Chevrolet dealer—to see this car—to ride in it—and to judge for yourself what value it represents.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

GEARS STICK? If So, Do This To Ease Shifting in Zero Weather

Avoid repairs by changing to Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant. Will not harden at 10° below zero



Tugging away, trying to shift gears that are improperly lubricated

Easy to shift in any weather if gears contain the proper lubricant

THERE is now a way to take care of your car in winter that makes it far easier to drive. If you adopt it you'll prevent tugging and forcing to shift gears that grind and rasp. You'll prevent costly damage from using the wrong gear lubricant in winter.

Gears, if properly lubricated, shift easily in all weather. If they don't it's a sure sign the lubricant in your gear boxes has become hard from the cold.

Summer gear lubricant is too thick for winter. And many so-called "winter" lubricants will congeal at temperatures slightly below freezing. They harden in cold weather, a dangerous condition for your gears. When the gears revolve they cut a channel in this hardened lubricant. And the lubricant sticks to the side of the gear cases because it is too stiff to flow back between the teeth of the gears. Thus they whirl away mile after mile without lubrication.

How Trouble Starts

When you put the car in a warm garage the lubricant flows again—then congeals between the teeth when you get out in the cold. That causes the grinding, noisy gear shift. That starts serious trouble.

Go at once to the nearest Alemite-ing station. Tell them to clean out your gear cases and put in fresh Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant—specially designed to meet winter conditions. Any station displaying the sign shown here will give you this genuine Alemite Gear Service. They have a special Alemite Gear Flusher that sucks out the old, worn-out grease that freezes up in winter and makes the gears hard to shift. That machine will suck out with it the chips of steel, dirt, and refuse accumulated there.

Gear Cases Must Be Clean

Then it flushes out those parts with kerosene; cleans them like on a new car. And then they force in Genuine Alemite Gear Lubricant. That gives you a pure, semi-fluid lubricant that will lubricate freely not only in warm weather but also at 15° below zero.

Any garageman will tell you careless lubrication and improper lubricants cause 80% of all repairs on moving parts of a car. So don't just have your car *greased*. Have it *Alemite-ed*. Note how this protects you from taking dangerous chances.

Thus you avoid some cheap and inferior greases offered by unknown and little-patronized stations. Such cheap greases are inefficient even when new. They thin out in summer and leave the gears dry. In winter they freeze up—fail to lubricate and thus make gears hard to shift. They cause the grinding noise you hear and act like a brake on your car.

Alemite Sign Best Guide

So to protect your own interests look for the Alemite sign wherever you drive. Consult those stations on all your lubrication. They are pledged to use only genuine Alemite Lubricants in the Alemite Systems now on 95% of all cars. Here is what Genuine Alemite-ing consists of:

This, only, is genuine Alemite-ing

1. BEARINGS: Alemite High Pressure Lubricant forced into every vital chassis bearing with Alemite equipment by expert Alemite mechanics—every 500 miles.

2. GEARS: Differential and transmission thoroughly flushed out by a special Alemite process. New Alemite Gear Lubricant forced in—every 2,500 miles.

3. SPRINGS: Springs sprayed with special Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil—every 500 miles. Eliminating ALL spring squeaks and making the car run immeasurably smoother.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

Alemite Corporation, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2638 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

The sign that guides you to Alemite-ing experts. It guides thousands of motorists to correct lubrication

THOSE FAMILY TIES

By Elizabeth Jordan

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

A VERY modern young woman friend of mine was taking an animated part in a discussion of the strain of family life. The talk, as frank as such talk can be in a group of half a dozen intimates, had already eliminated fathers and had consigned the average brother and sister to outer darkness. There was then a slight hesitation, suggesting that even in this individualistic group the mother inhibition still held. My young friend shattered it buoyantly.

"I admire certain qualities in my mother," she contributed, "but I've never liked her."

Her hearers laughed—rather self-consciously, it seemed to me. My friend went on.

"This whole business of family relationships is all wrong," she announced with conviction. "We're allowed to choose our friends and to keep them or drop them afterward. But our families are wished on us and we can't get away from them. We've got to live for years, perhaps, with men and women and girls and boys we'd run from like hares if we had a choice. We've got to defer to and accept the authority of parents that, as a rule, haven't half our worldly knowledge or experience—or at least," she hastily amended as the others smiled, "we've got to seem to accept it. They and our brothers and sisters may have qualities we detest, habits that sicken us, personalities that make bucking broncos of our nerves. But because they're our family we're expected to endure them and even to love them."

"Who expects that nowadays?" another member of the group asked. "You're talking ancient history, Kate."

About Face

"PARENTS still expect it," Kate maintained. "Of course I'm not saying they get it any more. I'm simply reminding you that all the mid-Victorian ones still look for it, and that even the parents who call themselves modern are inwardly hoping for it. They're trying to seem so broad-minded and tolerant that their children will give them at least the outward forms of the old stuff of respect and obedience. But the children aren't fooled. They know dear mamma and daddy would be tyrants again in five minutes if they thought they could get away with it."

At that time Kate's family group was made up of her mother, two brothers and a sister. The summer after this conversation the two brothers and the sister were drowned in a boating tragedy on a Maine lake. Their mother died a few months later of heart failure—caused, the doctors said, by shock and grief. For the mother had all the old-fashioned ideas about the family. She thought she could not live on without her sons and daughter. Kate was left alone.

Her views on family life were so well known that she was not burdened by many letters of condolence. Her constant criticisms of her own people were recalled, and it was generally assumed that she would welcome the free and independent life that now lay before her. No one but acquaintances sympathized with Kate. Her manner, when one occasionally met her in her old haunts after the tragedy, seemed unchanged. She kept the apartment in which the family had lived—an apartment her mother had bought and furnished according to the tastes of her children. All of it was comfortable and many things in it were beautiful. Kate, thirty-one at the time of her mother's death, lived on in it, with the cook and housemaid who had served her mother. She did not entertain as much as her friends had expected, and it was a year before I met her on Fifth Avenue and was taken to her apartment to see something she wished to show me.

The Girl Who Leaves Home to Lead Her Own Life May Find the Friend She Lives With as Difficult as She Found Her Mother or Her Sister

When we entered the flat she left me in her private study for a few moments while she went into the library to find a book she had offered to lend me. Sitting there alone, and directly opposite Kate's big writing table, my eyes were caught and held by something unexpected and surprising. In the place of honor directly opposite the desk chair was a large photograph of Kate's mother, in a heavy silver frame. At the right was a superb photograph of her two carefree young brothers; while opposite them, and smiling across at them and her mother, was an equally impressive framed photograph of Kate's only sister, Jane. The pictured face of the mother was very lovely, and the faces of the sister and brothers were so full of gayety and vitality that even strangers to them all would have enjoyed having them around. But one of Kate's characteristics, I remembered, was a strong dislike of photographs, especially in one's home. She considered them artistic abominations. None of her friends had a photograph of her. So I stared at that barricade of faces which faced Kate every time she sat down at her desk, and my thoughts were busy.

Kate returned and I hurriedly removed my gaze from the pictures.

"Come into the library," she invited. "What I want to show you is there."

I followed her to the library. Over the fireplace, directly facing us as we entered the charming room, was a large new oil portrait of Kate's mother. Kate led me to it and we stood gazing up at it. Under the portrait was a great bowl of fresh roses.

"Tell me," said Kate—"for you knew mother—do you think that portrait of her is good?"

"It's perfect," I said, "and very beautiful."

Kate looked pleased.

"I hoped you'd think so," she said. "You see, I can't be sure myself. But it seems to me very good. I've just hung it this morning."

A Perfect Portrait

SHE was still staring up at the serene, maternal face. "It came home yesterday," she went on, "and I fancy the artist is enjoying the first free breath he's drawn for a long time. I've stood beside him for weeks, making him do it over and over. He had nothing but photographs to work from and there weren't many of those. I was always such a crank about photographs, you know, that the family kept theirs out of my way, and poor mother hardly ever had any taken. I had to describe her coloring and expression and all that to the artist, and it's taken about all my time this past year. But I think we've got it right at last. I had two other portraits of her painted since she died," she went on. "They weren't right. I paid for them and destroyed them. I knew I could get a perfect one if we kept at it. He's even got that little glow in her eyes that she had when she was happy. You remember it, don't you?"

I said I remembered it. I was now looking at the mantelpiece. Flanking the roses, on right and left, were two more framed photographs of the brothers and sister. The boys were in football clothes and the girl in riding boots and breeches. Vitality and the joy of life radiated from all three.

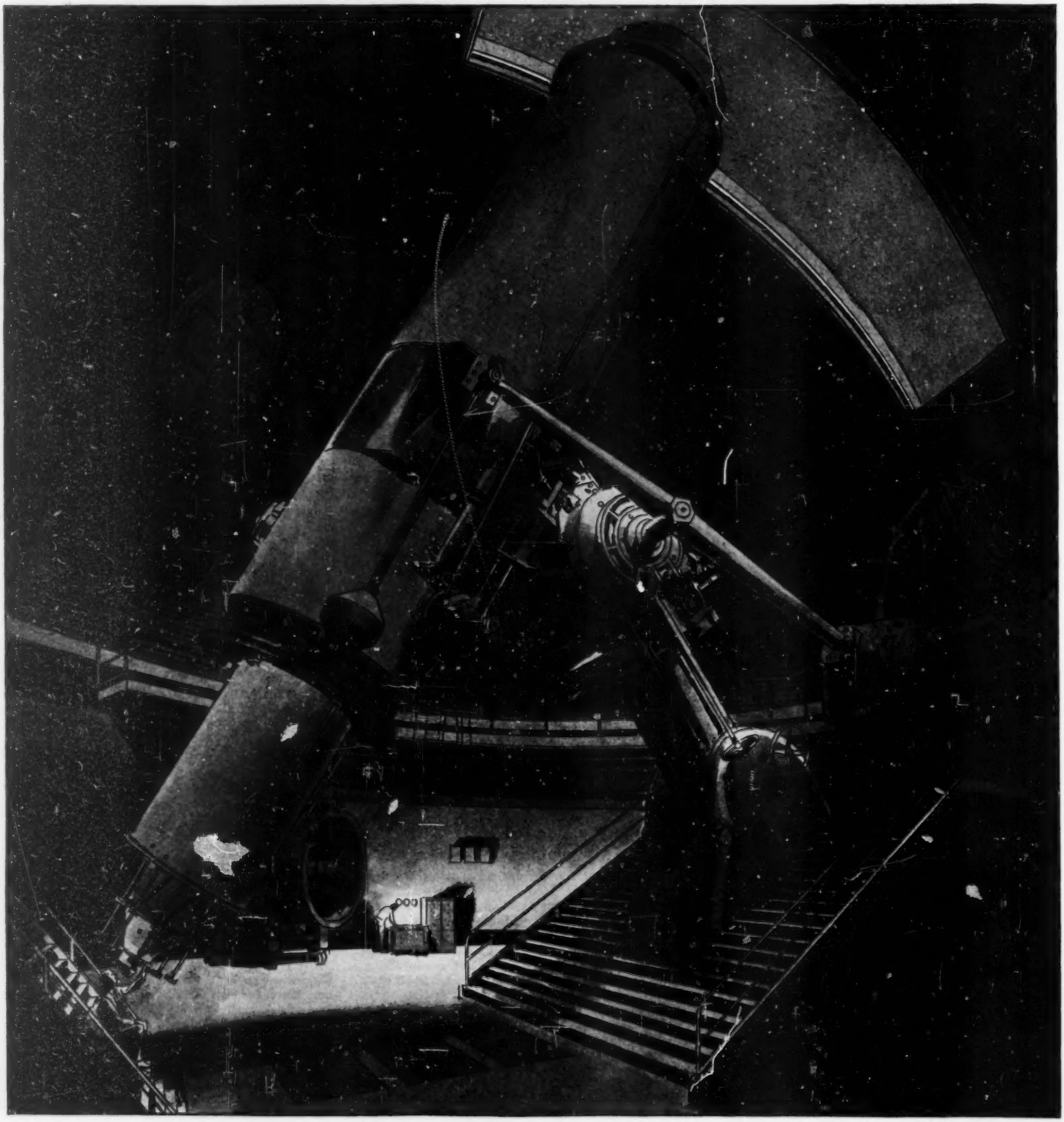
"Aren't those ripping?" Kate asked, at my side. "They're enlargements of snapshots I had never seen. Jennie Austin had the snapshots and gave them to me, and other friends of theirs gave me the photographs that are on my desk and those I've used in having the portraits painted. I've hung Jane's and the boys' portraits in their own rooms. Someway, that seemed the right place for them. I go into those rooms so often, and the portraits are so vital I almost feel that George and Jim and Jane are there."

She led the way to Jane's room.

(Continued on Page 40)

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

VISION



THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

. . . the range-finder of business success

The astronomical telescope lengthened man's vision so tremendously that it changed his conception of the universe *...the astronomical telescope is a machine.*

The microscope gave such a startling view into the microbe's world that it radically altered the entire practice of medicine...*the microscope is a machine.*

The X-ray penetrated regions that no human eye had ever glimpsed, and it profoundly affected every principle of diagnosis...*the X-ray is a machine.*

Today, the modern business executive can get, for the first time, a completely new insight into his own business. He is exploring its depths. Plumbing its empty spaces. Forestalling its failures. And charting its successes with the enormously enlarged and sharpened vision that comes to him from...*machines.*

Machines as ingenious as any at the disposal of the scientist. Machines as accurate, as specialized, as *intelligent* as the apparatus of a research laboratory. Machines that really give a man the priceless quality known as "Business Vision." That free his mind from destructive guessing. That place before him, every day, the open-faced and unmistakable facts that give him CONTROL.

Every business man hates the fogs of indecision. He wants to side-step the hang-nail details. He wants to avoid the night-long worry that comes from turning up half-truths and near-facts.

Now—with the most practical office systems, records and appliances gathered into one line, every problem in business control can be settled by Remington Rand. Never before has there been such a concentration of specialized ability.

Never before has it been possible to give absolutely unbiased advice and service. Never before has it been possible to coördinate business methods and machines into a smooth, orderly routine.

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An expert will come to see you. And his own special knowledge is backed by 4,000 other experts in other branches. If he hasn't the answer, *they have*. None of them favor any one method or machine, since all types are theirs to recommend. Their interest centers in your needs.

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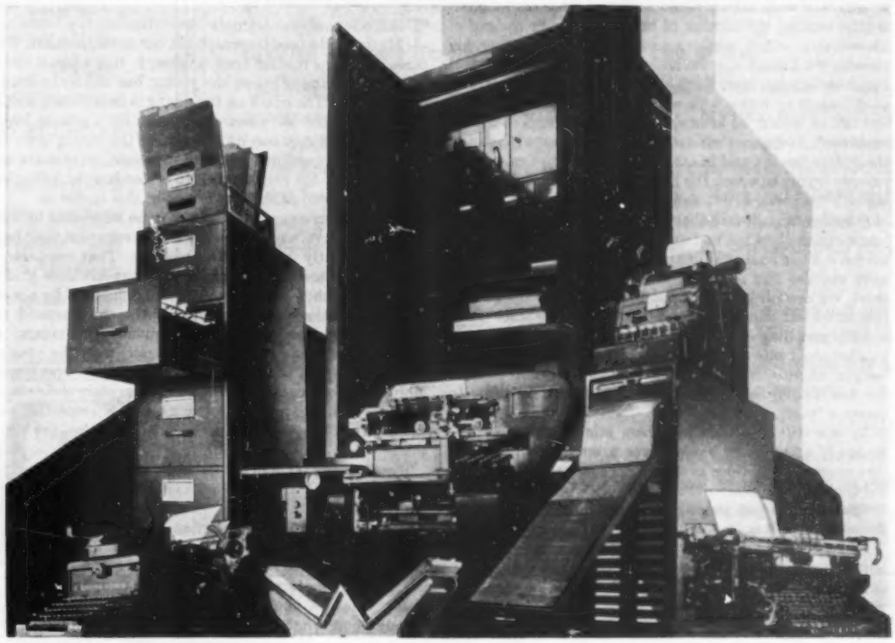
THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



(Continued from Page 37)

"I haven't changed a thing," she explained, "except to put her portrait over the mantel. Isn't it stunning?"

It was stunning, for Jane had been a beauty and the artist had been inspired. The room itself was a lovely place, all lavender and blue. Expectant, too, someway, as if looking for its young owner to step down from her frame and put a match to the waiting logs in the fireplace.

"And here are the boys," Kate said, leading me into the next room.

The boys were there—very much there—for each was painted life size on a long portrait panel that hung on either side of the wide fireplace. On the mantel itself stood their trophies—silver cups and tobacco jars and bronzes, and on the walls were pipe racks and pictures of dogs and horses and boats. Two big easy-chairs with a smoking table between them were before the fireplace. Twin beds stood side by side in the background.

"They always roomed together," Kate explained, "both at home and at college. And Jane was always with them during their vacations. I'm glad they're not separated now. I haven't changed anything in these rooms," she reiterated. "I shall never change anything," she ended.

"Until you need the rooms for your children," I predicted comfortably.

She shook her head. "I don't expect to marry," she said Then her features twisted in the first emotion she had shown. She spoke with abrupt harshness. "I'm not fit for family life," she said, with a bitterness that amazed me.

Since that time, and possibly because my memory still holds Kate's tragic self-revelation, I have been especially impressed by the general and widening attacks on the family as an institution. The stage began it, as the stage usually begins such things.

Present-Day Attacks on the Family

"THAT woman?" said one of the characters in a popular comedy. "Oh, that's my sister. I detest the creature and I always have." Similar remarks seem commonplace now, through repetition; but that was one of the first of its kind, and the play invariably stopped while the light-hearted laughter of the audience filled the theater. The same season we were shown a play in which the mother, talking steadily from the rise of the curtain until its fall, nagged every one of her numerous children out of the house, leaving herself alone with her long-suffering husband. Another so-called comedy pictured the conditions supposedly existing in the average American home. It was much more like life in a corner of Hades, but its audiences gurgled over it happily and apparently reminiscently. By way of contrast, perhaps, another play represented a wife to whom her home was her god, and her husband the mere machine that kept it going.

Certain playwrights having attacked the home and family tradition and got away with it, the sport became general. We were shown plays in which jealous mothers wrecked their sons' married lives, and plays in which other jealous mothers successfully kept their sons from marrying at all. We were shown noble sons and brothers magnificently bearing the burden of the support and society of abominably selfish mothers and sisters. In another big success we beheld the revolt of an individualistic older daughter against everything her father and sister stood for. In still another drama we learned what a nuisance the average father would be around the house if he gave up his business. Audiences assisted at the mealtime wrangles of the Potter family, and in other dramas watched misguided parents trying to wreck the lives of their offspring by butting into the personal affairs of these young persons. In one play we heard a supposedly wise father tell his daughter he was sorry she had not had an "unlimited love affair" with her poor lover instead of marrying him, as then she would have avoided the hard life of a workingman's wife. In short, we saw all kinds of appalling parents and—though this latter did not seem the playwrights' purpose—their equally appalling children. Audiences heard a mother advise her son's wife to have a child by another man, because the son inherited insanity. They saw another mother murder her invalid son to leave her daughter-in-law free to marry a lover.

By way of contrast, they have one of the heartiest laughs of the present season over a line in June Moon. One character mentions as the title of a new song, "There's No Girl Like Mother."

"Perhaps it's just as well," the comedian murmurs, and the audience roars.

In another play of this season, Maggie, the Magnificent, George Kelly shows us a girl afflicted by the most impossible mother, brother, aunt and sister-in-law grouped in recent drama.

Not to be outdone by the playwrights, the novelists proceeded to set forth the horrors of family life. We have seen the executive woman carrying destruction before her by determinedly shaping the lives of her children and of others. In an equally popular best seller we read the harrowing tale of a spinster wrecked mentally and physically by her father's cruelty. In short, in fiction as in the drama, we have had and are having every conceivable treatment of every conceivable kind of family life except a normally happy one.

All these books and plays are more or less interesting; though most of them are sordid and depressing. Practically all of them have met with more than average success. Evidently the public likes to see and read about the horrors of family life. Why? Obviously, for two reasons. First because, without analyzing their mental processes, the public sees in these books and plays some of the debunking process which has become so popular. From our early youth we have all been told a surprising number of fairy tales about human relations, and since 1914 a large part of the public has ceased to believe in fairies. Young folks, in particular, have been grieved by the revelation that the conditions of maternity and paternity do not necessarily carry with them wisdom and tolerance and understanding. Having discovered this themselves, they are glad to have the truth made clear to others, and they do not object to artistic exaggeration in the process.

The second explanation of the popularity of attacks on family life is that almost everyone in the book or play audience sees or thinks he sees himself or some intimate friend as twin to the special victim before him. And herein lies the danger of the present propaganda.

Neither playwrights nor novelists, of course, hold briefs for the destruction of the greatest of our human institutions, though they often seem to. Few if any of them expect their leading characters to be accepted as generally normal or representative. They assure interviewers that they are "picturing types," and so they are—often admirably portrayed and recognizable types. But the average reader and playgoer, as I have said, is not analytical. He is merely egotistical. He takes his characters as he sees them; and because they are alive on the stage or in the book, he assumes that they are alive all around him. There is no doubt that many men and women, contentedly living the life of love and selfishness, strife and affection, admiration and criticism, resentment and endurance and philosophy which makes up family existence today, are immensely impressed by these apparent revelations. Many a self-satisfied and affectionate John Henry rises up and goes out into the night with clenched jaws after the final curtain on some so-called domestic play. "There," he assures himself, recalling the nagging wife of the drama he has just seen, "is Maria to the life." And for several days or weeks, as the case may be, he astounds his Maria by exhibitions of a newborn truculence and independence. Sometimes Maria deserves the experience. Sometimes she does not. That doesn't matter much, for usually she fails to understand it. She puts down John Henry's tantrums to indigestion, gives him a few doses of bicarbonate of soda, and tightens her grip on the family reins.

The Urge to Live Their Own Lives

THE effect of the dramatic revelation on the Johns and Marias of the land is perceptible, but not important. Who cares about the middle-aged, anyway? But when it comes to discussing the effect on the young, one pauses to draw a deep breath. The effect on the young is important; and as the middle-aged have now learned as life's primer lesson that about all they can do concerning the young is to discuss them, discussion is general, incessant, passionate and exhausting, if not exhaustive. It is also largely futile, but one continues to indulge in it—as in this instance.

The young are very anxious not to be impressed by anything these days, and for ten or fifteen years past they have not been greatly impressed by parents. That condition is new only in its outer frankness. Wise parents have always realized that their children were more influenced by a word or a look of the child next door or the child around the corner than by any fountain of eloquence from elders. In the past the young concealed this trait, with the young's strong instinct of self-preservation. Now they frankly exhibit it and on occasions are willing to explain their stand.

"Jane's young, mother," Mary tells her respectful parent, "so she understands my point of view. Jane and I think ——"

But youth is influenced by books and plays much more than it is willing to admit. Books and plays have an amazing and far-reaching effect. Like John Henry, youth sees its own Maria in the stage character whose goings-on it has followed for two hours; and unlike John Henry, it goes home to battle not for a day or a week but for months or years. The maternal, affectionate, put-upon mother in Courage leaves youth cold. In today's vernacular, she merely "gets what is coming to her." "She's a back number." "She no longer understands youth." "She ought to know the young must live their own lives." To "live their own lives" is the young's first urge today; and while they are vague as to what those individual lives are to be, they will do almost anything short of using an ax or a gun to sweep out of their paths anyone who interferes with their aspirations. This condition of revolt explains, of course, why the young are so strongly and permanently impressed by our modern pictures of family life. From their viewpoint, these pictures are educative and all to the good.

"Of course there aren't many families quite as bad as those we read about or see in plays," a young girl recently assured me. "But my family is so near it that they'd make darned good understudies for the characters. They simply stifle me," she added with a deep sigh. "I'm getting away from home just as soon as I can manage it. I think I'll have a studio in Greenwich Village."

An amazing number of studios in Greenwich Village and elsewhere have their origin in books or plays which convinced Mary or Elsie or Lucy that they "must escape family tyranny" and "live their own lives."

No One Broadcasts the Bright Side

MANY of these lives are sadly disappointing. The average girl radical of 1930 strongly resembles a kitten chasing its little tail. If she must earn her own living—and often she must if she is to live at all—she frequently tries half a dozen jobs in as many months. She is terribly afraid of missing something by sticking to one thing too long. Moreover, success in the thing she's doing comes too slowly to suit her. She wants to make a big success and earn a large salary from the start. She is so busy discussing her ideas wich her fellow revolutionists that she hasn't much time to think or to work. But she is away from her family. She is living her own life. She is "expressing herself"—and whatever else she may or may not be doing, she is certainly doing that last. Expressing herself, verbally, *ad infinitum*, and at the top of her voice, is the thing the modern girl does best. Her vocabulary is large. Her memory is capital. What she has read in books or seen on the stage she consciously or unconsciously makes her own. It is from her lips and those of her boy friends that one hears most of the present revolt against family life which is expressed in our various social circles. The middle-aged, if they are henpecked or nerve-racked or wretched at home, have learned to take the condition quietly. The young shout their woes from the housetops. And here's the point of all this, if it has a point—the combined literature, drama, shouting and tumult have almost convinced the unthinking that the average home of today is next door to a madhouse. It has made youth afraid to marry, as well it may be.

"I won't marry till I've tried everything else," one young person recently assured me. The seeds of revolt are blown on every social breeze. The hot air of criticism, open or implied, rises on every side.

Examining his new patient, who is complaining of nervous exhaustion, today's psychiatrist asks: "Living alone? Oh, with the family, eh? H'm. Better get away from the family for a while."

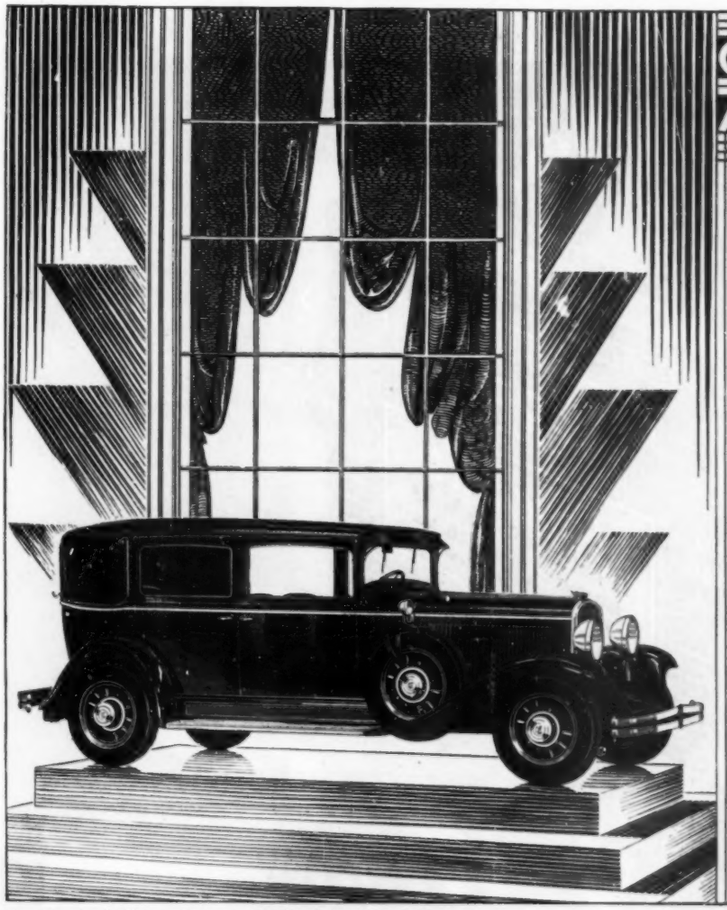
One noted specialist has a slogan which he quotes on such occasions. "The family," he remarks with deep gravity, "is usually the last straw."

"How about X's home life?" today's captain of industry profoundly inquires of his general manager. "We don't want to waste time pushing him up if he's got domestic troubles." And he, too, has his slogan, to which the general manager listens with weary deference. "Many a man's career has been wrecked by a nagging wife."

Poor wife! Poor mother! Poor family! There's hardly a voice raised in defense of any of them, and there's just enough truth in the concerted attacks against them to convince the unthinking that a process of profound reasoning is in progress.

For to a degree, of course, the family deserves the disfavor that has fallen upon it. Swollen with power, it undoubtedly abused its privileges. There were and are families exactly as impossible as the novelists and playwrights make them out to be. There have been, and are, countless nagging wives and jealous mothers, countless stupid and unreasonable and tyrannical parents, countless instances of incredible selfishness, countless squabbles in countless homes. But—and this is what we seem in danger of forgetting—not all families are like that, even granted that most families contain one or more members who ride the nerves of the rest. All around us there are still husbands and wives who love each other, men and women who are wise and devoted parents, young folks who love their ancestors. All around us, yes. But not broadcasting. They are not writing books and songs and plays about family life. They think, bless their innocent hearts, that the world is still as it used to be. They think the fine old traditions of filial devotion and parental sacrifice still hold good. There

(Continued on Page 49)



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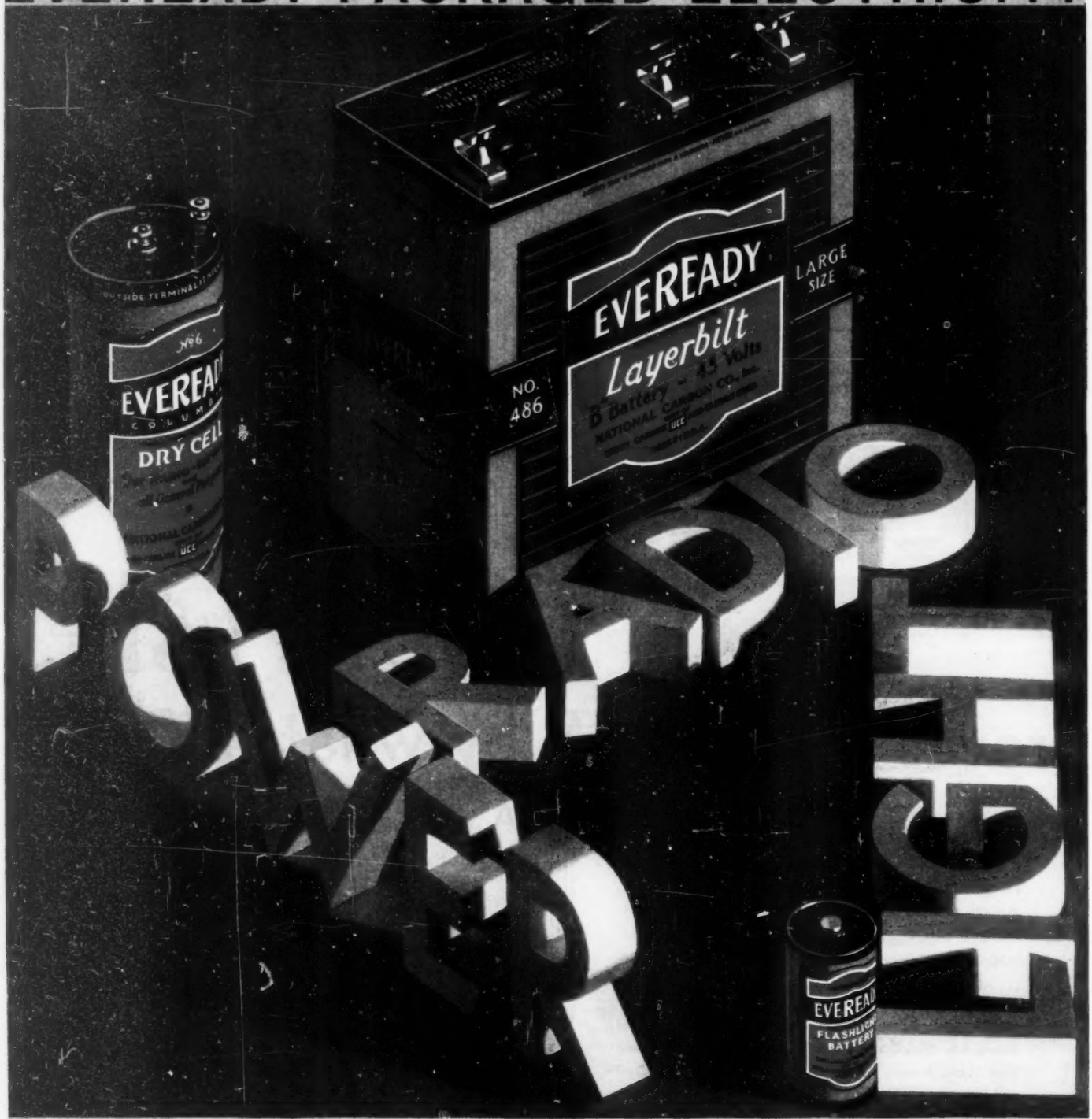

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WE'LL HAVE FEWER FARMS AND FARMERS—By W. M. Jardine

AMERICAN power farming has passed its adolescence. Its youth was characterized by trial and error Hundreds of farmers could tell the story of failures to make steam power do their plowing at a profit. Many more could tell of using various mechanical methods for the picking of cotton, only to take the bales to market and have the price discounted by more than the saving in picking costs.

But now power farming approaches manhood. The severe period of trial and error is largely past. Implement manufacturers, some experiment stations, and a few farm corporations today bear the main brunt of power experiments. The individual land owner can afford to wait and buy new types of machinery after their worth has been definitely established.

There are many divergent opinions regarding the desirability of a greatly expanded use of power machinery in farming. Henry Ford, Thomas D. Campbell, Robert D. Brookings and many others contend that large-scale operations, on a sound business basis, with power harnessed to the plow, constitute the main solution for farm ills. Many leaders feel that corporations in agriculture would be as successful as corporations in the automobile business. They contend that fewer units, expertly managed, would give us a businesslike foundation in farm operations and that it would then be a much simpler matter to perfect marketing organizations to weld agriculture into a business structure that would resemble industrial set-ups. Others maintain that corporation farming cannot succeed; that farm profits reach their height on a farm which can be efficiently managed and handled by the family unit. Sociologists fear the disappearance of the soundest bulwark in our civilization—the individual farm home. Some scientists have pointed out that our soil types are so diverse and the topography so varying that large-scale farm operations would meet physical handicaps that would defeat their primary purpose. The Agricultural Service Department of the United States Chamber of Commerce, after making a survey, reviews the social and economic haze surrounding mechanized agriculture and then does not draw a definite conclusion.

Whatever opinion may be held, it is a certainty that with the development of power machinery we have seen an increase in the size of the average farm. In agriculture long-time views are imperative; and looking at the situation with that in mind, it seems inevitable that the average farm will increase in size materially more in the future. The use of power machinery for milking, plowing, seeding, harvesting, demands that adjustments in the size of operations be made if these machines are to be used economically.

The World's Most Efficient Food Producer

THIS does not necessarily mean, however, that we are approaching what is known as corporation farming. Most likely corporate farming will continue to grow, but never to the point where it will dominate our agriculture. There is a vast difference between so-called corporation farms and large-scale family farms. In my opinion the latter will mean an advanced agriculture and will constitute the dominant type of the future. I wish to review briefly present-day farm operations which point to the steady and desirable development of large-scale farms operated on a family basis.

We cannot say, to a decimal point, to what extent the use of machinery has been responsible for increases in individual farm acreages and in production per capita. We do get a fair approximation of the former, however, when we consider that from 1870 to 1925, the average acreage of improved land per farm worker—as distinguished from farm family—increased from about thirty-two acres to approximately forty-nine acres, an increase of more than one-half; also the value of machinery on farms—in terms of the 1913 price level—increased from $270,000,000 in 1870 to more than $2,666,000,000 in 1925. It is true that the number of farm workers also increased, but the value of machinery on farms—1913 price level—increased from $36 per farm worker in 1870 to over $200 per worker in 1925. With the exception of transportation, American agriculture has more power available per man than any other industry. Power in agriculture exceeds the power of the entire mining industry.

It is perhaps conservative to say that the value of machinery on farms today is more than $3,000,000,000. Such an enormous investment must be made to pay for itself. Farmers as a whole are making it pay. They are doing so without sacrificing any of the individualism that has always characterized our rural population.

We have heard a great deal about the American farmer being the most efficient food producer in the world. He produces in the neighborhood of three to five times as much as the average European farmer. Technical progress in agriculture has taken place rapidly since the World War. The farmer has increased his efficiency in production and marketing. This has been done in a manner which has no historical parallel.

The Mechanization of the Wheat Belt

A GREAT deal of the increased efficiency unquestionably is due to greater knowledge of production methods: The farmer is putting to work the valuable results achieved by his experiment stations, the United States Department of Agriculture, and other agencies. He is learning more and more to ward off the hazards of Nature, the pests, the droughts and the storms. He is using more productive crops, better livestock, and his management has become more efficient. Notwithstanding these developments, the largest single item in the American farmer's high production capacity is attributable to the widespread use of machinery and power and to the relatively small amount of field work done by hand. It is because of this fact, and not because he uses land better than do European farmers—for he doesn't—that the American farmer produces more. Augmented production has been obtained on a decreased crop acreage and with fewer farmer workers. In fact, there was a decrease of crop land in the United States between 1919 and 1924—the first decrease ever shown in the agricultural area of the nation. There also occurred during those years a decrease in the number of farm work animals, a decrease in the number of farms, and a decrease in farm population. From 1922 to 1926 crop production was nearly 5 per cent greater than in the period 1917-1921, and the output of animal products increased 15 per cent. Certainly the people who made that record, working as more than six and a half million units, are not doomed to peasantry. Their record augurs well for what they will do in the future.

The harvesting of wheat shows us what is happening to Mid-West agriculture. Less than 3000 combine-harvesters were sold in 1920; more than 11,000 were sold in 1927. The first power thresher was tried about twenty-five years ago, but it was a hazardous sort of machine and finally went out of use. The present type of combine-thresher came into general use in Oklahoma and Kansas in 1922. By 1927 over 8000 combines harvested 30 per cent of the wheat crop in Kansas, by 1928 nearly 20,000 of the machines were harvesting the golden crop of the Sunflower State, and in 1929 fully 60 per cent of the wheat was harvested this way.

Kansas uses the combine-thresher much more extensively than any other state. However, what has happened to the farming operations of that section of the wheat belt shows exactly what must take place throughout the large share of the main wheat area.

The combine had to come to Kansas. Efficient methods of production were developed, and the harvesting remained as a heavy load on the shoulders of farmers, who saw that their profits would increase if harvesting could become as efficient as production itself. The farmers had paid more attention to the preparation of the seed bed for wheat; they had seized upon better adapted varieties of wheat, sorghums and corn; they were using better control measures against plant diseases and insect pests. Tractors were widely used.

Prof. W. E. Grimes, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, reports on a survey of a typical wheat area of Kansas. In 1915 that portion of the hard-winter-wheat belt had 2493 tractors. In 1926 the same region had 33,852 tractors. The size of tractors increased materially. Trucks came into general use.

Professor Grimes points out that a larger wheat acreage per farm is desirable to permit the efficient use of the larger machines now in general use. The larger acreage for wheat is being obtained by actual expansion in acreage, by crowding out other crops, especially by plowing up old pasture lands, and in some cases by custom farming.

It is obvious that the man who owns a combine will want to own a tractor to operate it. A tractor large enough to pull a combine is large enough to prepare the seed bed and seed as large an acreage of wheat as his combine will harvest. It is only good business for the farmer to round out his power machinery to get the most efficient use of it. The ultimate result will be that each farmer will have sufficient acreage to permit an efficient utilization of large-type tractors and combines.

An efficient size of farm for that particular section of Kansas, Professor Grimes believes, would be between 1000 and 1280 acres. The sixteen-foot combine can harvest 500 to 700 acres of wheat in addition to other small grains. Add to this, land for the production of spring crops, pasture and fallow lands, and it will be seen that Professor Grimes' figure is correct.

What will this mechanization of the wheat belt lead to? Can the individual farmer secure sufficient capital to carry on these operations? And if he can't, will he be able to continue to compete on a small scale with men who can secure the capital for the large-scale production? Assume that 1500 acres is an efficient-sized farm for a section of Kansas. At $75 an acre, and with machinery at present prices, the total investment for such a farm would be around $125,000. That is a lot of money. Will farmers lease the land? But the price of the machinery alone is more than many farmers in that area ever accumulate.

Whether we like it or not, the situation is there. Kansas may conduct one of its characteristic crusades and demand that farms be kept within the bounds of a two-mile fence—but economic benefits will break even barbed wire. Social dogma can hardly erase the cold fact that on a 400-acre farm the combine-thresher reduces the harvesting from 120 days of man labor to thirty days. The acreage of the average farm in that particular wheat region is rapidly increasing. It will increase still more. Power machinery and improved production methods in the hard-winter-wheat belt are reducing the hazards in production, increasing yields of good quality grain, making it possible for one man to handle an increased acreage efficiently, reducing unit costs, replacing labor with capital in farm production, reducing grain wastage, and reducing the need for credit during the harvesting season. Perhaps it is even more important that machinery in wheat farming is removing a lot of drudgery from the family's shoulders.

Increased Acreages in Montana

THIS development in the fundamental methods of wheat farming means that the wheat-belt farm population will decrease, and new problems in credit, land tenure and marketing will develop. The marketing phase is of greatest immediate importance. In 1928 on the Kansas City market, the amount of wheat received during a given period was more than double the receipts for the preceding year. The increased receipts, of course, were due to the wider use of the combine. A glut in the market occurred and prices tumbled. The farmer saw his harvesting economy swallowed by an angry market. Obviously, the farmers must organize to take care of the marketing of their products. The establishment of a Federal Farm Board to aid farmers in this work has come none too soon. I have discussed that phase of the farm situation thoroughly in other articles in this periodical and it need not be stressed here. It is sufficient to say that the Federal Farm Board, with its determination to work with organized agriculture, is needed even more today to guide farmers in their enlarged business relationships than it was during the main period of farm depression which began in 1920.

In Montana, great opportunities exist for handling large acreages through the use of large-sized equipment. Prof. M. L. Wilson, in a paper read before the American Society of Agricultural Engineers in December, 1928, said: "We estimate that during the period from 1915 to 1917 there were about 35,000 wheat farmers in Montana. Many of these farmers were homesteaders operating half-section farms or less . . . those operating wheat farms have been reduced in number to about 14,000 . . . at the present time 14,000 wheat farmers are operating more acres, and

doing a better job than was formerly done by 35,000." It was, of course, power-farming equipment which has enabled farmers to do this.

We can only guess at the vast social and economic adjustments that will be necessary in the South when an efficient cotton picker is developed. It will be developed just as surely as we have the cotton gin, the combine, the tractor and the milking machine. The machine harvester for cotton is the single instrument needed to revolutionize the methods of cotton production. A warning of what may happen can be drawn from problems arising in the Cotton Belt through the greater use of large-scale methods of cotton growing in Texas and Oklahoma. For ten years prior to 1920 the South had a fairly stable cotton acreage. In 1922 there were about 33,000,000 acres planted to cotton. By 1926 the acreage had jumped to 48,000,000, and by far the greatest expansion was in the West. The older cotton states, where production costs were higher, found it extremely difficult to compete with Texas and Oklahoma.

The Tractor on the Farm

One man using tractors and four-row planters and cultivators can plant and cultivate about 100 to 150 acres of cotton, compared with about 20 acres on the so-called one-mule farms. In Western Texas and Oklahoma, where large power units are in general use, the amount of crop land cultivated per man is usually 75 to 150 acres, whereas in the Piedmont district, where power is little known, the usual area handled per man is 10 to 20 acres of cotton.

Any gain in production is at present offset somewhat by the large amount of labor that must be gathered together for the picking period. But millions of dollars have been invested in experimental machinery, and unquestionably within a short time the cotton picker will be sold commercially. Then the virgin fields of the West will automatically have the advantage. Adjustments will be made throughout the entire Cotton Belt. Thousands of colored laborers will be thrown out of work and they will be seeking new employment, most likely in our cities. They may be found working in the factories of North Carolina and other states where industry is of growing importance. Certainly the negro's part in cotton production will decrease.

All machinery requires attention; it yields highest returns under expert management. It is therefore to be expected that cotton growing will be more on the order of the production of grains: Landowners will have tractors, planters, cultivators and pickers. The 100-acre cotton farm will probably be the minimum for efficient handling by a family unit, and farms much larger than that will be the general rule. Farm operations on a large scale are not unknown in the South. Great bulks of land were owned by a few people in the slave days. A high degree of control by landowners has been maintained in many sections of the South.

There are today nearly 900,000 tractors used on American farms. I recall vividly the first power plows. Several men were required to see to it that plenty of the bulky fuel was on hand to feed the gluttonous steam engines. There wasn't much storage space for fuel and often one man was kept busy feeding the fire. The engine was cranky and usually went out of commission just when it was farthest from the barn, where plentiful repairs had to be kept. I once had a job hauling water for one of those thirsty brutes. I had a wagon with a forty-gallon tank and it kept me busy with a four-horse team driving sixteen miles for water.

Then the internal combustion engine was developed—that was in 1905. I experimented with one of the first ones in the West. Farmers certainly should be thankful that no such troubles with mechanical equipment are heaped upon them today. By 1909 there were fifty firms making, or trying to make, tractors. Refinements in mechanism came in. Now we have small tractors for the small and larger tractors for the more extensive farms. We can take it for granted that if still a different type of tractor is needed, manufacturers will be on the job and put them on the market.

So quickly have the tractor, the combine and other power machinery descended upon the farms that in the five-year period 1920-1925, the increase in mechanical horsepower was five times as great as the decrease in animal horsepower.

Relatively, this mechanization has occurred overnight. Only 11,500 tractors were manufactured in 1912; in 1919 nearly 315,000 were manufactured. There have been heavy replacements, it is true, but as a result of experience farmers have learned in general to make the 900,000 tractors that are now at work make money for them.

The South has never been tractorized. With the advent of the general-purpose tractor, however, many Southern farmers are now purchasing machines. Methods of operation will be changed as a result. County agents in Arkansas report that there is more interest in tractor farming in that state than there has been in anything since the advent of the boll weevil. Arkansas in 1928 had nearly 6000 tractors; Georgia, 7000; Virginia, 12,500; South Carolina, 5000. These numbers are rapidly increasing. The tractor in time probably will be used as extensively in certain areas of the South as it is in the Lake States, the Eastern Corn Belt, the Central States and California.

Even if the tractor did no more than reduce farm drudgery, as the combine does in wheat harvesting, I am sure it would be used widely. The farmer wants machines to lift his burden the same as any other man does. Of course, there are sound economic reasons for the growth of the tractor business. The machine helps the farmer cut down his payroll and it speeds up certain farm operations. For the mechanical operations in growing crops on a 200-acre farm, about 72 days of labor are required when the power is furnished by a general-purpose tractor; animal power would require 173 days. Time-saving is a big factor in the farming business. So is money-saving a vital element. The actual cost of operating a tractor is estimated to be about $9.25 a day for a two-plow tractor costing $900 with a life of five years. This daily expense includes depreciation, fuel, repairs and upkeep, oil and other costs.

Widening Their Market Range

The great bulk of corn picking is still done by hand, but there are 32,000 corn pickers now in use. In 1928, for the first time, there came into use the two-row pickers and two-row snappers. The pickers now being manufactured are light in weight and have double the capacity of the machines a few years ago. If you glance at a corn map of the United States, you will see that the heaviest production is in the area best suited to the use of power machinery.

I cannot find, in recent years, even a rough guess regarding the number of motor-trucks used on farms. The census counted nearly 132,000 in 1920, but that figure was obsolete within a year. During 1926, in one small district, the equivalent of 1162 carloads of strawberries was moved by auto truck from the Eastern Shore area. Some of these were moved as far north as Albany and Boston. Trucking has become a business of its own. In the wheat country, trucking companies charge a flat rate per sack for delivering the farmers' wheat to the elevator. Grapes from Michigan go to Indianapolis and other cities by motor-truck. Trucking is a regular business between North Carolina and New York. With the ever-increasing good-road mileage the motortruck will play an ever-increasing part in farm operations. In 1920 nearly 235,000 wagons were sold, but in 1928 only 56,000 were purchased by farmers.

The United States Department of Agriculture has sent its experts into the field to interview farmers who use trucks, and 93 per cent of them say that the trucks pay. The truck saves two-thirds of the hauling time required for horses.

With the coming of the truck, the farmers' market is changing. Of the farmers interviewed by the Department of Agriculture, it was found that one-fourth of the farmers have changed their markets since purchasing trucks. For those who have changed markets, the average distance to the old market was seven miles, and to the new market eighteen miles. The farmer, in other words, has been enabled to seek out a more favorable market. About 40 per cent of these men did custom hauling with their trucks, and the average amount received by those who did such work was $132. Their owners estimate that on the average these trucks travel 2777 miles and are used 112 days per year. Nearly 85 per cent of these trucks had not been out of commission a single day during the period covered by the department's reports.

Farmers have passenger cars too. In 1927 there were 5,000,000 automobiles on the 6,124,000 farms in operation. Rural people spend half a billion dollars annually for automobiles.

There is not space here to review many of the other modern machines, including electrical equipment, stationary gas engines, sprayers, combined tillage machines, ditching machines, and the like, which are rapidly revolutionizing our agriculture. An account of these machines would only repeat the story of the tractor.

Geographic Specialization

Power machinery does more than cause an increase in the productivity of the individual farm worker and an increase in the average acreage of each farm. It also affects the distribution of crops and the choice of farm enterprises. Effects of power machinery are seen in the movement of corn production westward and northward since the war. Lower costs of production, made possible by power machinery, tend to push the arid margin of crop production farther west, a movement forwarded by the development of a short-season and of drought-resistant varieties of corn. There has been, also, a complementary change in pork production, as would be expected.

Wheat gives us a more striking example. Between 1919 and 1924 wheat acreage was extended considerably into the semiarid region in the Great Plains. Moreover, the acreage of wheat has continued to increase since 1924, although the number of farms has diminished.

Obviously, power machinery encourages specialized farming. This specialization, as contrasted to diversified farming, has influenced farming practices in other regions not so vitally in touch with power farming. There is a strong indication that we now see the beginning of geographic specialization in the production of crops adapted to power farming. In other words, the older regions may concentrate more and more on diversified farming, while the types of agriculture suited to power cultivation will be more and more concentrated in relatively level areas where large farms are practicable.

All farmers are well aware of the fact that diversified farming is less subject to the usual climatic and economic hazards than is specialized farming. However, diversification is not always possible. Look at the dry lands of the West. Special crop or livestock production is generally practiced.

Large-scale production in industry has reduced production costs. In the Wheat Belt and in other areas, agriculture has proved that that industrial law holds good. Seasonal hazards are greater, it is true, and in case of crop failure in one year, prior or subsequent profits must smooth out the loss. Important economies in production and harvesting methods make this possible. I had in my office not long ago a farmer from Western Kansas who told me of purchasing a vast area of land and paying for it with the profits from the first year's wheat crop.

A word of caution is needed, no doubt. Not all large-scale production is sound. It is feasible only if there is assurance that long-time crop prospects, coupled with the saving in production costs that specialization permits, adequately offset the inevitable risks and losses of the enterprise.

All this technical progress since the war has raised the vital question of the relation between increased efficiency and the prices of farm products. It is futile to say that efficiency is useless because greater total production causes smaller unit prices. The fact that total output increases should not disparage the reduction of production costs. Rather it sharpens the necessity for a better adjustment of production in agriculture and for a better relationship between the agricultural population and other groups. That is an intricate subject requiring detailed analysis and is only mentioned here because of its direct connection with the power-farming question.

It must be recognized that technical progress has not occurred uniformly on all farms or on all classes of farms. If we were to erase from the national agricultural map all the small farms of the country, it would be found that those remaining bring in a total net income much in excess of the average income enjoyed by the rural people of the United States. Family living standards are deficient on a large proportion of the small farms in this country. These small farms are much more numerous than is commonly supposed. In 1925 nearly 40 per cent of the farms were under fifty acres each, and the average acreage of each farm in that year, including the vast number of small ones, was 145. While some small farms, possessing good soil, good management, and a favorable location with reference to markets, are profitable, the majority are low-income-producing and low-value farms. Many of these farms are worth less than $2000 each, a good share of them could be purchased for $4000 each, and of course some are worth much more. About 40 per cent of the country's farm population lives on small farms of poor soil, and they are expensive to operate.

Many families who live on these small farms use the land mainly to produce food for themselves and to provide shelter. The money income is obtained mainly by other means. Under such conditions land is poorly managed; scientific methods are slow to be introduced. Yields per acre, per cow or per hen on the small farms in the United States average lower than on the larger farms.

Large Farms of Small Acreage

Every section of the country will always have its share of small farms, but they will, as they are now, be more numerous in the rugged hilly sections of the United States. Usually, the small, poor farm will be operated by a man of similar capacity. The small farm, the inefficient farmer and the small income will be companions in arms. Such small farms will inevitably decrease in number because economic considerations have become primary in agriculture. It should be understood that to be in the big-farm class, it isn't necessary simply to have a large acreage. A farm may embrace a thousand acres but be composed of rugged, rocky, unproductive soil; it wouldn't sell for $10 an acre. On the other hand, a twenty-acre truck farm, advantageously located and of good quality soil, would make money capitalized at $1000 to $2000 an acre. Such a tract, relatively, would qualify as a fair-sized farm. Naturally, some farms will yield a greater money return per acre than others. In determining "large" and "small" farms, capital and income are just as much determining factors as acreage.

Coöperation is rapidly becoming the main element in our marketing system. It is perfectly possible that coöperation will, to some extent, be used in solving some of the production problems of the smaller farms, especially of those which have been backward in adopting improved agricultural practices. Viewed in this light, however, coöperative production is not a great deal different from what is meant by large-scale

(Continued on Page 49)

cars that
stay young
1930
TIMKEN BEARING
EQUIPPED
In front wheels, rear wheels, fan, pinion,
steering, differential, and transmission.
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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

John Boles

"Of all the meteors that have flashed across the Hollywood skies, none in history has scooted brighter and faster than JOHN BOLES."

—PHOTOPLAY Magazine, December Issue.

And this admirable young actor is a UNIVERSAL star, cast in several remarkable pictures for the season now at hand. His next screen appearance will be in UNIVERSAL'S "La Marseillaise," a beautiful romance written around the history of the French national song of that name. BOLES magnificent singing voice, last heard in "Rio Rita," will be heard in this picture in a rendition of the song.

In this picture LAURA LA PLANTE will co-star with BOLES and take the part of "The Torch," fiery leader of the revolutionists, and BOLES will essay the role of the composer of the song and a member of the Royal Guards.

Beautiful MARY NOLAN in "Undertow"

Fresh from the unprecedented success of the daring "Shanghai Lady," MARY NOLAN, beautiful and accomplished, will be seen in "Undertow," taken from the magazine story "Ropes," by Wilbur Daniel Steele. A large part of this picture takes place in a lighthouse far from shore. It is therefore picturesque in the extreme.

I am still looking for volunteer correspondents in every community. Ideas of any nature acceptable, will be paid for.

Sincerely yours,

Carl Laemmle,

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

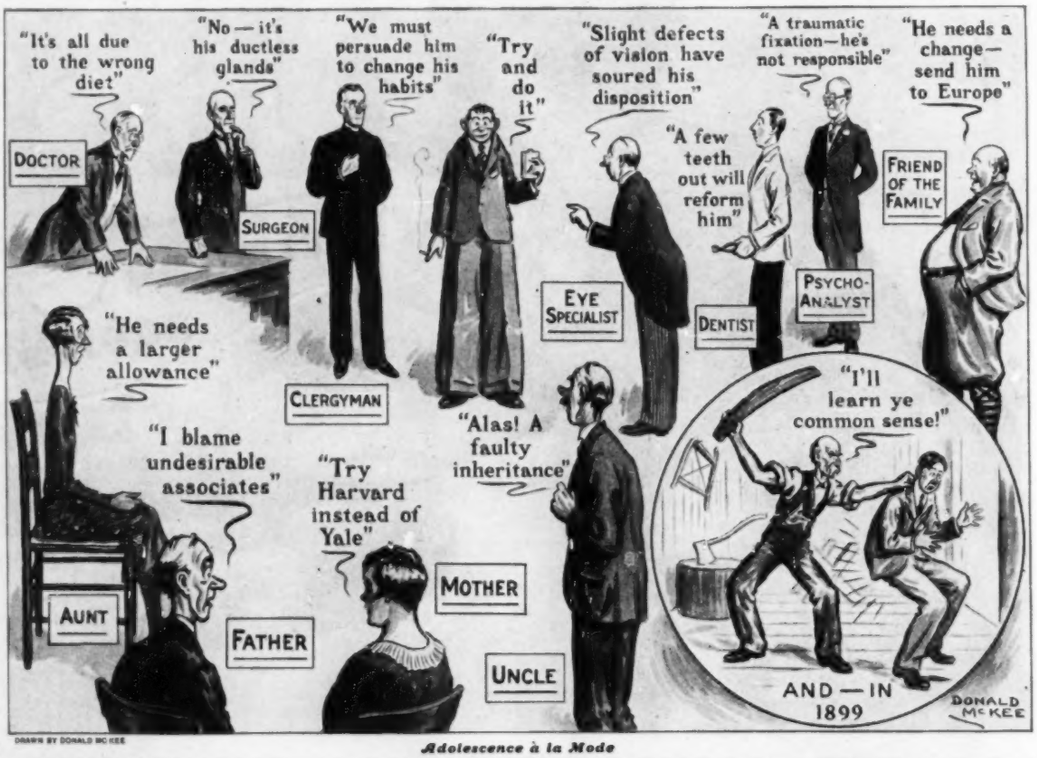
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

CARTOON AND COMEDY

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Before Election. The Crowd: "Hooray! There Goes Honest John Jones. The People's Choice!"

After Election. The Crowd: "Honest John, Ha, Ha! Better Keep Your Eye on Him! He's a Crook!"



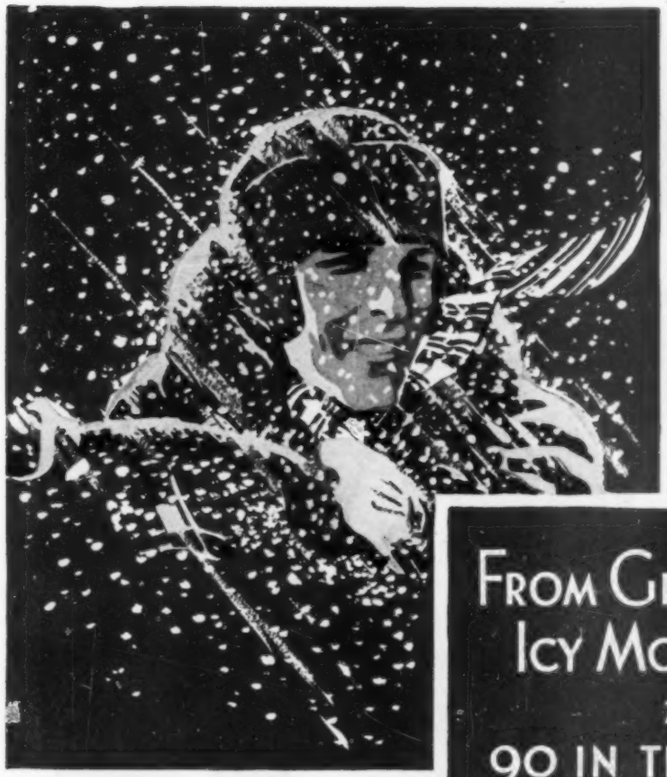
DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Adolescence à la Mode

DRAWN BY RAY THOMPSON

"Oh! I Beg Your Pardon!

"Say! You're Looking Great This Evening!"



FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS to 90 IN THE SHADE

no matter what your winter weather, get that extra quart

Get that Extra Quart in every gallon of

IF EAR-MUFFS are part of your standard winter equipment . . . and the mercury stays lower than 15° above zero most of the time . . . use Quaker State Cold Test. It will keep your motor purring its prettiest.

But if your winter seldom slinks below 15°—if it's usually warmer than that—keep right on saying "Quaker State Medium" or "Quaker State Medium Heavy" to your service man.

Either way, you get that *extra* quart in every gallon of Quaker State . . . and you get that extra sweet lubrication that the extra quart brings. What do we mean by an *extra* quart? Just this . . .

Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil one quart that has little or no value in lubricating an automobile motor . . . It's a quart of waste, as far as lubrication is concerned.

But Quaker State Motor Oil is not refined in the ordinary way. It is *super*-refined . . . carried a step further. This extra step removes the quart of waste that ordinary refining leaves in. In its place you get a quart of *lubricant* . . . so you really get an *extra* quart in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil.

And every gallon of Quaker State is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil . . . the finest the world produces!

Learn what that *extra* quart can mean to your motor . . . in smoother power, in longer life. Drive up to the green and white service station sign. If your winter weather is usually colder than 15° ask for Quaker State Cold Test. If it's generally warmer on an average, ask for Quaker State Medium or Medium Heavy. Whichever you ask for, you'll get the sweetest, smoothest miles you ever got from your motor!

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Quaker State Specialized Tractor Oils are designed to give every make of tractor a longer life and a merrier one

THE ORIGINAL CERTIFIED PURE PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL

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QUAKER STATE MEDIUM MOTOR OIL · QUAKER STATE MEDIUM HEAVY · QUAKER STATE HEAVY MOTOR OIL · QUAKER STATE TRACTOR OILS · QUAKER STATE AERO OILS

WILL MORE THAN EVER BE A YEAR FOR

NELSON BOHNALITE PISTONS

Millions of cars will be sold with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons for 1930—just as they were during 1929 and the years previous.

But 1930 should establish a smashing new record for this the world's most advanced light alloy piston.

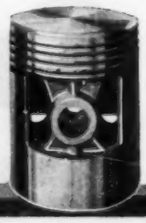
Folks know now. They want brilliant performance in their automobiles and they know how to get it. No more will sluggish motors sell. For an automobile that is dead on its feet is an unsound and unsatisfactory investment.

Now most people know how to select a peppy performer. They know a motor car equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons means a wide-awake, snappy performer ready to give you the thrill of a lifetime.

More and more are cars being selected for super-performance.

Less and less is beauty the paramount issue.

Nelson Bohnalite Pistons are made of a very light alloy called Bohnalite, which is 62% lighter than iron.



Invar Struts control expansion and contraction. All of which effects a marvelous new motor action. New snap —new zip—new pep never before experienced.

1930 is destined to be a history maker for Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. So many automobile manufacturers have adopted this refinement because they know it is the one way to provide sparkling performance—quick on the trigger getaway—long life and vibrationless motor action.

So don't you be satisfied with anything less. Tell your dealer his car must come with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons or you'll wait till it does. Make him know you know what you are talking about.

Automobiles in all price classifications come equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons—the century's most ingenious pep-producing feature.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORP., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Pittsburgh

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production. Prof. O. G. Lloyd, of Purdue University, has written about the economic aspects of the administration of two groups of farms, and he points out that these groups of farms show more than double the rate of returns of all farms in the United States. Regarding one of these groups of farms, he says that it has as its manager a college-trained man who is introducing the most up-to-date scientific information. The manager's understanding of soil conditions, crop and seed selection, and nutrition is making his fertilizer, legume, and dairy program a success. Farmers in the North Central states coöperate in silo filling, threshing, jointly owning breeding stock and expensive machines, cow testing, livestock shipping, carload buying of feed and fertilizer, and in a score of other things.

While I do not advocate corporation farming, and, in fact, am sure a move for a greatly expanded practice of corporate farms would never be successful, because it eliminates the personal element from agriculture, certainly corporation farms are far from being unknown in this country. Over 9000 corporation farms were operated in the United States in 1926. Their gross income for the year was about $710,000,000.

The question naturally arises: "Where are the successful farm families to secure additional land?" Many things will occur, of course. Perhaps as a general rule rented lands give a key to the solution. Tenant farming certainly has many disadvantages. Prof. C. L. Holmes, of Iowa State College, points out that 53 per cent of the farm land in his state is now rented. The percentage of farms under lease for the country as a whole in 1925 was 38.6. Next to the small, unprosperous farms, the rented land constitutes the weakest link in our farm system. The margin of difference between the returns now made upon rented land, with poor farming, and those which might be made under a system of proper farming, is so great as to encourage the purchase of this land by those who can farm it best.

Insurance companies, banks and other institutions have been forced to take over vast amounts of land. Here is another source for the thousands of farm family units to secure additional land for an adjustment of acreage to the size that machines need if they are to pay for themselves.

It would take much discussion to go into all the ramifications of power farming and the tendency toward larger-scale farms. With legislation for the stabilization of agriculture an accomplished fact, power farming and commodity-marketing organizations are the two most vital farm problems today. Regarding power in agriculture, it is important to take cognizance mainly of three things: (1) Very few detailed studies have been made on power farming; they should be undertaken and published as soon as possible, so that we may know with scientific exactness just when power machinery pays, what changes in farming operations are necessary to cope with new conditions, to what extent marketing machinery must be adjusted to care for a crop pouring from machines, how power may be made to work full time instead of part time as is common at present, probable future developments, and a score of other problems; (2) We cannot look to the experience of former civilizations, such as the Grecian and Roman, whose downfall is attributed to agrarian difficulties, to guide us, because power machinery in this country, making it possible for one man to have absolute control over large acreages, is entirely a new development in agricultural history; and (3) With the development of machinery there has been a decided decrease in the farm population.

Perhaps the third point needs some amplification. As I stated in the beginning, efficiency in production, placing the American farmer ahead of all others, is due to many causes, with machinery one of the most important items. The saturation point for the economical use of machinery has not been reached by any means. Thousands of farms, especially the small, unprofitable ones, have never been touched by power equipment. With the onward rush of machines the small farms will be pushed more and more into their native hills. Further, with the march of the machines, more people will forsake the farms to seek employment in our cities.

Rapid economic readjustments are always painful for some of the producers involved; but it is well to face the facts. A decreased rural population will probably continue to produce primarily for the domestic market in order to maintain a standard of living equal to the standard enjoyed by the average man and woman in our cities, for, after all, ours is the best-paying market in the world. It should not be overlooked, however, that many agricultural exports have made money for our producers, and with American efficiency in agriculture it is not unlikely that machinery will enable us to be a stronger competitor in the world markets than we have been in the past.

The best farming requires individual responsibility. A farmer cannot be made a cog in a machine, such as a riveter in a shipbuilding plant. The personal element will always be a big factor in farming. Good farming implies profits. It is logical and fair that the good farmer should wish to make the maximum profits on his investment and his labor. Maximum profits, from the farm side—omitting marketing and supply and demand in this discussion—depend upon large production per farm family at the lowest possible cost. That is the tendency today. Making money does not demand the sacrifice of desirable social characteristics. Those who remain in agriculture will be just as rural, just as much a family unit, just as loyal, and just as individual as the farmers now are.

Everyone wants to see labor in the steel business receive fair wages. We would not accomplish that by doubling the number of steel workers. Everyone wants farmers to be prosperous. Therefore, with growing efficiency, there must be an adjustment in the number of people who produce food. Larger, more prosperous family farms, coupled with the necessary marketing machinery, will bring sufficient prosperity to rural America to enable it to place some of its surplus capital in better homes, better schools, community centers, health institutions, improved roads, and, in all, a higher standard of living. That is a reasonable desire, and farmers themselves have initiative and ability enough to do it with the aid of governmental machinery already established.

THOSE FAMILY TIES

(Continued from Page 40)

are still college professors capable of saying to their young-men students what one of them said in his classroom only the other day.

"A man," he announced, "does his duty if he marries young, works and provides for his family, educates his children, and, if necessary, kills himself in the effort. He could not die a more worthwhile death."

Brave words, these, but shouted to an unheeding world. Those who are following his creed have no time to listen, and the rest are too busy shouting their contrary doctrines. Yet all around us each of us sees, together with the selfish and the tyrannical and the complaining and the squabbling, the unselfish and the true homemakers.

I often think of a girl whose desk was near mine in a big publishing house some years ago. She had a dying mother—a mother who took a long, long time to die. The girl supported the invalid and herself, working all day, spending every evening with her mother, out of bed half a dozen times every night to answer calls from the sufferer. She looked like a ghost—a ghost with ecstatic eyes; for she adored her mother and gloried in her service.

The Labor We Delight In ——

"All that's very hard on you," I suggested, following a plan made by several of us in the office. "Wouldn't it do you good to dine with me occasionally and go to a theater, while Miss Blank stays with your mother?"

I shall never forget her expression of amazed repudiation. "And not be with mother myself?" she gasped. "Why, I love being with her! I can hardly wait till it's time to go home to her at night!"

"That's all right," the modern young person yelps when I mention this episode. "Let girls that want to do that sort of thing do it. We don't criticize them for doing what they want to do. Why should they criticize us for doing what we want to do?"

The 'ogic seems good, but it leaves out certain ideals of human conduct which also seem to be falling into the discard; and it wholly ignores the worthwhile effects which some of us like to think unselfishness and self-sacrifice have on the development of human character.

"It's a great strain to be one of a big family," the late Mary Hatch Willard once said to me. "I have eleven brothers and sisters, and most of them are married and have children. All my brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces are dears, and I love them devotedly. But there are so many of us that some of us are always ill or in trouble, and we're such a united family that all the rest worry over the one who is down. Just the same, that big clan of mine is the most worthwhile thing in my life," she added proudly.

She died a few months later, and those who saw "the clan" follow her coffin up the aisle of St. Thomas' Church in New York thought the seemingly endless procession of stricken men and women were officers of the numerous societies and boards to which she belonged. They were not. The representatives of the boards and clubs and societies sat in the pews. Those who followed Mary were her brothers and sisters, her nephews and nieces. Crushed by her sudden and unexpected passing, with wet eyes, but with heads held high, they gave understanding spectators in the crowded church an unforgettable picture of the deathless solidarity of a united family.

The humanitarians have their slogans too. One of the favorite pronouncements of those interested in orphans and deserted children is that almost any sort of a home is better for a child than life in the best institution. So far as I know, this theory, prevalent for many years, has not yet been shaken by the revolt against family life. Orphan asylums and courts are still putting children into families; and though they want to know about the man's income and his and his wife's character, they are not inquiring too closely into the general atmosphere of his home. Possibly the horrors of family life will check the child's development and cramp its style. But the humanitarians do not think so.

What the innocent bystander gets from the modern crusade against family life is a little shiver and a large question. He shivers, as well he may, over the threatened extinction of our finest human institution. "What are these young radicals going to give us in its place, after they have wrecked it?" is his question.

But on this point the radicals themselves are strangely silent. Their program is destructive, not constructive. "Let's get rid of this condition," they are saying in effect, "and then we'll show you something else."

Companionship's Give-and-Take

Asked what that is, they, too, have their slogans. "We'll let every man live his own life and be the sole judge of his own conduct," they shout. And one assumes that they will allow the same freedom to every woman.

Many thousands of men and women who lived their own lives and were the sole judges of their own conduct are now languishing in prison cells. Many more of them ought to be or will be in cells. But that's a detail, and neither here nor there. Looking at the whole question as dispassionately as he can, the innocent bystander tells anyone who will listen to him long enough that this revolt against the family, like other revolts in history, is a passing thing. It cannot bring about the destruction it seeks, he will explain, because the institution is so much greater than its enemies.

Probably these are the answers. We're merely watching the birth pains of a wiser, more tolerant, more understanding family plan. But often, when I see the plays and read the books and listen to the shouts of the critics who are attacking the family, I think of my friend Kate and of the barricade of photographs with which she vainly tried to hold back the tides of desolation and loneliness that sweep over the unattached. Deep within every human being is the urge for enduring love and companionship. The substitutes for these things which youth is content to accept are not only ephemeral but, however brief their existence, they bring with them the conditions of strain, strife and disillusionment which enter into the fabric of the more enduring family structure. Like their predecessors, the ultra-moderns will never learn to take love and companionship as they come. They must examine, pull to pieces, talk over—above all, talk over—every human relation life hands them. The only enduring lesson they can learn is the one my friend Kate found in her primer—that however unsatisfactory human beings and human relations may be, the lack of them may be infinitely worse.

We are companionable creatures and we have the best outside authority for our inner conviction that we are not meant to live alone. Satisfactory companionship has always meant and must always mean adjustment, concession, a degree of unselfishness, an effort at understanding among the companions. The girl who leaves home to lead her own life may find the friend she lives with as difficult as she found her mother or her sister. The chances are that she will find her considerably more so, if she, too, is a rampant individualist. The exactions, limitations and experiences of the home life she has fled from will be repeated, in some degree at least, in every new circle and environment she selects.

It is this fact, more than any change of heart, which in the end, if the innocent bystander is right, may make her a zealous supporter of the family. She doesn't want to live alone. She can't be wholly selfish and live happily with others. There is a philosophic give-and-take in family life which in the long run appeals to her. Moreover, she is busy. She has married George, and young Georgie and Mary and Jack are beginning to talk about parental tyranny and about living their own lives.

"Children, listen to me," she cries desperately: "I had those ideas once. I tried that experiment. But ——"

Yes, we may go back to the home by new and difficult roads. But we'll go back!

GUIDO SIGNS A BOND

(Continued from Page 23)

Guido felt tremendously important. He had shaken hands with a judge. He had qualified—the word had a big sound, although Guido didn't know what it meant—and had become a bondsman—whatever that was. Nina should see him now! Nina should see him standing here in front of the picture of George Washington and face to face with a judge!

Judge Clavering took the statement of qualifications and the bail bond, glanced at them, and then wrote his signature on the bond. He looked at Guido Pasquale.

"You understand, of course, Mr. Pasquale," he said, "that you are to have this man in court next Friday morning at ten o'clock?" Then he added, as Guido looked puzzled, "That is your duty as a bondsman."

It was the most glorious moment of all. The judge was asking him to do something.

"I understan', sir," said Guido Pasquale. "I weel have Paul in court—ees that eet?"

"That's right," said the judge. "I have your promise, haven't I?"

Guido gulped and ducked his head.

The judge turned somewhat apologetically to Tony, and said, "I'm asking all bondsmen to give me their word of honor to see that their principals are in court. There has been a lot of bond jumping lately. The bail-bond situation is in bad shape."

Tony nodded unctuously.

"Mr. Pasquale is not like these professional bondsmen, judge. I know how they do—saying they have more property than they have and transferring everything they own to get out of paying the forfeitures. Mr. Pasquale is a fine, good citizen."

"I'm glad to hear it. That's the spirit," said Judge Clavering, standing up.

"I weel have Paul in court," Guido repeated as he shook hands with the judge. "I am good American like my frien' say."

On the way back to the Tenth District Police Station with Tony, Guido felt enormously pleased with himself. Was he not a bondsman? Of a certainty, being a bondsman was much finer than being a mere peddler of vegetables. And had not a judge trusted him? He must remember everything the judge had said. He would drive by the Carr Street School this noon and tell Nina.

Tony said, "You should go into this business, Guido. You would make a fine bondsman."

"Beezness? I don' understan'?"

"Lots of people in trouble with the police would pay you money to sign their bonds."

Incredulously: "Pay me money jus' for signing my name like thees?"

"I would not lie to you, my friend. You can make fifty, a hundred, two hundred dollars for signing each bond."

"For why? Eet is not worth it!"

In as much as Guido had unwittingly obligated himself to forfeit ten thousand dollars should Paul Scalese fail to appear in court, Tony thought it best not to mention the financial risk involved or the devious ways in which professional bondsmen avoid paying bond forfeitures.

"You charge them for the trouble you take," said Tony. "People do not like to stay in jail—not even one day. Think it over, my friend."

Guido was excitedly thinking about this when they reached the police station.

There, Paul Scalese, gunman and robber, was restored to the bosom of his family. He was a slender, swarthy young man whose greased black hair matched the sheen of the patent-leather shoes he affected. He wore a paper rose in the buttonhole of one peaked lapel, and as he walked alternate whiffs of cigarette smoke, gin and cheap perfume scented the air about him.

Paul swaggered across the street as Guido was cranking his truck preparatory to starting on his belated rounds.

"Much obliged, Guido," he said in English. "You ain't such a heel after all. I'll tell Cipolla about the big favor you done me. Cipolla might be able to do you some good."

Guido was in a sweepingly magnanimous mood.

"Eet was no trouble," he said. "I feexed it up swell weeth the judge, who ees my frien'. I have promise him that you weel be in court next Friday. You mus' be there, Paul."

The gangster laughed.

"I'll be there all right, kid," he said. "It takes smarter guys than those saps at the circuit attorney's office to hang a bum rap onto me. Don't you worry."

"Sure? I have promise the judge."

"Sure. Forget it."

Guido would have detained Paul a few minutes longer to lecture him on his careless life, quoting Nina freely, but Paul seemed in great haste. With a parting "Don' forget to be there Friday morning at ten o'clock, Paul," Guido climbed into his truck.

"Okay. Thanks, Guido, for the favor."

Feeling himself to be a man of large affairs and full of the wondrous things he would have to tell Nina at noon, Guido began the day's work. But he was too good a business man to allow himself to be absent-minded.

Presently he was saying to Mrs. Rosa Anselmi of 3214 North Twenty-first Street: "Signora, my garlic is of the finest. It is like a memory of love growing on a vine. See? I rub a little on this banister. One day, two days, three days hence, the perfume will still be here!" And to Mrs. Louis Goldman of North Twenty-fourth Street: "Ah, Mees Gol'man, I have kep' for you my bes' goose grease. It ees from a goose I have know myself, personally. Never have I seen a cleaner goose; it keep to eetself in the coop." And to Miss Hilda Klupperfuchs of Mullanphy Street: "Pehol'! I keep thees cabbage for you weeth my own han's. Smell heem, pinch heem, I weel myself eat any worm you find in heem. Such cabbage, mees, ees seen only by rabbits weeth pink eyes w'en they dream!"

A morning of this—a flash of very white teeth, a ceremonious doffing of a dusty black plush hat, a glowing of dark brown eyes, grand gestures with scales and buckets and baskets. Then he turned his truck toward the Carr Street School.

He saw her before she saw him. She was wearing a snappy blue ensemble, and her bobbed hair looked like a swirl of very rich black smoke as she hurried along the sidewalk on her way home to lunch. No rouge and no bangles; his Nina was an American girl. He slowed the truck to follow her, rejoicing in the jaunty swing of her walk. He liked to see her so in the bright sunshine, his darling Nina.

Speeding up beside her, he honked his horn in true American fashion and called out, "'Allo, keed!"

She slowed her pace, started to turn her head, then marched on.

Ho-ho-ho! So she was playing a fine American joke, was she? She was putting on what you call the high hat, was she? He drove the truck past her as she neared a corner, then turned the corner, stopping directly in her path.

"Any vegetables today, mees?"

By rights she should have laughed—ha-ha-ha—like the tinkling of a little silver bell. But what was this? His goddess was frowning. She would not look at him.

"What ees the matter, keed?" he blurted, terrified.

She did not answer, but started around the truck.

He jumped out. Caught her by the arm. Stopped her.

"Ees it a joke? I don' understan' ——"

"You know very well what's the matter!" she snapped, her dark eyes angry.

"Nina, *cara mia, certamente, non* ——"

"Roderigo Scalese told me all about it!"

Guido blinked stupidly.

"What ees thees?"

"Don't pretend such ignorance, Guido. Just as if you didn't get Paul Scalese out of jail this morning!"

He was stunned. His Nina angry at him for that? It could not be.

"You theenk I have done wrong, Nina?"

She tossed her head.

"Didn't you promise me to have nothing more to do with that worthless Paul Scalese?"

"But you do not understand!" he cried, lapsing into Italian. "I am not friends with Paul. I only signed what they call a bond so he might have his freedom until the judge wants him."

"Why did you do that? Paul was in jail where he belongs! Now he's out getting into more mischief. Perhaps you and Paul are going into partnership?"

He shook his head frantically.

"You do not understand!" he cried. "This bond, she is an American custom. She is liberty. Do you not see? No harm is done. I have promised the judge, who is a grand new friend I made but this morning, to have Paul in his court at ten o'clock Friday morning. You do not understand these things, Nina."

Nina's education in the matter of bail bonds had been restricted to a paragraph in a civics textbook long since forgotten. She stuck to the point.

"You let that Paul Scalese bamboozle you, Guido," she said, "and you broke your promise. I told you to choose between us. Now you've chosen him. I'm through!"

"But I have not chosen Paul! His poor mamma cried—Angela and Roderigo and little Tomasso—they cried too. I could not bear to see their tears. And Tony Amatolli said ——"

Her look of scorn caused him to choke.

"See? You talk Italian the minute you get excited. You break your promise to me and side with those Scaleses. You listen to that Tony Amatolli, who is nothing but a crook. You are not an American. You never will be!"

"I am American! I am! You mus' not say thees terrible theeng to me—your Guido."

"Trail with Paul and Tony all you want to. I don't care. They're your kind, evidently."

She started away. Desperate, he walked after her, plucking at the sleeve of her jacket.

"I am not trailing weeth Paul and Tony—no! It ees only until Friday morning. I weel take Paul to court an' that ees all. I weel not even talk weeth heem on the way."

"Oh, yes, you'll take Paul to court. This bond business is just a dodge to get Paul out of jail. He hasn't any intention of going to court."

"But I have promise the judge ——"

"Have it your own way, Guido. I'm just saying you can't be friends with Paul and me at the same time. That's final."

"Nina, leesten, jus' a leetle."

But Nina wouldn't listen. She jerked her arm away and hurried on. He was too miserable, too bewildered to make further protest.

What was this? He could not understand it. Of a surety Nina must be wrong. She thought that because he signed a bond for Paul Scalese, he was friends with Paul. And instead of being proud that he was such a good American, who could shake hands with judges and sign bonds, she acted as if he had done a shameful thing. Santa Maria!

An idea smote him. He would go at once to Paul Scalese and ask him to tell Nina with his own lips that he was no friend of Guido Pasquale. That would fix it.

He did not find Paul until that evening. Paul was with four tough-looking men in the rear room of a pool hall on Dickson Street.

"What's eating on you, Guido?" Paul greeted, looking annoyed.

Guido blurted out a report of what Nina had said, finishing with: "You weel tell her that we are not friends, Paul? You weel tell her at once? My heart, eet is breaking in leetle pieces like thees"—and Guido made crumbling motions with his fingers.

"Sure. Sure. I'll tell her," Paul said impatiently. "Now you beat it like a good guy, Guido. I'm awful busy talking to the boys."

"An' you weel be in court weeth me Friday morning? Sure?"

"In court? Oh, yeah. Sure, I will."

Guido waited until after school the next day to telephone Nina. Her mother answered the phone.

"Eet is Guido, Mees Drucci. I would speak weeth Nina, yes?"

"Wait a minute. I will see," said Mrs. Drucci in Italian.

Forty seconds of agony. Then, Mrs. Drucci reported: "Nina is very angry with you. She will not come to the phone. I have told her not to be foolish, but"—a sigh—"she is American girl and will not listen to her mamma."

Had Paul told her?

This time he was unable to find Paul. He visited all of Paul's hangouts that evening. Paul's mother could give no help. The next day was Thursday.

Guido was at Paul's house bright and early Thursday morning. Mrs. Scalese said Paul had not been home all night. She was worried too.

Paul's little brother, Roderigo, offered a clew. He told Guido: "Paul stays sometimes at Mr. Cipolla's place in the county." Vincent Cipolla, leader of the Green Onions mob, had a roadhouse on North Broadway just beyond the city limits.

Guido sent one of his helpers at the store to peddle vegetables that morning. He drove out to the Cipolla roadhouse in a borrowed car.

A shifty-eyed bar attendant would give Guido no very definite information. "He was here, but he went out with the boys and I don't know when he'll be back."

Beside himself with worry, Guido raced back to the city and called on Tony Amatolli.

"I cannot find Paul," he said, "and tomorrow he is to go to court. I curse the day I ever listened to your big talk, Tony Amatolli. You got me into this and you must help me find Paul."

Tony was smoothly reassuring: "I know where he is. I'll get him on the phone."

Much mysterious calling of numbers while Guido pounded his forehead and rumpled his black curls and thought of his quarrel with Nina and his promise to Judge Clavering.

Finally: "That you, Paul? Hold the line. Guido wants to talk to you."

"Paul! You did not speak to Nina Drucci as you promised! And tomorrow is the day you are to be in court!"

"I'm awful sorry, Guido. I got tied up in a—uh—business deal. But I'll talk to Nina this afternoon sure."

"Where will you meet me to go to court?"

"Come by my house in the morning, Guido."

"You will be there? Sure?"

"Sure. Quit worrying. I'll fix it up for you with Nina and I'll meet you in the morning."

"What time, Paul? Hello ——"

But Paul had hung up.

Hopefully, Guido was waiting for Nina when school let out that afternoon. She saw him at the gate in the iron picket fence. She lifted her saucy chin and averted her eyes and prepared to sail serenely past.

"Nina! Did Paul speak weeth you? Yes?"

She withered him with a look.

"Your friend," she said acidly, "interrupted my school work by calling me on the telephone. I am not in the habit of talking with Green Onion gangsters."

(Continued on Page 52)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

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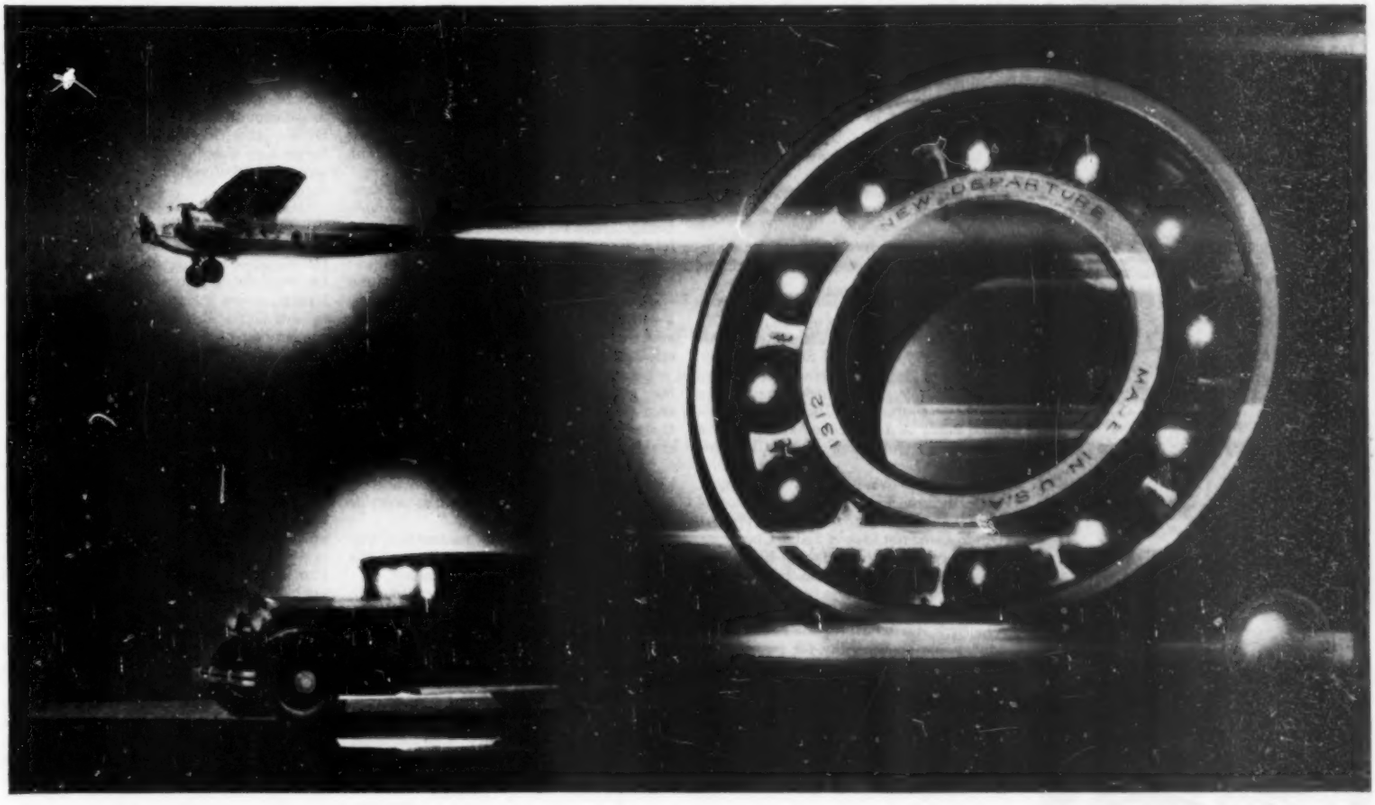

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(Continued from Page 50)

"He tol' you that we are not frien's, no?"

"I don't know what he said. I didn't listen. I slammed down the receiver. Kindly ask him not to bother me any more."

Whereupon Nina fell into step with three other teachers and left him.

Guido had only one thought for consolation. At least, Paul had kept his word. He had tried to fix things with Nina as he had promised. Therefore, Paul would keep his other promise. He would go to court in the morning. So Guido reasoned. And after he had delivered Paul to the judge, that would end it. He, Guido Pasquale, would sign no more bonds. He would have nothing more to do with Paul Scalese. It might take him a long time to prove that to Nina. But he would prove it.

So convinced was Guido that Paul would not play him false that he made no more efforts to remind Paul of his appointment in Judge Clavering's court. Trustfully he called at the Scalese home at nine o'clock on Friday morning.

Mrs. Scalese came to the door.

"Paul is not here," she said. "I think he has gone to court, Guido."

Even then, Guido was not worried. He drove his empty truck over to Market Street and thence to the Municipal Courts Building. Paul would be waiting in the court room.

It took Guido much questioning to find Judge Clavering's division. When he arrived, the court room was crowded. Guido looked anxiously for Paul. He could not find him.

He plucked men by the sleeve and stammered: "Have you seen Paul Scalese, yes?"

The men shook their heads. Where was Paul? It was almost ten o'clock.

Maybe Paul was just a little late. Guido uttered a prayer to good Saint Anthony, the patron of travelers, asking him to speed Paul on his way. A big clock ticked on the wall of the court room. 9:50, 9:55, 10—still no Paul. A door opened at one side of the rostrum. Guido saw Judge Clavering step to the bench.

The bailiff bawled out: "Oyez, oyez, oyez! Division Two, Honorable Court of Criminal Correction now in session!"

Guido dared not look at Judge Clavering. He had promised the judge to have Paul Scalese in court. His cheeks burned with shame. Now Paul was late. Oh, why didn't Paul come?

The clerk started calling the names of defendants due on that day for preliminary hearing: "Joe Borremeo, step forward! Oscar Olesen, step forward!"

Socn they would call Paul's name. And if he didn't answer ——

"Paul Scalese, step forward!"

No answer. The order was repeated once, twice, three times. Guido, terrified, saw the clerk step up on the rostrum and confer with Judge Clavering. The judge said something vigorously and the clerk nodded.

"Guido Pasquale, step forward! Guido Pasquale?"

His name. They wanted him. Stricken, Guido moved down the wide middle aisle. Several men stood aside to let him through. He stumbled into a cleared space behind the bar and through a little gate.

Guido's eyes tried to meet the gaze of Judge Clavering. But he could not make it. He hung his head in abject abasement.

"You are the bondsman for Paul Scalese, charged with robbery in the first degree?" the clerk bawled at him.

He nodded, gulping.

The judge cleared his throat.

"You promised the court to have this man here today," said the judge. "Where is he?"

"I don' know, judge. He promise to be here. He promise to be here. I speak to him twice, four time."

Sternly, for there were reporters present: "Mr. Pasquale, it was your duty to have this man in court. You bondsmen seem to think that your responsibility ends when you have collected your fees. You think you can rely on some technicality or downright trickery to avoid paying forfeitures. We have had particular trouble with citizens of your race, Mr. Pasquale. Instead of appreciating the precious privilege of American citizenship ——"

The judge's voice rumbled on, sternly, inexorably, horribly. To Guido, the phrases merged into one terrible indictment. He had broken his promise to the judge; he was not a good American. Behind the judge's white head there was a beautiful flag.

"You will be allowed a reasonable time in which to produce this defendant—Paul Scalese," the judge concluded. "If you fail to do so, the bond will be reduced to judgment without the usual delays and I will see to it, personally, that the bond is collected!"

Guido stood there, hanging his head in an awful silence, until the clerk said, "That's all."

As he shuffled out of the court room, Guido's mind seized on a ray of hope. The judge had said something about allowing him a reasonable time to bring Paul to court. Why, that was another chance! Of a certainty it was! But where was Paul Scalese?

Guido broke into a run, through the marble corridors and down the long white steps to his truck. He cranked his truck without pausing for breath and sped toward the Carr Street School. There, white of face and gasping, he demanded of an assistant principal to see one Roderigo Scalese.

The assistant principal, thinking that there had been sudden death in Roderigo's family, asked no questions. She hurried to fetch Roderigo.

Guido exploded in a torrent of Italian: "Where is Paul? I must find him. Tell me where is Paul or I will swear the vendetta. I will place bombs in your mamma's bed and slit your own fat little throat with a stiletto!"

Young Roderigo had always liked the big, good-natured Guido. Never had he seen Guido in such a rage. Roderigo was thoroughly frightened. It took only a small shaking to bring out the truth:

"Paul is at Mr. Cipolla's place. I took him his suitcase this morning before school. Paul is going away to Detroit as soon as Mr. Cipolla says it is all right."

The assistant principal, meanwhile, was off to fetch Miss Nina Drucci. She was the only teacher who understood Italian.

"You are a good boy, Roderigo," Guido said hastily, "and I shall see that you come to no harm. I leave now to take pleasant news to your brother."

He was cranking his truck when Nina ran out. "Guido! Where are you going?"

Guido slapped his chest dramatically.

"I have promise my frien', the judge, to bring Paul Scalese to court. I go for heem now. He ees at that bad man Cipolla's place and ——"

She grabbed him by the arms.

"Don't be a fool! Paul Scalese is a gangster. He is hiding from the police. He will shoot you if you go out there!"

Guido laughed a big laugh.

"I do not fear Paul Scalese. Pouf! He ees small coward! They are all cowards, thees gangsters!"

"Guido! You're not going! You hear me?"

He handed her gently to one side, lifting her off the ground and setting her down again.

"I have promise the judge," said Guido simply.

She stared at him as he climbed into the truck. She made no sound. He raised his hat with a sweeping gesture and kicked the flivver into low gear.

"You shan't go out there alone! I'm going with you!"

Before he could protest, she was in the seat. The little truck careened madly down the street as the happy Guido, with his girl beside him, set out for the headquarters of the Green Onion gang.

It is a tale that is still told on Dago Hill and all around the North Side—how Guido Pasquale, that mighty man of valor, invaded the stronghold of the notorious Vincent Cipolla, unarmed and alone. How he kicked in a bedroom door and found the desperado, Paul Scalese, prepared to sell his life dearly. Paul Scalese well knew that he could not afford to go to court. Had he not committed two more robberies during the days he was free on bond? Detectives were looking for him.

"I will not come with you!" said Paul Scalese. "Get back or I'll put a bullet in your head!"

But the brave Guido Pasquale said, "You are a big coward and a sneak, my friend. See? I will even turn my back. You are fine at shooting people in the back, are you not?"

Ah, the smart Guido! He did not turn his back all the way, but sprang suddenly upon Paul Scalese and took his pistol from him. Then he beat Paul Scalese with his huge fists. When the gunman slumped to the floor, Guido picked him up like so much salt in a sack and threw him across his broad shoulders. Luckily for the audacious Guido, other Green Onion gangsters in the house were sleeping off a big drunk. They awoke too befuddled to know what was happening.

Would you believe it? Straight across the yard the valiant Guido ran, carrying his captive, and dumped him into the truck. He climbed in and sat upon him while his beautiful, courageous sweetheart, Nina Drucci, drove the truck swift as lightning toward North Broadway. Certain villainous gunmen of the Green Onions ran out as if to fire upon the truck, but knew better than to start a rumpus in broad daylight with so many detectives in the neighborhood.

It was a great day for the Italian people, my friends. Il Duce himself should hear of it. How Guido Pasquale burst into a crowded court room dragging Paul Scalese, more dead than alive. Straight up to the bench he dragged him and, making a magnificent bow to His Honor, the judge, he said: "I have kep' my promise. Here is Paul Scalese!" And what did the judge say? What else could he say but: "I apologize, Mr. Pasquale. You are a good citizen and an honest man."

And the newspapers! They made much of the great deed done by the noble Guido Pasquale.

His picture was in all five papers on the very first page; so was that of Nina Drucci, and yes, even a picture of the truck. It started a fine hullabaloo called by these strange Americans "an investigation." For days the investigation continued, and during this time it was learned that many lying, cheating men had been signing bail bonds. They would pay money to certain officials to have bond forfeitures set aside; they would secretly transfer their property to wives and mothers to prevent the state from collecting bond forfeitures. Full fifty professional bondsmen were stricken from lists of the court. And all the good work was done because Guido Pasquale—may heaven prosper his marriage and send him many children—brought Paul Scalese into court.

And why did he do this? It is what these Americans call the cracker at the end of the whip.

A bright young reporter said, "I suppose you were thinking of the ten thousand dollars you would have to pay if Scalese jumped the bond, weren't you?" A mean and cynical young man, that reporter. But the reply of the magnificent Guido Pasquale put him to shame:

"Ten thousand dollars? You must be mistaken. Bonds are not money. They are but scraps of paper—so big! No. No. It was because of my promise to my friend, the judge. I am good American citizen and keep my promise."

Viva Guido Pasquale!

TAKE WITH YOU TO THE AUTOMOBILE SHOWS THIS THOUGHT: THE MOTORISTS OF AMERICA ARE BUYING FROM TWO TO FIVE TIMES AS MANY NEW BUICKS AS ANY OTHER CAR PRICED ABOVE $1200; SUCH PREFERENCE DEFINITELY PROVES LEADERSHIP

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

DRESSMAKERS, CLIENTS AND HUSBANDS

(Continued from Page 9)

drawing there would be a wrinkle in the blouse at one side and all of us dressmakers observed this and fashion magazines followed suit and showed fashion plates drawn actually with a wrinkle in a blouse. And it was a startling innovation, because before that a blouse was supposed to look as molded and undented as a gunny sack full of cold boiled macaroni."

The next gesture came during the war, when dresses were very loose and open at the neck. Women were always reaching in and pulling up their underwear straps.

The gesture today is this: They all turn sideways, contract the stomach, flatten it with one hand, and with the back of the other hand they flatten the back. Then they look hopefully at themselves.

Before the mirror most women get a far-away, crafty look, appraising themselves. Unconsciously their faces change; jaws are thrust forward, bodies twisted into whatever they believe improves them. This they have done for so long that they are unconscious of it. It is automatic. Probably they never know how they really look. Say that a woman imagines—often mistakenly—that her chin recedes too much. She will thrust it forward automatically even before she looks in the glass. Some tilt their heads up and look down at themselves; some purse their lips or curl them back slightly.

But women without any vanity at all—they are the devil. They stand before the mirror, stolid and round-shouldered like sloe-gin bottles. They cannot bear to look at themselves. They are bored, enduring, cross. And if the dressmaker timidly attempts a little innovation in the dress they do not discover it for several fittings and then indignantly have it all taken out. They are never pleased, because they don't like clothes anyway, and anything they wear is quite a martyrdom.

A dressmaker gets her training at a trade school. It takes about two years. She is taught first to be a finisher, and if she can afford more schooling she becomes a draper. Finishers get about twenty-two dollars a week; drapers start at thirty dollars. And it is possible to take further training and learn to be a cutter and a designer, and these get salaries ranging from fifty to seventy-five dollars a week.

Some girls learn to work chiefly for speed because their madam sells dresses at twenty-five dollars apiece. But such girls will have no idea of the moods of fabrics, which is the basis of fine workmanship. The electric sewing machine has destroyed much subtlety. With the old foot-treadle machine you could think as you went along, and the most skillful sewing of all is done by hand. Herein lies much of the perfection of French clothes.

Fashions in Fabrics

Before the war, the beauty and stylishness of a dress were measured by how much exquisite workmanship you could get into it. As for alterations, in the old days when a dress would require thirty yards of cloth, fifty yards was bought so that in a few years the dress could be turned. The unfaded side toward the lining was turned outward, and the worn places around the muddy hem and under the arms—basques always wore out under the arms because of the high corsets—could be replaced. The whole dress was reconstructed and worn for several years more.

But today dresses are expected to last only a season. And not workmanship but the fabric is the important thing. The fabric is what makes the design. A great designer is one who gets wind of what the new fashionable cloth will be.

For instance, a designer sniffed kasha cloth on the zephyrs from France. A new manufacturer had invented it—a cloth like cashmere, which was originally made in India from the soft wool of goats. She went to the proprietor of her shop and said:

"I want some kasha cloth; we must have it." She was quite feverish, she was so fired with the necessity of this. But he told her to make the dress up in tricot.

"And if it is a good model it will sell in anything."

But a tricot dress can never be anything but a tricot dress, and within a year she could point out to him bitterly how his house had lost the chance to be the first on the kasha-cloth band wagon. But many American dressmakers are as timid as social climbers are anxious about which is the fish fork. They often won't act until the French do. Of course there is financial risk in stocking up with a new fabric which may not be a go after all.

What is Smart?

When fabrics became so important, trimmings lost their place. About 1920 the designer made a beautiful brown faille dress with nothing on it—no beads, buckles, fur, lace, galloons, braid, bugles or sequins. The proprietor wouldn't have it for a minute.

"Put something on it. Make it look like money," he said indignantly.

Incidentally, all dressmakers seem to think they were the first to design a dress without ornaments; and they also think they were the first to design trousers for women. Perhaps it is that ideas arise in the world simultaneously at different points. Who knows? Perhaps many hit upon the law of gravity simultaneously with Newton.

"In a young country," said a dressmaker, "there is a desire on the part of men for a pretty face rather than a striking appearance"; and that is why many American men don't want their wives to look stylish; they want them to look pretty. They are, however, vague as to how this is achieved. And these men are very trying to their wives, for they will pay no attention to new clothes which, as like as not, have been planned for no other purpose than to please them, and then will praise suddenly, as if it were never seen before, some resurrected dress.

But as a nation grows older, or to put it better, as American business men evolve into American society men, there comes a change in them. To be strikingly, smartly dressed is the thing. What this smartness is cannot be defined. A woman may be startlingly ugly and yet be smart. It is not neatness, up-to-dateness, expensiveness. A smart dressmaker alone cannot make a woman smart. It comes from within; it emanates from a strong, bold and at the same time debonair spirit. "No timid woman, anxious about the very latest thing, was ever smart," said a dressmaker.

Absent-minded men and unselfish men do not care how their wives dress. But most men are like grown-up boys and show a nervous desire for neatness not gaudiness on the part of the females belonging to them.

And here is a common masculine trait: To insist that a wife change her style of dressing after marriage. A New York society man married a charming manikin. She was tall, black-browed, looked like Trilby, was preternaturally slim, and wore her clothes with so much air that all Fifth Avenue would wheel to look at her.

Well, immediately after marriage her socially eminent husband set about to correct all this. And as she was young, a nobody and in love, she let him do it. Before six months was out, this handsome, striking girl looked like as uninteresting a young matron as you could ever see, with her inconspicuous hair arrangement, her uninteresting, womanly hats and her dull, refined clothes.

"You see," said the dressmaker who knew her, "members of first families do not usually dress very well. They buy expensive clothes, but they are too—what shall I call it?—self-righteous to have any gay swagger. They pick out prissy, ladylike things and are afraid of interesting color dissonances. If skirts are long they don't wear them long enough, and if short, not short enough. If belts are tight they will wear them just loose enough to spoil the whole effect."

Pleasing a Husband

"Besides, I find that often in a queer way no people are more anxious about the opinion of high society than those who are in it. They are worse than social climbers. The man who married the manikin, for example—what a nervous tizzy he would be in if he thought a Vanderbilt saw his wife the day she had a hole in her glove!"

Yes, many men marry young women because of their outstanding stylishness and are never at peace until they have turned them into inconspicuous matrons. And then, having succeeded in the metamorphosis, they leave them for other lively girls with style.

There is this kind of husband: His wife wants specially a chinchilla coat. So he goes and buys her a sealskin as a splendid surprise, and shows her proudly how he had paid more for the sealskin than he would have paid for the chinchilla that she wanted so much. And he will call the attention of all their friends continually to the beautiful fur coat he bought his wife.

A woman with such a husband has to use all sorts of subterfuges and enlist the efforts of the dressmaker to make the husband think that the dress she wants was all his original idea; that it was he who wanted magenta velvet rather than black velvet, and rhinestones rather than pearls; that he, for one, far prefers the U-backed gown to any other. Such men can be generous with money, but only when they feel the pleasurable sensations of money-dispensing. Thousands for their own idea; not one cent for anyone else's.

The Clothes-Crazy

The nicest kind of husband from the dressmaker's point of view is one like this: A famous engineer, a fearfully hard-worked man, takes the greatest pleasure in the magnificence of his wife, in her beautiful clothes. He will be particularly pleased if a dress has brilliant colors and is dazzling and full of sparkle like a Christmas tree. Yet this man himself is entirely without personal vanity. He will always be in the bleakest business suit and cares nothing for luxury or even comfort himself. He wears the same old felt hat forever; takes street cars and subways when he has two chauffeurs, doesn't care what he is eating.

"There are lots of men like that," said a dressmaker. "I think it is because men are starved for finery in these days when they are never allowed to wear anything but the same old coats and pants. The poor things dress up vicariously in their wives."

And many men whose wives have an extraordinary talent for clothes spend a lifetime balking them and quarreling with them about it—the silliness of their clothes, the extremeness of their clothes, the nonsense of getting new clothes, the outrageous expensiveness of their clothes. The irony of it is that their wives' good taste and charming appearance are often the very causes of the social position, and, consequently, business success of these men.

There are women who care for nothing but clothes, and they are a hard, brittle, metallic lot. You can see it in their bigoted faces and cruel nostrils. They judge all human beings by their clothes. The newest import coming down Fifth Avenue is a splendid woman. And they can actually hate people for wearing certain shoes or an oldish dress. They are eternally shopping, shopping. All big dressmaking establishments can tell of women who come in and order a thousand dollars' worth of clothes, and the saleslady sighs and takes the order politely, but nothing is ever delivered, either because the client seems to have entirely forgotten the state of her credit or because the husband has a secret compact with the dressmaker never to sell her anything, since he cannot pay her bills without being ruined.

"One of these clothes-crazy women," said a dressmaker in a big Middlewestern city, "would order gowns made and bring in friends to admire them while she was being fitted, and then on some pretext refuse to accept them when they were done. So one day I told her that she should not do that," said this

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PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY

Broadway in 1895, Looking Toward the Dewey Arch

The new Cord front-drive car is the model for the entire automotive industry to pattern after

CORD

FRONT DRIVE

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · AUBURN, INDIANA

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dressmaker, a sweet but very capable woman. "Of course she was dreadfully insulted. I now sometimes meet her at the opera and she will cut me dead and sweep by. But her husband always contrives to fall a little behind her and bows low to me with a knowing sympathetic look. We have this little sympathetic exchange every so often.

"Often we are asked over the telephone to send a dozen dresses to a hotel. Generally this means that a man intends to buy something for his lady love. Once we sent a saleswoman up to a big hotel with several evening dresses, to the very fine suite of 'Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.' The rather iron-faced blond young woman tried on all the dresses and decided on four of them. But when they went into the next room to find Mr. Smith who was to pay for them he had gone; checked out. A very mean thing to do."

The Bargain Hunters

"And for the first time in history there is no distinction in the dresses of ladies and demimonde. There used to be. Ladies did not rouge or wear diamonds in the daytime, or purple ostrich plumes or tomato-red dresses, or cross their legs so that their knees showed. But now clothes are democratic. Women do not dress according to their attitude toward men; and thank heaven for that. Many high-minded women I know like to dress like beautiful chorus girls and should be allowed to do so. When I come to think of it, the most wicked woman I know—she was once a famous procuress—dresses like a cooing sweet little motherly woman."

There is a large class of women who begin to buy clothes suddenly at forty or fifty because their husbands are losing interest in them. They are apt to be not very interesting women; because any bright woman knows that dressing up, facials, new corsets, new chin straps, muscle oils, reducing machines, and so on, do not do any good in the much more fundamental tragedy of losing a husband. They read in syndicated columns in the newspapers "how a woman cannot expect to hold her husband if she wears a wrapper and curl papers at the breakfast table, but if she would only throw on a charming little negligee," etc. And they read in stories how Stephen Worthington is saved from another woman by seeing his wife without her glasses and in white velvet and emeralds.

How do dressmakers know they are dressing up to recapture their husbands?

"They tell us so," said a New York dressmaker, whose business name we will say is Madam Maggie. "It all comes out at the first fitting."

Moreover, it is known all up and down Fifth Avenue, because the sales girls, manikins, masseuses, and so on, know one another and compare notes. Of course it is good news when a millionaire's wife starts on a husband-recapturing campaign. You can sell her anything. And the more a thing costs the more she wants it.

For there are two kinds of women: Those who cannot resist bargains and those who cannot resist expensiveness. The bargain mania is probably more expensive, and its victims are never well-dressed. The others, whose motto is "It's always cheaper to get the best", are sometimes badly taken in. Still by keeping one or two handsome expensive dresses in good order by great diligence, they will always look very impressively, elegantly dressed. The wise, the exceptional woman is the one who knows a beautiful dress when it is sold at a very low price.

"The basis of the bargain mania seems to be a sort of desperate selfishness, really a fear that someone else will get a bargain," said Madam Maggie. "When we have a sale and these wolfish, hungry-eyed women are waiting in a crowd to rush in I get actually frightened. A woman will clutch several dresses in one hand and will order the salesgirl wildly to grab a dress that some other woman is pawing at the other side of the room, to wrest a dress from a woman who is carrying it into a fitting room.

"The worst thing about clients," said Madam Maggie, "is that they exhaust you so. How they feed on you, on your vitality, your praise, your sympathy! They are like absorbent cotton.

"You have to rave over their looks. You have to ease them away from their *idées fixes*. For instance, unstylish women cling to the hair arrangement they had the year they graduated from college. Or they will cling to some dress idiosyncrasy that dates from their most socially successful year, such as the year they came out, or became engaged. That is, they will never relinquish a V neck, or a velvet neckband, or a high collar or a feather boa effect or a very loose low belt that describes their widest circumference. And as soon as you get them before the mirror you feel their will battling doggedly against yours—even poking at the dress, pushing the belt down or some such thing—to create again in the dress this same old tiresome feature.

"Still, blarney must be discriminating. I do it myself extremely well. I laugh easily—not a stage laugh either—at anything. And my praise is really discerning. 'This,' I say to a client, 'makes you look like your Polish grandmother, the countess, and makes your eyes slant up; and your face becomes so charmingly triangular. It is really delightful, I think.' And there must be truth in it or the lady will not be impressed. There are plenty of heavy-footed saleswomen whose praise is worse than nothing. Every time they say 'youthful', 'smart' the poor client tries not to wince with annoyance.

"But I knew one woman in the West who was too good. She would sell two thousand dollars' worth of clothes to a woman who would come back the next day in tears and say how the saleswoman had hypnotized her, and how she had no money to pay for them and how her husband would be furious."

American women buy more clothes than any others. The ready-to-wear industry in this country turns out a billion dollars' worth of clothes a year.

A few years ago all the shops had a dress that sold for sixty-nine fifty. This was the price of a tremendous group. But it doesn't exist any more, and the reason is that wholesale garment manufacturers now seize upon the designs of the great dressmakers, and copy them by the million. Layers of chiffon three feet thick are laid on a table and cut into hundreds of dresses by one stroke of a marvelous knife. Such dresses sell for about twenty-five dollars apiece.

A Firm That Shuns Publicity

So the women with high incomes and those with very low ones are the most fashionably dressed. The first go to the fine dressmakers, or the shops that retail their creations, and pay from a hundred and fifty dollars upward for a gown. The second buy the fifteen and twenty-five dollar dresses which are mass-produced by the manufacturers—fantastic up-to-the-minute Paris styles at zero prices.

As a matter of fact, the manufacturers are so avid, so alert, so prying, so insatiable in seizing the designs of the great dressmakers and copying them—and thereby making them nearly worthless—that many extremely talented dressmakers shun publicity like poison.

There are two little dressmakers. One started in business for herself several years ago and she made things that were very neat and prim but which did not go; they were too prim and old-maidish; the flat little bows were too flat. But then she got in another girl who had just the flare and boldness that she lacked, and together their work sold like hot cakes.

And yet they do not want it generally known how good they are. Why? Because they sell to a score of the best retail shops in the country. If they have publicity, the manufacturers will steal their things almost before they are finished. In a trice there will be cheap copies of their work all over. They will lose their customers, the exclusive shops.

"They live in constant fear of discovery," says a buyer who knows them. "Every day they expect to find some manufacturer has insinuated a brother-in-law or a cousin into their fitting room. They are remarkably talented. They study the tendency and they will even prognosticate Vionnet and Chanel and others. I have often known them to produce something that Patou and Chanel will do next year."

Today the most expensive dress is about seven hundred and fifty dollars, but fifteen or twenty years ago a dress sometimes cost two thousand dollars. This was in that other period before 1915, when dresses were constructed for permanence and when the jewels, the lace, the cloth, the workmanship in them were of tremendous intrinsic value. But a modern dress costs several hundred dollars, not because of the value of its material or workmanship but because it was designed by a genius. It is like an original drawing.

The Clash of Colors

The old-fashioned dressmakers had certain precepts. One was that, just as no gentleman should dance as well as the dancing master, no gentlewoman shculd dress as well as the manikin. Another was: No gentlewoman should walk out of the house pinning on her veil, putting on her gloves or buttoning her coat. Ladies should not give the outside world a view of a lady performing the last rites of her toilet. But now carelessness, insouciance, off-handness is the thing, though still the rule that a glove should never be tight, a stocking should never be loose, holds.

The old-fashioned dressmakers had rules about colors; blondes should not wear this, brunettes, that. Young women should wear certain colors; stout women, certain colors, refined women, certain colors. Elderly women should never wear pink. Do you remember how in Little Women, one young lady revenged herself on another by wearing a green dress to a party where her rival was going to wear blue? The idea was that the fearful clash these colors made would spoil any dress.

But now there are no rules about colors. They have all been broken by great dressmakers as well as great painters. Color dissonances are sought for. Negresses who like raw pink and poison green against their beige or mole-colored or café-au-lait skins, have given great dressmakers many ideas. The rules for tall women, short women, bad women, good women, mothers, grandmothers are all thrown overboard. All the time there is change; and change every month.

But complaint about changing styles is in vain. About 1919 some dress reformers fought against it with what they considered the most sensible, irresistible weapons: They invented a dress which when turned one way was a street dress and turned inside out, presto!—became an evening dress. You see? One dress for everything.

But they overlooked the fact that mass production makes dresses so cheap that women can now buy clean, new, interesting dresses often. The rapid turnover makes the styles kaleidoscope swiftly; all of which not only makes the world more bright and interesting but has successively improved women's clothes in a few years until they are so light, hygienic, comfortable, that for the first time in centuries there is probably no dress reform and no need of it. We should also remember that in civilizations full of the exciting interaction of ideas, there are rapid changes in costumes. The Arabs dress almost exactly as they did two thousand years ago.

At the moment suddenly skirts are shown long; belts around the waist and tight. We are told that dresses will trail the streets again; there will be trains, muffs, bustles and corsets. One cause of it is economic. The textile trade has been working for long skirts for years—for dresses that required more cloth.

But however it is, it causes a great to-do among dressmakers' clients.

"Mrs. W comes to me," said a dressmaker whose tastes are poetical. "Well, she is all the things that I dislike: Plucked eyebrows, shaved neck. She put on an old dress of hers to show me how it must be altered. It was flesh-colored chiffon at the top so as to make it look much more décolleté than it could legitimately be. And when Mrs. W stands before the mirror she would *bouché* her mouth—the French word *'bouché'* describes so wonderfully that kind of mouth; that is, she purses it and pushes it forward when she looks at herself in the mirror.

"'I'm crazy about this dress,' she says. 'This is the kind of dress that men love!'

"Then I began telling her the facts. First I read her a lecture on her figure. She has been working on her figure for the past several years and has achieved what she thought was the smart figure, which all of a sudden is now something quite different. She had made herself flat, boxlike. Flat behind; flat before. You could almost see the edges at each corner, like a pencil box, though she was not, you understand, slim and limber, but rather, somewhat stocky. Then to accommodate her figure to the dresses that have just gone out of style—which did not go in at the waist at all but were belted just below the hips, she had worn a tight rubber girdle around the hips so that her waist was thick and had a roll of flesh around it, known in our business as a spare tire. As for flat chests: Fifteen years ago fashion permitted women to have a bust but it had to be firmly encased in stiff cloth of some sort, buckram, and so on, and women had to be mono-busted—that is, to seem to have only one breast instead of two. For if it was apparent through a gown that there were two, this was shocking. Then after the war women had to be flat-chested.

"'But this year,' I said to Mrs. W, 'your body must be rounded and not so square. *Fausse maigreur* is the thing; slim around the waist. And you must have breasts.

"She gasped. She had worked so hard to make herself as flat and square as a policeman.

"'Have you seen the new corsets?' I asked. No, she hadn't. 'Well, you must get one,' I said. 'They are without a bone in them, of fitted fabric and they mold the whole body into the new figure which is slim-waisted and yet free and natural, like the Victory of Samothrace.'"

Who Changes the Styles?

"I told her about the manikins I had just seen at Blank's in New York, young lyrical girls, their long slim legs swathed in fussy skirts and their beautiful firm bodies showing clearly through the tight silk—flat, muscular stomachs and high nymph-like breasts.

"'But my goodness!' she cried. 'That's the regular uncorseted figure!'

"'Yes,' I said. 'But women like you who drink cocktails cannot have it. You are all too podgy. You must have the new corset for this season's things.'

"'Where can I get one?'

"I told her. They cost a hundred and fifty dollars."

Who causes these changes, the dressmakers or the public? Heaven knoweth, but probably it is the latter. For of all the bait that the competing dressmakers throw out, the public selects what it wants, and so that determines how women will look.

No doubt the greatest French dressmakers often gnash their teeth in private, seeing the fashions they had hoped to set rolling dwindle and disappear and there begin an uncontrollable avalanche of something else. They must start, these avalanches, with individuals: A careless French countess wears her pajamas on the beach, or pearls playing tennis, or a French sailor's cotton sweater. It has probably always been this way and it is very mysterious. Saint-Simon in his description of the court of Louis XIV tells

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This page is for Champion Spark Plug Dealers

But you may find it interesting

(This is one of a series of sales bulletins from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Intended, of course, for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in The Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

Advertising can accomplish a great deal, but it cannot enjoy the advantage which you enjoy of face-to-face contact with motor car owners.

You can do more than we can to convince your customers that Champion Spark Plugs will insure better car performance.

We would ask you, therefore, to impress upon them as earnestly as you can, our sincerity in urging them to put this promise of better performance through Champions to a practical test.

Do not hesitate to urge a customer to make a change if by any chance he may be using some other spark plug.

You not only assume no risk in persuading him to make this trial, but you will be making a permanent customer and friend.

Indeed, with a customer who is already a Champion user and does not fully realize the advantages he enjoys, you might almost go to the length of suggesting that he take out his Champions and substitute some other plug, in order that he can see for himself.

What Champions will do you already know; and we again urge you to impress their superior qualities upon your customer.

Tell him the plain facts as you know them—how Champions do enable the engine to produce greater power, how they make it more smooth and snappy, quicker on the trigger and better on the hills.

Explain to him how Champions assure this better performance. Tell him about Sillimanite, the most perfect insulator in the world, because Nature herself provides it; how Sillimanite prevents the escape of the least bit of electrical energy and always sends a fat, hot spark across the points; how it resists pitting and burning and carbon deposits, and is practically unbreakable.

Tell him the simple fact that all spark plugs—even Champions—should be changed every 10,000 miles, at the least, to insure the best performance, because today's high speed, high compression engines are harder than ever on spark plugs.

You are interested in your customer's satisfaction and the better performance of his car almost as much as he is.

Both you and he want the best performance he can get. You can help him by impressing on him why he should use Champions. He will thank you for it.

Make use of the facts you have and you will be doing all your customers a real service.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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CHAMPION TRADE MARK

A PLEDGE OF FAITH BY DODGE

BROTHERS

To the many hundreds of thousands of Dodge owners throughout the world, whose enthusiastic patronage has been a source of constant inspiration for more than fifteen years, Dodge Brothers take this occasion to renew their pledge of faith. In the future, as in the past, Dodge Brothers will zealously guard the high principles that have caused their every accomplishment to earn increasing good will, and their name to become a synonym for dependability and integrity everywhere.

Dodge Cars which are now on display by Dodge Brothers dealers everywhere and which will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows this year, uphold every tradition of Dodge Brothers dependability.

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how the Duchess of Shrewsbury came to Paris:

A fat masculine creature, more than past the meridian, who had been beautiful and affected to be so still. All her manners were that of a mad thing. But she became the fashion. She soon declared the women's headdresses were ridiculous, as indeed they were. They were edifices of brass wire, ribbons, hair and all sorts of tawdry rubbish, more than two feet high, making women's faces seem in the middle of their bodies. The King could not endure them, but master as he was of everything, was unable to banish them. They lasted for ten years and more despite all he could do or say. But the fat duchess, she declared against them and they were gone almost overnight from extremely high, to an extreme lowness.

"In spite of what masculine moralists say," said a philosophizing dressmaker, "personal vanity should be cultivated. More people in the world should want passionately to look handsome; and they should work at it!

"And those women who think that there is something morally splendid in looking a fright and that it is a sure sign of intellect, I have discovered, are simply compensating for the fact that they are not bright enough, have not imagination enough to dress well.

"Men think women's clothes are silly. But it is now men's clothes that are silly with their layer on layer of unwashable dust-laden wool. Did you read what Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the great English surgeon, said?"

She went to look for the newspaper clipping, hastening through her beautiful shop of mulberry velvet, mirrors and silver, wending her way among the manikins—the tall Miss Sophie, the red-haired Miss Nina, the black-browed Miss Henriette.

Then she came hurrying back with the clipping from the newspaper, which she read aloud to me.

"The women of the present day are much wiser than the men since they have accustomed themselves to wear a minimum of clothing. The less we cover up the body and the lighter the covering, the more robust and healthy it is.

"Women are infinitely less slaves of fashion than men and they display a marvelous capacity, almost chameleon-like, in struggling to appear to the greatest advantage and to enjoy a vigorous healthy life. With all this supreme effort on their part, men complain and criticize them, when they are doing their utmost to please men by making life gay and bright for them and by discarding the gloominess, frowsiness and dullness of the Victorian Age.

"Now doesn't that sound sensible for a man?" said this dressmaker.

BOOK VALUES OR MAN VALUES?

(Continued from Page 25)

good; one day all is good and the next day all is bad. And common sense tells us that things are never all rosy and also never all bad and getting worse.

For several years a fairly large number of our fellow citizens have been, each in his or her own fashion, diligent students of security prices. Quite a number have learned that guessing prices is, taken as a means of livelihood, easily "the most laborious form of acquisitive enterprise." Some of them have merely bought and sold quotations, but others have gone more deeply into the subject and gained what seemed to be important information on book values and earning powers, usually to the end of finding good reasons for sustaining as a bargain any price they paid for stock. If the price happened to be 500 per cent or so above the book value, then it could be shown that the books were most conservatively kept and that the disclosed values were very much less than the actual values. If this failed, one might shift to earnings, and if these failed, then one might always discount the limitless future. As they were making these calculations and checking up the validity of their figures, they saw the price of one favorite stock shrink from more than $4,000,000,000 to a total market value of somewhat more than $1,500,000,000; they saw another go from slightly less than $700,000,000 to slightly less than $200,000,000; they saw many other extraordinary declines. But all the while their carefully calculated book values remained just as true as ever they had been. And thus there is an inclination to regard a book value as something of high importance—except when you need it. That is just true enough to color the whole truth. For, although prices will in the long run be determined by intrinsic worth, the price at any moment is only what someone will pay, and he may not at that moment be considering worth. All of which is exactly equivalent to saying that the best way to catch a bird is to put salt on its tail.

Absentee Management

Determining the value of any corporation for investment purposes by examining annual reports or intangible assets is just as useful and entertaining a pastime as chasing birds with a salt shaker, if the sums gained are taken as values of themselves instead of indications of other values. Those other values are all human values, and in the end it is the human values that determine all other values.

Take the case of Harvey Firestone in 1920. Through 1919 and the early part of 1920 business everywhere was booming. Not only that but also it seemed to be automatic.

Mr. Firestone rented a house in England. "For," as he told me, "it was in 1919–1920 that the presidents and other high officers of companies began to get the idea that they needed rest and recreation, and plenty of it. An executive felt embarrassed if discovered within a thousand miles of his job—for of course a good executive always delegated his duties! Really, there was no managing or selling during those two years.

"We had borrowed $35,000,000 through note brokers, and we had contracted for very large amounts of rubber and fabric. The word had gone around in the tire industry that the man who could get fabric would get the business. We had never made long contracts ahead for fabric, but that year we made several three-year contracts, and of course at high prices—everything was at high prices."

Getting the Tires Onto the Roads

"The sales went on fairly well through June, but in July, when the sales should have been especially good, the stock began to back up on us, and then the officers at home began to cable to me. With sales slowing down, the factories going at full speed, and materials under contract coming in, they could not make ends meet. I did not pay much attention to these cables. I knew that we were in for it, anyway, and that it would be a good thing to have a little vacation while I might.

"I was on my way to Paris for a short trip when I received a cable that I could no longer put aside. It said that sales had absolutely stopped, that the officers had borrowed money everywhere they could and did not know how to hold out longer; I must return at once. I finished my trip and took the next steamer home.

"The company officers were all on the dock to greet me, and they might have looked more doleful, but I cannot imagine how. We went uptown, had luncheon, and they told me the worst. They owed $43,000,000, and no bank would lend a penny more; the factory was running, but there were no sales; the commercial paper was falling due and they had no money to take it up with; and the contract materials were coming in and they could not pay for them. As a last resort, they had pledged the rubber on what are known as 'certificates of importation.' Our company's case, as they put it, seemed hopeless. They were hopeless.

"Ours was not an impossible situation. Situations are only as impossible as one makes them. The sales organization had not been working for a long time. Orders had been handed to them, and they had got so soft that when real action was needed they did not have it in them to take action. They saw only closed doors everywhere, and had not the nerve to open them.

"The situation did not frighten me. It put new life into me. I saw the opportunity to do more business than we had ever done, but first the inertia of the sales force had to be overcome.

"I wired for all the branch and district managers to come in. They were a cheerless-looking lot. What I said to them boils down to about this:

"'We are in the business of making and selling tires. The factory here is piled to the roof with unsold tires. All the branches are full of tires. And so are all your dealers. The public has not stopped using tires, but they are not going to buy at present prices. Our tires have to be turned into cash. There is only one way to do that, and that is to make such a big cut in prices that those tires will just have to sell.

"'Therefore, we are reducing all our prices 25 per cent. It is up to you men to show the dealers that it is better business to move their stocks than to hang on to them.

"'We have plenty of tires to sell them, and they will make more money by getting rid of their stocks at a loss and restocking at the new price, than they will by holding on to the tires they have, in the hope of getting clear on them.'"

And then started what Mr. Firestone describes as a fire sale. He sold $18,000,000 worth of tires in two months. In just four years he cleared off every dollar of indebtedness and transformed a company that for several months was probably insolvent into one of high stability. Translate that into book values. In May, 1920, with a great stock of rubber bought at high prices, the capital stock of the company on the most conservative accounting basis was worth a very great deal of money. In July, with the price of rubber diving into the cellar and with an immense number of apparently unsalable tires on hand, the book value of the stock was a minus quantity—the stock was worth less than nothing. Before the year was out the stock had a value. In four years it was worth far more than it had ever been. Of course one may talk wisely about conditions changing, and so on, but while the conditions were changing, the assets of the company would have been swept away, had it not been for one man. He did not stand out among his fellows in fair weather, but when the storm broke he was there. Unless book values are also man values, they are nothing at all.

A Deficit Instead of a Surplus

Take another case. A company in the Northwest was started by an experienced man at the beginning of this century and made slow but satisfactory progress until the war. Then, of course, it had a boom, but unlike so many other companies, the president did not lose his head, and in 1921 the company had accumulated a capital and surplus of nearly $4,000,000—at least the books showed those figures. But the company was always short of money, and finally it came out that it had been systematically deceived, and that instead of a surplus it had a deficit, and, if the creditors pressed, it would go under. The near failure broke the spirit of the father, but his son, just back from the war, took charge. The banks stood by and also gave some help. The young man saw that he could not make enough money out of the ordinary line; for that was a bulk business, requiring a large capital, and also the margin of profit was low. He carefully went over the business for years back and found which had been the most profitable side lines. These proved to be various specialties in which the company had worked up a reputation. On these he concentrated and, incidentally, did business on much less money than before. He kept all his charges down. By the end of 1924 he had a capital and surplus of nearly $6,000,000, and during that year earned more than $1,000,000, and he has been continuing at almost the same pace ever since.

It will be noted that both these examples are of what is called seasoned companies—that is, companies, which had passed the period of growing pains and had records of substantial achievement. Each company had ample assets up until something happened that was apparently beyond the control of the management, and which, overnight, destroyed the value of the assets. In the one case it was a perpendicular drop in the price of raw materials and in the other it was fraud. The point is that in each case the company at its critical moment was saved and eventually made stronger because it had a single, unlisted asset in the shape of a man. For a period of time that man was the only asset.

Guessing Statistically

Lately the country has been overrun by investment experts who, with calculating machines, have worked out the precise values of this or that investment.

In an oddly large number of cases they showed that the market price—no matter what it happened to be—was a low price, considering the assets, both revealed and hidden, and the present earning power as well as the prospects. Most of these men honestly believed that the results which they reached were correct, and staked their reputations on their findings. Every investment and banking house of repute maintains a statistical department, and they never bring out an issue of stocks or bonds without a thorough statistical study of the corporation, in addition to an engineering study; and yet, in spite of all this, or perhaps because of it, not a single stock has justified in its price the statistical predictions. An accountant has recently taken the offerings of a conservative and careful investment house for five years back and made the astonishing discovery that if a customer had put $1000 into each issue as it came out and held until now, he would have realized just one-eighth of one per cent on his money.

It is neither fair nor true to tie up stock-market prices with statistical competence, but it seems more than a coincidence that those who possessed what was supposed to be the very best statistical talent made just about as many mistakes in guessing prices as did the fellow who simply followed his nose. There were some notable exceptions.

Crop prices vary principally according to supply and demand, with sudden swings due to errors in estimating either supply or demand. But there is always a reason for a price, and that reason plus the emotions of the moment makes the price. An amount of human emotion enters into all speculation, and the interest rate has a considerable influence in the long-swing movement of both stocks and bonds, but without a few facts on which to start, it would seem impossible for the public to have made such tremendous errors during the last few years in estimating the price of securities. When silk collapsed after the war it was due to the discovery that instead of the country being short of silk, as everyone had supposed, there was actually more silk in

(Continued on Page 64)

Rudy VALLÉE says . . .

"PUT YOURSELF ACROSS"

America has lost her heart to him—this charming youth who thrills millions with his crooning voice so full of magnetism, pathos, life. What has he that others envy? Is it merely added energy, added physical "drive"?

"For that subtle 'added ounce' of energy I follow the simple advice of great physicians"

"How you feel has a lot to do with how people feel *about* you," says Rudy Vallée.

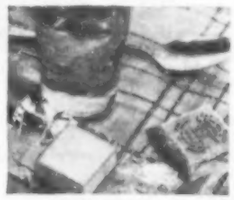
"Lots of folks handicap themselves by getting run-down—sluggish and out of order physically. Naturally they can't 'put themselves across.' They are *half sick.*

"When I was rehearsing for the Fleischmann Radio Hour I heard so much about yeast that I decided to try it. I was under a terrific strain—playing, singing, rehearsing, planning my talking, singing picture, 'The Vagabond Lover.' Well, what the famous physicians say about yeast certainly worked out in my case. It gave me just that 'added ounce' of energy I needed to keep fresh and 'on my toes.'"

A remarkable *food*, Fleischmann's Yeast brings you quick new energy by purifying and stimulating your whole digestive tract. Elimination becomes regular, *complete*. Appetite and digestion improve. Complexion troubles disappear.

Start today! You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

EAT THREE CAKES *of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, one before each meal or between meals, just plain or dissolved in water. Every cake now contains two vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D.*



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CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Now a Straight

Displays of the new De Soto Straight Eight and De Soto Six will be found on the main floor of the New York Automobile Show and in the Commodore Hotel lobby, January 4th to 11th.

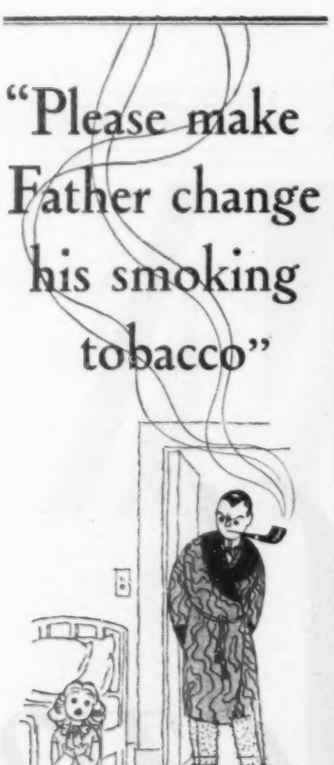
8 by DE SOTO

Priced Sensationally Low

The new Chrysler-built De Soto Straight Eight marks the fulfillment of an ideal to which Chrysler Motors engineers have given three years of unremitting effort. They have created a car capable of carrying into the field of straight eights, every Chrysler tradition of quality, beauty, comfort, safety, economy and performance—at a price well below that at which any straight eight worthy of comparison has ever been offered. The public will be quick to recognize in the new De Soto Straight Eight a motor car easily capable of attaining as sensational a success as that registered by its predecessor and companion car—the now famous De Soto Six.

One of the outstanding values of recent years, the De Soto Six continues as a pronounced leader among low-priced Sixes.

"Please make Father change his smoking tobacco"



MEN go to their graves, ignorant of the suffering an over-strong pipe has caused others. But now, we trust, Father will lose no time in discovering Sir Walter Raleigh, whose mild, fragrant blend is as popular with the smoked-at, as it is delightful to the smoker. This blend of choice Burleys has plenty of body and a very special fragrance. Yet it's so mild you can smoke it all day long, with only the sensation of increasing enjoyment.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

(Continued from Page 60)

storage than had ever before been in the country. Most of the boom prices after the war were products of an inflated currency working with supposed shortages. But no new facts with regard to corporations in general or with regard to the business of the country were disclosed to affect the statistical findings with respect to the prices of stocks. If the book values and earnings of leading stocks were ever true, they are true today. Either they were never true or they told only a part of the story, and that not the most important part. A certain amount of misrepresentation is always current, but on the whole the amount is negligible. Most of the figures arrived at were thought to mean something, and none lost quite so heavily as those who paid for having the figures compiled. The calculations were incomplete. That is the trouble. They omitted the single asset which makes or breaks the value of all the other assets that are so carefully tabulated. They omitted the man or management value.

Buying Men's Experience

No one who saw anything of the people who have been buying and selling stock in recent years could fail to be struck by the fact that rarely did he hear the name of an actual manager of a corporation mentioned. The talk about old stocks always had to do with who was buying or selling them, while on new stocks it concerned the house bringing them out. It is doubtful if more than 10 per cent of the speculators—and many of the speculators thought that they were investing and not speculating—knew the name or record of the man who headed the company whose stock they were buying. The exceptions were in those stocks which bore the name of the company president. But their names were used more to denote their companies than their managerial ability. The really potent names were those of speculators.

But if one goes among the larger bankers and the heads of large corporations who have money of their own and of their corporations to invest, the whole character of the conversation changes. One leaves the field of statistics and enters the field of men. One hears: "Smith is doing well with that company." One never hears: "The Smith Company stock is selling at twenty times its earnings." And I doubt if I have ever heard a really seasoned investor mention book value. The really great bankers never back statistics. They back men and use the figures to see how the men are doing. They use exhaustive figures chiefly to demonstrate why it is not proper for them to go into something which they do not want to go into. And it is the firms that back men and not figures which, at the end of any boom, are bailing out the firms which followed the figures and for a time made money so fast that they did not bother about men.

"I never," said a man who has invested many millions for his company and for himself, and has the reputation of being one of the most skilled investors in the country, "buy into any company where I do not know all about the management. I never buy figures or earnings. I buy the experience of men. If the market price happens to be high, I do not buy their stocks, for I will not buy any stock at a price where it yields me less than a government bond. But if I think the price is right, then I buy, put the securities away and forget about them until the management changes or until I think the market price is so high that I will sell, take my profit and wait around until the stocks are selling at a proper price. If the stocks go down I do not worry, for that gives me a chance to buy more. I do not get frightened if the company passes a dividend or has a bad year, for I know that the management is on the job and will learn from disaster. If I have made a wrong judgment, then I have made a wrong judgment. But always I back men and not figures, and it has paid."

There is ample reason behind this. In the very nature of things, every good company cannot have an unbroken record of success. It is bound to have good years and bad years. If the management is alert to the trend of the times and in touch with the progress of invention, there will come years in which earnings will be plowed back into sweeping changes to prepare against market developments that are in sight. One successful company for three years ceased to pay dividends, and it was thought to be in a bad way. But it was devoting all its resources to perfecting a machine for the automatic making of its product, and when that machine was completed the company had costs so low that it could have taken all the business in its field, had it not decided instead to lease to competitors the right to use its machine on a royalty basis.

The Value of Goodwill

None of the really important facts concerning a company shows in the balance sheet or in the income account. Therefore all the statistical calculations so carefully made are useful not in determining future worth but only in determining what the management has done in the past. The figures are expressed in dollars, but the dollars do not quite mean dollars. A company with a $20,000,000 plant may be worse off by $10,000,000 than a company with a $10,000,000 plant that exactly suits its business. And neither plant would bring its cost or reproduction price in the market, for the only purchaser would have to be a company going into exactly the same business. In these days of constant change, plants have to be charged off quickly or else the company will find itself in the antique business. But the best plant in the world is only a liability in the hands of the wrong people.

The most important of all assets is goodwill, which has been defined as "the probability that the old customers will resort to the old place." But goodwill is solely a matter of management; under bad management it vanishes very quickly. Earnings are not a sure criterion; the earnings may have come about in some exceptional manner and are to be looked on with great suspicion if they show a sudden bulge. For there are many and devious ways of showing earnings. Sometimes they come from speculating in commodities or even in securities. They may come from unusual earnings in some security held, or again they may show large because the company is not charging off enough to depreciation or to making ready for improvements. There is a great difference in corporate methods of bookkeeping, but even if a standard manner of bookkeeping existed and it were possible to compare corporations in an exact statistical manner, the situation would not be greatly changed, for the whole human picture would not come out.

No Statistics by Which to Judge

For no set of figures can show either the traditions of management or its versatility. Some of the older corporations have bound themselves by tradition, while others have the tradition of being always prepared. For instance, the General Electric Company is an extraordinary combination of engineers, scientists and business men, balanced by the man at the top; it has in itself the making of an engineering school, a research university and a plain money-making business, but by coördinating the three, it is ready for any development. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has the tradition that every division head must have worked up from the bottom and know all about his subject. General Motors would seem to be prepared against any eventualities in the business of automotive transport. The United Fruit Company has its three divisions of raising bananas, shipping and selling them, and no man can reach the head of a division unless and until he has demonstrated a complete knowledge of details as well as of policy from the ground up.

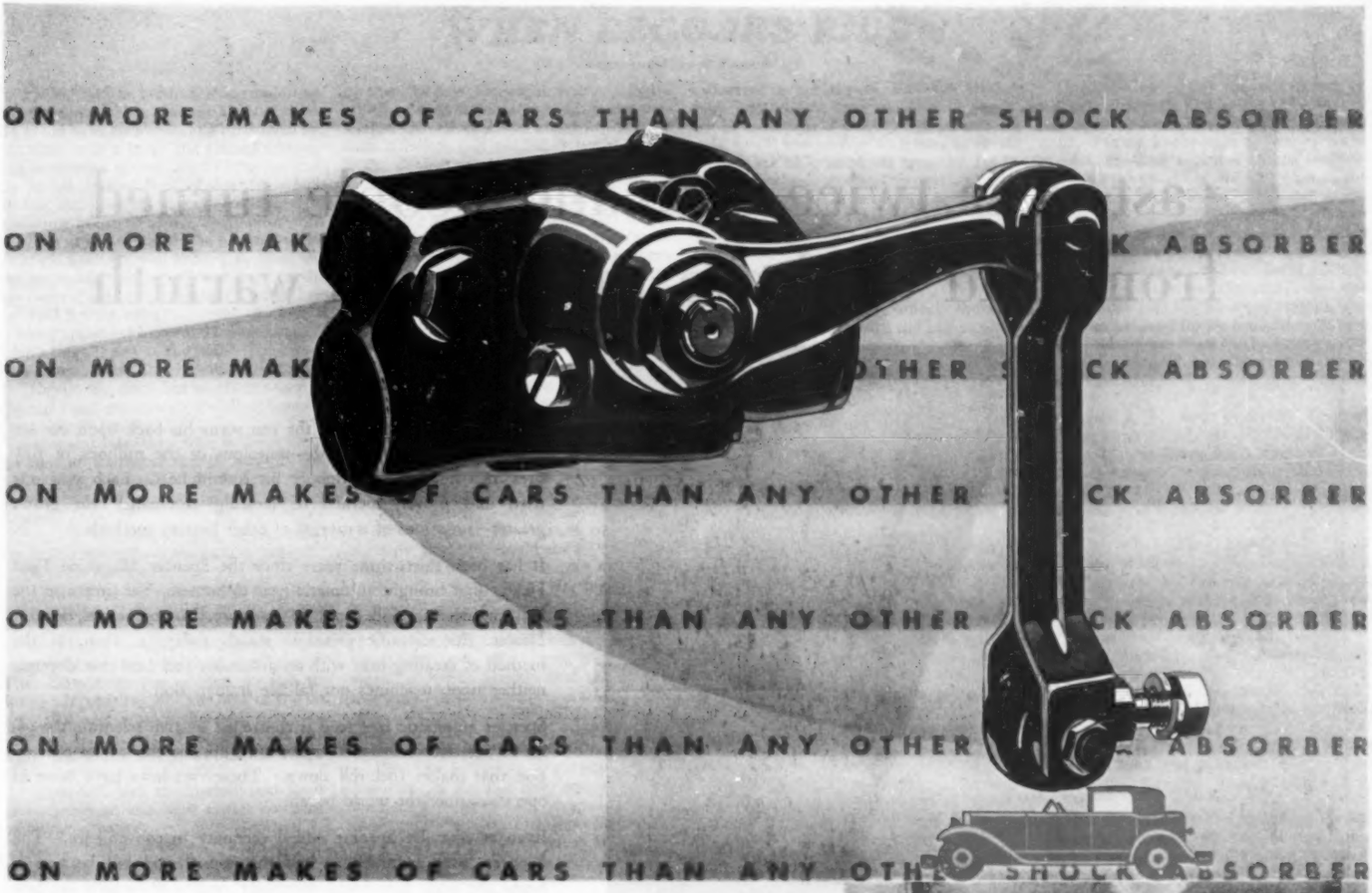
And thus one might go on through a long list of first-class corporations that have passed through storms and have gained, and passed through fair weather and have gained. And always one will find that these corporations are managed—they never drift. And the man at the top, as well as all the men under him, is on the job. There is no absentee management among successful corporations.

This would seem to exclude the smaller and younger corporations which are growing up headed by men who have great promise of ability. Some of them will come through and in the course of the years be leaders; others will prove to be but flashes in the pan.

But how can one judge management? That is the rub. One of these days statistics will be used to show the worth of management instead of the worth of things that have to be managed. For the time being, we keep the cart ahead of the horse. Until that time, perhaps the best available method for the inquiring investor is to learn something of the men who are running the country—with the full knowledge that all the new shining lights on the horizon are not quite what they seem to be. There are no sure things at the beginning, and even the supposedly sure things have their financial limits.

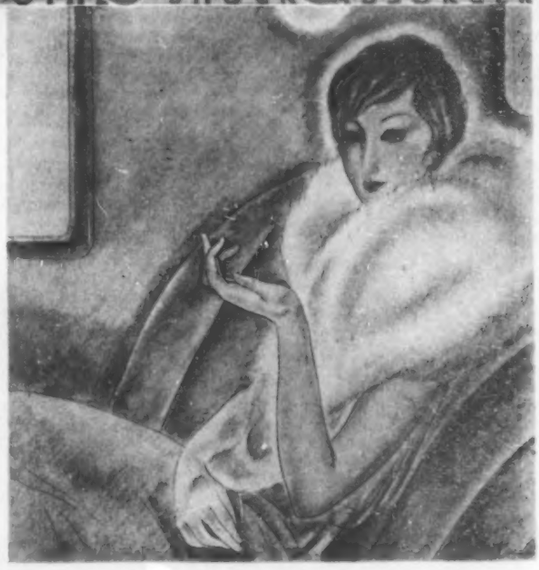
PHOTO, FROM E. L. FISHER AND ALASKA SS CO.

Sunrise, 1:30 A.M., From Cleary Summit, Alaska



LOVEJOY enters the new year even more firmly entrenched in the minds of builders and buyers of motor cars as the ultimate in shock absorbing equipment. As a result, more makes of cars will use Lovejoy Hydraulics as standard equipment in 1930 than any other absorber . . . which is easily proved by visiting the national or local Automobile Shows and noting the predominance of Lovejoy-equipped cars.

DELCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

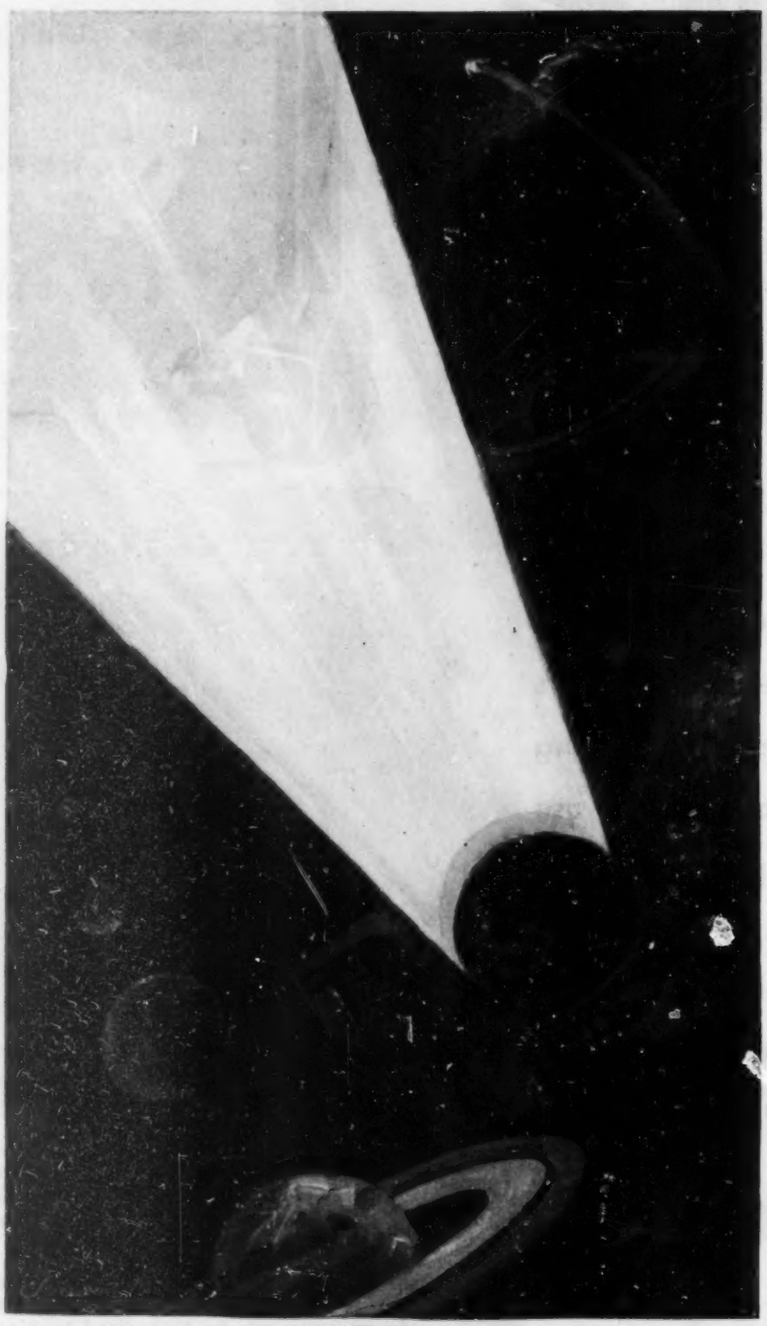


Lovejoy DUODRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS

Lovejoy Duodraulic (double-acting) Shock Absorbers are made in two types—the "opposed" type as featured above and the "V" type shown at the left.

Both Duodraulics and single-acting Hydraulics (shown at left) are serviced nationally by Authorized Lovejoy Distributors of United Motors Service.

Last year twice as many people turned from cold doubt to this certain warmth



Each year the sun turns his back upon our ice and snow and travels south—unjealous of the millions of tiny fires men light in imitation of his certain heat. Each year one tried and proven method of creating automatic heat grows greater—unjealous of a myriad of other heating methods.

It has been thirty-three years since the Spencer Magazine Feed Heater first brought automatic heat to homes. Yet time and the best engineering skill could do no more than refine the Spencer Heater. Its scientific principle stands today, as then, as the method of creating heat with an automatic fuel feed that depends neither upon machines nor fallible human skill.

Spencer automatic fuel feed is controlled by two scientific laws—the law of nature that makes fire burn up, and the law of gravitation that makes fuel roll down. These two laws have been in operation since the world began.

Even at first the Spencer added economy to convenience. The Spencer saves as much as half the annual fuel bill because it burns the small size fuels—especially anthracite—which are low in cost because ordinary heaters will not burn them satisfactorily. With the growing use of coke in Spencer Heaters, greater thousands have discovered that they can have clean and automatic heat in homes, at no more cost than with older and less healthful heating methods.

Constant improvement in design, greater savings and convenience have marked the progress of the Spencer Heater. As it grew in value it was accepted by more and more people. With increased distribution, its cost has continued to come down.

New styles, new sizes of Spencer Heaters are being introduced this year in both cast iron sectional and steel tubular types. They bring to the owner of any home, from cottage to mansion, the same savings and convenience that they provide in schools, churches, apartment houses and other large buildings.

This is an age of progress. Ingenious new devices appear so fast that many are obsolete before they are established. Inventive genius has created many devices designed to reduce the cost and trouble of securing heat. Last year twice as many people as ever before turned their backs upon cold doubt and new experiments, to accept the proven Spencer principle. This overwhelming public acceptance, better than any words, commends the convenience and economy of the Spencer, to new thousands of home owners to whom lowered prices now make it available. SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. *Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.*

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

(Continued from Page 21)

Jodhpurs, tight as her own skin from knee-cap to ankle, which aroused his adoration. He would have been content with that alone, but when with a laugh she refused a leg-up and unassisted sprang lightly into the saddle, he felt the first thrill of sheer joy which he had experienced in many a long day. Assuming her to be as well acquainted with the Bois as she was with the proprieties, he took his position well behind as they left the courtyard, but when she turned to the left instead of to the right, he called to her.

"Which way, miss?"

She stopped her horse and looked around. "Isn't this the way to the Bois? You know, I've never ridden here before."

"Excuse me, miss, but we always turn to the right and go through the alley, because the paving's roughed."

A moment later they were in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and he was piloting her across the traffic of the Boulevard Lannes to the Porte Dauphine. There he paused.

"Did I understand you right, miss? Have you never been in the Bois before?"

"Not on horseback."

"I'm asking because there's the three main routes. There's the *grande tournée* around the Auteuil track. That's the longest, but I wouldn't recommend it on account of the long stretch of metaled road. Then there's the turn around through the Reine Marguerite; but the best of the lot, if you ask me, is along this here Route des Poteaux all the way to the Boulogne gate and back along the Route de la Longue Queue by way of Bagatelle."

"Then let's pick the nicest," said Nona, and started off at a slow canter down the embowered path.

At each motor crossing he would come up to the rump of her horse to sound a warning, and again before each turn or fork to give a direction. She was entranced. Her anticipation of riding in a park had been tinged with scorn, but there was something about these varied woods, neither wild nor cultivated, which won her heart. They were not in conflict with the open plains of her native Texas Panhandle, because their essence was drawn from a wholly different source. Here was an intimate forest, if such a thing could be, and it amused her to think of the people as grazing with the deer, and looking up with friendly, uncurious eyes as she passed.

She was surprised at the long, uninterrupted stretches where she could let her mount go, but she was entranced when the high trees met over her head, splashing the ground with a network of dappled shadow. There was a softness in the clear air that made it pleasant to breathe, and she would slow down to fill her lungs as if with a healing elixir. Even so, it took only three-quarters of an hour to complete the round, and she turned to the old groom with a pleading smile.

"Couldn't we do it again? Would it take too long?"

"Not at all, miss. You can ride till sundown for all I care, but wouldn't you like to try one of the other routes?"

"No, no!" cried Nona. "I want to do the same one over again. Nothing could possibly be lovelier."

During the next few days she changed her horse more than once, but never her guide, and in due course he showed her every one of the possible paths through the Bois. When she had learned them all she returned to her first love, and since it had grown familiar, she began to wish she might ride alone. The impeccable James was the best of mentors, but he certainly was not good company, and it irked her to feel him eternally tagging along like a drag anchor. But when it came to the point of dismissing him, she simply did not dare face the crushing weight of his disapproval.

Nothing of interest happened during the first four rides beyond the occasional admiring glance of a passing horseman, but on the fifth day she caught sight of a figure which seemed familiar even after she persuaded herself that she could never have seen it before. It reminded her of somebody, denied remembrance, and then reminded her of the same somebody again. She rode up as close as possible without suggesting she wished to pass, and it was only after an interval of several minutes that she was able to condense her vague impressions and focus them to the point of recognizing Mr. Herring.

Though he wore a heavy tweed jacket instead of the gray flannels of the night of the dinner party, he was hatless, and consequently she was amazed that recognition should have been so long delayed. Perhaps it was because he was the last person she would have expected to find riding in the Bois. In her surprise she had brought her horse to a standstill, but now she urged him forward and rode at a canter after the disappearing figure.

"Mr. Herring!" she cried. "Mr. Herring!" He must have heard, but he did not turn around. Could she be mistaken? No, she was positive. She drew nearer and called out again, "Mr. Herring! Don't you hear me?"

Since by this time she had drawn abreast of him, he could not help but know he was being addressed. He turned his head and stared at her so blankly that she brought her horse down to a walk and then to a full stop. Evidently he felt obliged to do the same, and there they sat, staring at each other with widely diverse emotions. As she realized that he genuinely did not know her from Eve, a flood of color swept up from her neck into her cheeks, her eyes grew suddenly moist, and her lips began to tremble.

"I'm sorry," she murmured and started to turn.

"Wait a minute," he commanded. "It's Miss Brent, isn't it? Yes, I've got it now—Miss Nona Brent."

"It was about time," remarked Nona, her eyes hardening as swiftly as they had softened. "Do you often sit across the table from somebody through dinner and actually not know them again?"

"Often," replied Mr. Herring. "Not nine times out of ten, perhaps, but certainly three out of five."

"Are you always rude, or is this just a hang-over from the first time you saw me?"

"Was I rude? I didn't intend to be—not particularly. It was just the truth. Do you remember everybody you meet?"

"Perhaps not," said Nona thoughtfully; "but when I don't, it's a sort of slap in the face."

"Not guilty," declared Herring, looking at her with a glimmering of appreciation. "Do you know you are a swell-looking kid in that get-up? Or perhaps it's the way you sit your horse. If I were you I'd arrange always to be seen in the saddle, and then you could be sure that nobody would ever forget you, even for a minute."

"That's better," said Nona, her face brightening in prompt response to commendation. "You see I took your advice."

"What advice?"

"I didn't borrow this horse; I hired him."

"Oh."

She looked at Herring's mount critically. "But I wish you'd tell me from what stable you got that one."

For the first time he smiled. "I didn't. I borrowed him, and that only goes to show how hard it is to practice what you preach."

He started to ride, and his manner of doing so suggested that, had he been wearing a hat, he would have tipped it in farewell. But since he was not wearing a hat, it never entered Nona's head dismissal might be intended, and she proceeded to accompany him as a matter of course. Contentment oozed from her far less subtly than from a flower, but with an almost equal appeal to the senses. She did not need to talk to show her happiness, nor was there anything awkward in her silence, and the farther they rode the less conscious was Herring of her as a burden.

It would not be fair to Nona, however, to say that he ignored her presence, for he sensed it vaguely as something rather pleasant, and it was only when they came to the end of the circuit that he awoke to the necessity of getting rid of her. He turned, summoned the groom with a nod, and told him to take charge of his mistress through the traffic.

"Yes, sir," said James, quickly touching the rim of his bowler with the handle of his crop.

Nona looked at Herring in surprise. "Aren't you coming too?"

"No," he replied. "I stable here."

"Where?" demanded Nona, gazing around blankly. But for reply he only nodded toward the club stables behind the Pavillon Dauphine. Her eyes remained blank. She hesitated, and then asked, with a faint tinge of color, "Can't we ride together again?"

Herring colored also, but it was with annoyance at being forced to an answer. Then something in the limpidity of her eyes, something irrepressibly young and unspoiled, softened him so that his manner changed abruptly. "It's hard to say offhand, Miss Brent. I never know when I can snatch an hour to ride."

"Oh," said Nona, the light going out of her face. "Well, good-by."

To his own surprise, he felt actual contrition. "What time do you usually ride?" he asked.

She frowned for an instant. "At ten," she said. "But sometimes it's at eleven," she added quickly, "and once in a long while it's in the afternoon."

"Thank you," said Herring, his eyes twinkling, and backed away.

Again James touched his hat with deference as he sidled his horse up to Nona to pilot her across the traffic into the Avenue du Bois. He seized the occasion to speak to her. "See that sort of summer-house, miss?" he asked with a backward nod.

"Yes," she answered absently, only half turning her head.

"If you could make up your mind whether it's morning or afternoon you're going to ride, you could meet me there. That's what most of 'em do, to save slipping on the greasy asphalt."

"I'll remember," said Nona. "Let's say at ten o'clock tomorrow morning unless I telephone."

She rode all the way to the stables in a thoughtful silence. Mr. Herring was beginning to get on her nerves. She was surer than ever she didn't like him, and yet found it impossible to dismiss him from mind. What business had he riding by far the best saddler she had seen in the Bois that morning, not with the precision of a groom but with the ease of a man to whom any horse is merely an incident? How dared he accept her company with reluctance, and why on earth should the punctilious James have treated him with such unwarranted respect?

That, at least, was one question she could have answered without delay, and she led up to it upon dismounting.

"You know the gentleman who was riding with me, James?"

"No, miss; never saw him before."

"Then why ——"

She broke off, turned listlessly, and left the stable yard. Her mother had wanted her to use the car for the little journey to and from the house, but Nona had refused from the first. She enjoyed the short walk. She liked to loiter along, staring into all sorts of windows, picking up a curio one day, ordering some flowers the next, and taking a sort of vague comfort in the fact that, to Paris, a pretty girl in outlandish riding togs remains quite simply a pretty girl and not a curiosity.

On the following day she rode at ten, on the next at eleven, and on the third at four in the afternoon. In spite of the pleasure she had taken in the walk to and from the stables, she had accepted James' suggestion. Charles had begun driving her to the kiosk at the Porte Dauphine, where supercilious grooms walked their blanketed mounts up and down while waiting for their masters and gazed critically at any newcomer. The change had produced at least one gain. On the first morning James was ten minutes late for the appointment, but made no excuses, for he brought with him a far better horse than she had yet ridden.

"Why, James," exclaimed Nona, "this mare's a beauty. Where on earth did you find her?"

"I had a job, and no error," declared James with his nearest approach to elation; then he lowered his voice: "She's private, miss. The gentleman that owns her has gone to the country and turned his horses over to be rented where they'd take no harm."

"Who is he?" asked Nona.

James dropped his raucous voice to a whisky whisper: "I'm not supposed to say, but between you and me, it's one of these here foreign princes."

"Not Prince Melancours?"

"I never said it, miss, but how did you know?"

"So he's left for the country, has he?" murmured Nona thoughtfully. "Well, that's that!"

"Yes, miss," muttered James, at a total loss. "Thank you, miss."

V

THE romanticism of the young is hard to cure. In spite of her outward calm, Nona was conscious of a decidedly pleasant inner thrill at the thought that the first echo from her mother's titan battle should have issued from the mouth of a livery groom. Simultaneously came the revelation that what had depressed her, putting her at odds with her available world and setting her nerves on edge, had been nothing more or less than doubt as to the final issue.

Though she had never formed it in words, the question hovering at the back of her mind had been as to whether or not her mother had really won out—whether her triumph was not destined to sour into a Pyrrhic victory at best. Melancours having fled the town with the season only half over, that doubt was now set at rest, and it did not occur to her that since she had withdrawn from all her habitual contacts, there was nothing extraordinary in her getting the cheering news from James. Her elation, which had started so calmly, grew and grew, but upon reaching home that day she had been careful not to betray it.

"Your friend, Prince Melancours, has flown the coop," she stated laconically.

But Mrs. Brent had only nodded and answered quickly, "Yes; I know," with a finality which put a period to the subject.

She had the air of one who, though reassured, is still wary, still awaiting some ultimate confirmation, and in the meantime prefers to avoid the counting of half-hatched chickens. But Nona herself had sailed clear of the doldrums into pleasant, rippling water. The sensitive sources within her had sprung into life. They coursed tingling through her veins and gave her the sensation of something singing inside.

Her mood held over into the third day, the first on which she rode in the afternoon, and received a further impulse by a sudden meeting with Herring. She came upon him head on, just at a fork in the way, so that in the confusion as to which direction she was about to take, he was forced to bring his horse to an abrupt halt, and it fell naturally that she should follow suit.

"Hullo!" he remarked, not ungraciously.

(Continued on Page 70)

ALL NON-FERROUS ALUM AS A BASE

LYNITE PISTONS ARE MADE

Manufactured by the ALUMINUM COMPANY

PISTONS HAVE

I N U M

» » 8 out of 10 car manufacturers use aluminum pistons because they reduce vibration to a minimum, are lighter, give greater fuel economy and a cooler motor with less carbon. » » The result is greater speed—more pulling power—quicker acceleration—less wear on cylinders and bearings. » » Below is a list of cars which have non-ferrous pistons. These cars may be seen at the New York Automobile Show:—

AUBURN	ELCAR	HUDSON	NASH	ROLLS-ROYCE
CHRYSLER	ESSEX	JORDAN	PACKARD	ROOSEVELT
DU PONT	FORD	KISSEL	PEERLESS	STEARNS
DE SOTO	FRANKLIN	LINCOLN	PIERCE-ARROW	STUDEBAKER
DODGE	GARDNER	LOCOMOBILE	PLYMOUTH	STUTZ
DURANT	GRAHAM-PAIGE	MARMON	REO	WHIPPET
DUESENBERG		MOON		WILLYS-KNIGHT

From 1929 Statistical issue Automotive Industries

OF ALCOA ALUMINUM

of AMERICA, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 67)

"How do you do," said Nona, her eyes shining. "You've put me to a lot of trouble."

"How's that?" he demanded.

"I tried riding at ten, then at eleven, but now I've found you out. It seems you ride at four in the afternoon."

"Just an accident," he assured her. "I haven't been out since I saw you last. Where did you borrow the horse?"

"It isn't a horse and it isn't borrowed. It's a mare, and I'm paying fifty francs a throw as usual."

"Congratulations," said Herring. "I'm sure you'll have a good ride."

Nona's face fell. "Don't be horrid," she begged. "Do you really mind me tagging along? Because if you do you'll have to say it straight out to make me believe it."

"You're a frank kid, aren't you?" he mused aloud, looking her over speculatively. "If you ever sat in at a game of poker you'd lose your shirt."

"What's that got to do with whether I ride with you or not?" demanded Nona unabashed.

"There you go!" he laughed. "Nothing—nothing at all. And now I'll answer you. I do and I don't mind. I don't pretend to equal your frankness, but I'm trying. The other day I quite enjoyed having you along. I didn't realize it at the time, but afterward I got to thinking about it and I was surprised to find you hadn't been a nuisance."

"That's frank," admitted Nona. "Well, go ahead and ride by your lonesome," she added, whirling the mare. But as she did so she called over her shoulder, "Be natural, and selfish, and stuck-up, but try taking your mind off yourself long enough to think of something pleasant. Good-by."

"Wait a minute," cried Herring, urging his horse after her. "If you feel really nasty, that's different, because I feel like spitting and clawing myself."

"I'm tired of chasing you," declared Nona angrily. "You can go to the devil."

She jabbed her heels into the ribs of her mount. The mare sprang forward at a full gallop and took the paved road leading from Neuilly to the Muette at a foolhardy pace, but Herring after a moment managed to get to her flank and stay there. They rushed recklessly toward the Boulogne gate and he began to frown. As they approached the broad Allée de Longchamp, he first checked his horse, then raced forward, reached for the mare's reins, and brought her to a slithering stop. Simultaneously there was a screech of brakes on the paved road before them.

"Hands off, please," said Nona sharply. "I can take care of myself."

Amid the ejaculations of the outraged occupants of the motor car, they proceeded to cross. Herring had not bothered to answer, as his justification for interference had been too apparent, but he had his reward when he stole a glance at her white face.

She wasn't frightened, he decided, so much as hopping mad at herself, and the realization gave him joy. What a glorious little animal she was, anyway, healthy as a grass-fed colt and tough as whipcord. If she tried any more funny business he would let her go. The mare might get killed, but he was confident she herself would land safely on all fours like a cat.

However, Nona had learned her lesson. When, still riding in defensive silence, they issued from the Longue Queue to cross the Reine Marguerite, it was she who first noticed an oncoming motor car. She brought the mare to a quick halt, but the chauffeur, trained to the courtesy of the Bois, stopped to let the horsemen pass. There was a moment of hesitation during which Nona's attention was drawn to the occupant of the open automobile. She recognized at once the well-known features of Miss Laura Dumont and, to her surprise, saw her toss a friendly nod of recognition to Herring. It was all over in a moment; James caught up, and the horses moved forward, soon to resume their canter.

A tiny frown gathered on Nona's brow and gradually deepened. Presently she slowed down to a walk. "That was Miss Laura Dumont, wasn't it?" she asked unnecessarily.

"Yes," said Herring. "Know her?"

"Not exactly. I recognized her because we crossed once on the same boat." She paused, and then continued meaningly, "She's another lone wolf, another stuck-up always by herself, walking up and down by the hour, and then hiding away in her rooms for her meals."

"Ever speak to her?" asked Herring curiously.

"No, never."

"But you'd have liked to?"

"Well, perhaps. Yes, I would."

"Why didn't you?"

"I guess I hadn't the nerve."

"That shows how dangerous it is to jump at conclusions without an atom of proof. If you had, you'd have found her one of the kindest-hearted people alive."

"Like you?" asked Nona.

He looked at her coldly. "Cat."

Again they rode in silence at the same slow pace, and when Nona finally turned her head to resume the conversation, her face was as cheerful as if his last remark had been an endearing epithet.

"What's your name—I mean, your first name?" she asked, and it seemed to her that he had to think for an instant before he answered.

"Red."

"Red—r-e-d?" she spelled, frowning.

"Yes," he answered shortly.

"Then that makes Red Herring." Her mare stopped and his horse followed suit in sympathy. "Red Herring," she repeated pensively. "Now where have I heard that before?" She looked up at him. "You're a liar."

"All men ——" he began.

"I know the rest," she interrupted, "so don't go on. Your name isn't Herring at all. You're so very clever, you're too clever. Do you suppose I've never heard of drawing a red herring across a trail?"

He was annoyed and did not trouble to hide it, and feeling his cheeks flushing, his anger broadened to include himself. He met her eyes brazenly. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Ask your real name."

"'Hussy' is a good old word, and you're it," he replied in his deceptively mild tone. "You accost me, drag me in out of the street, make me overeat, introduce me to a flock of popinjays with their trained hens, chase after me in the park, try to break your neck where I'd get splashed with the blood, call me a liar—which I am—and then you have the nerve to ask me my real name. I don't want to tell you my name. If I'd itched to have you know it I'd have brought it around and had one of your flunkies carry it up to you on a platter."

Nona's face presented a study of kaleidoscopic transformation. First, it expressed open-mouthed amazement, then startled admiration, and finally annoyance, anger and fury in rapid crescendo. But following fury it appeared to break into little pieces; it actually seemed to lose form, to dissolve, and she burst into tears as suddenly as if she had been struck with a whip.

James, who had been cowering in the background, rode up. "I say, sir!" he protested hoarsely.

"Shut up," commanded Herring, and returned his attention to Nona. "Now come, egg, dry those tears. I thought you were tough—really I did—and however brutal my instincts, I simply can't stand seeing you cry."

"Then go away," sobbed Nona. "Go away! I wish I had broken my neck."

"Please, now. What difference does it make what you call me? Listen, I didn't come over here to see the sights or join the merry merry-go-round: I'm not even one of the clowns. What I mean is, I'm not in Paris for my health. If I was, probably I'd have wrapped my arm around your neck long ago and given you a double ride for your money."

Nona's tears stopped as abruptly as they had flowed and she stared at him with sudden interest. "Would you?"

"Probably," he qualified.

An odd feeling that she was seeing him for the first time came over her. While she had been crying, in the moment her eyes had been crinkled shut, something momentous had happened. Whether by reason of her own previous blindness or because he had somehow been stirred from within, he seemed changed—so changed that it was as though a veil had been lifted, disclosing a quite new face.

How could she ever have thought he wasn't good-looking! Everything had come alive at once—his gray eyes, his moist dark hair, his smoothly shaven skin, and above all, his humorously mobile lips. She perceived that he was clean—not washed clean, but clean like a living tree—and something else came at her out of him—power. With the mere flexing of the wrist of his rein hand she seemed to sense the pulsing of a power plant.

Her heart performed a strange evolution; first it swelled, then it rose and sank at the same time, down, down. Nothing like this had ever happened before—not to anybody—and it simply couldn't be. She had seen him three times, not by the minute but by the hour, and was she going to let the silly revelation of a moment wipe out the sober observation of many days? It couldn't be, because she wouldn't have it so.

He was ugly, and even if his clothes did hang on him with an inimitable air, they were ugly too. Besides, he was a brute. He rode roughshod over other people's feelings like a plow horse stepping on helpless worms. To be attracted to him was either a crime or a species of pathological aberration. It was treachery to herself and her mother, like running away with the chauffeur or eloping with the butcher's boy via the kitchen door.

But when reason had had its entire say she found herself still thrilling to a possibility so far only vaguely glimpsed. Was he vulnerable? Had she unwittingly opened a crack in his armor, and if so, how could it best be widened? No more tears; once was enough. How on earth had they happened, anyway? That old, old stuff! Well, if they had revealed her as something human, they had served their unconscious purpose; he knew what she was like inside, and it wasn't the sort of thing it paid to show over and over. She felt mischief creeping into her eyes, as if to her aid, and knew she was all right again, her perspective regained.

"What makes you think perhaps you would?" she asked, dropping her eyelids out of precaution, lest he take warning.

"Would what?"

"You know. If you had time—if you were in Paris for your health."

"Oh." He paused. "You want to hear what I think of you?"

"Yes," she declared, her eyes opening.

"Why speak so fast when you're asking for trouble?" he inquired quietly. "On second thoughts, I think I'd be a fool. You'd probably burst again."

"No, I wouldn't," said Nona, her eyes grave and full on his. "I haven't cried since I was really the kid you think I still am, and you probably won't live long enough to see me do it again. So please don't worry any more about that."

He scrutinized her coolly, as though he were examining an exhibit. "Somebody ought to do it, so it might as well be me. I call you 'kid' once in a while to remind myself that you're painfully young. You have an unformed mind in an adorable body. You carry top weight in money, brain cells, health and what the schoolbooks used to call Opportunity, spelled with a big *O*, but the trouble is you don't carry it anywhere in particular. Your greatest charm is an engaging sincerity, and indirection is your most glaring fault. If you could pick out a fixed point on the horizon and travel toward it for ten years, you'd hole out a winner. But, unfortunately, you have flashes of beauty that knock a man flat, so I predict the usual inane sort of life, with corpses lying in the ditches on either side. There's a faint possibility you might do one man a lot of good, but an overwhelming probability you'll do a lot of men a lot of harm, and as for me, standing on my rights, I ask to be excused."

"You are," said Nona unsmilingly. "I can't imagine any woman harming you to the extent of a faint dent, and I promise you I won't even try. But you're always surprising me, and you've done it again."

"How?"

"I've thought a lot of mean things about you without ever dreaming you were so timid. I know I'm young—I mean, younger than I ought to be—but that isn't something to worry about—not for long. What worries me is that I'm as lonely as the devil. When I've happened on you here in the Bois, it's been just as natural for me to make a grab at riding with you as for a thirsty somebody to reach for a glass of water. I can see now how common I've been, but I really didn't know it was putting your generosity or courage to such a strain."

"I'm glad I put in that bit about your engaging sincerity," he said, meeting her steady eyes with a twinkle in his own; "it sort of saves my face. And now for the *amende honorable*. If I can get off, which is always uncertain, will you ride with me at three, day after tomorrow?"

"I'll be glad to," said Nona, still unsmiling.

She nodded to James, put heels to her mare and started to ride back alone at a gallop along the way they had come. As she turned she almost collided with the Comtesse de Fontebello accompanied by Tommy Ivor. Almost subconsciously she was aware of their amused smiles, and tossed them a nod of recognition.

The chance encounter added to her nervousness and, slowing down, she rode at a walk for more than an hour, and might have continued indefinitely had not the mare indicated a strong desire to return to the stables when they came to the Porte Dauphine for the second time.

"What's the matter with her, James?" asked Nona.

"It's because she's healthy, miss, and it's past her feeding time."

"Not really!" murmured Nona, and submitted with a half-formed regret.

She would have liked to continue indefinitely, not for the exercise or because she needed more fresh air, but because she had not yet succeeded in bringing her thoughts out of chaos. Why couldn't she arrange them in their usual sensible sequence? Being exceptionally direct by nature, she was startled to find herself face to face with a disordered mind, and though the condition troubled her, what disturbed her most was that she did not find it entirely unpleasant.

She was still treading water, feeling around for a fixed mooring, when she reached home to find her mother dispensing cocktails to a large group which included the Comtesse de Fontebello and Ivor, still in riding togs. Instantly Nona jumped to the conclusion that they must have told the company of their encounter with her, but she was presently forced to revise her estimate of their peculiar appetites. There was a familiar gleam in the Fontebello eye which suggested a more subtle form of enjoyment than tittle-tattling, and it was matched by the half smile on Ivor's lips as he greeted her.

"Didn't you people meet in the Bois?" asked her mother.

The Comtesse de Fontebello was quickest to answer. "Just for a flash," she said. "Nona passed us, but she was going at a gallop."

In a way, Nona was grateful for the number of people present. She had been wondering what she would say to her mother, and the cocktail hour had come as a respite. When it was over, she went to her room, but as she stepped out from her bath her mother came in on the pretext of asking her what frock she was going to put on for their dinner that night with the Sterlings.

(Continued on Page 74)

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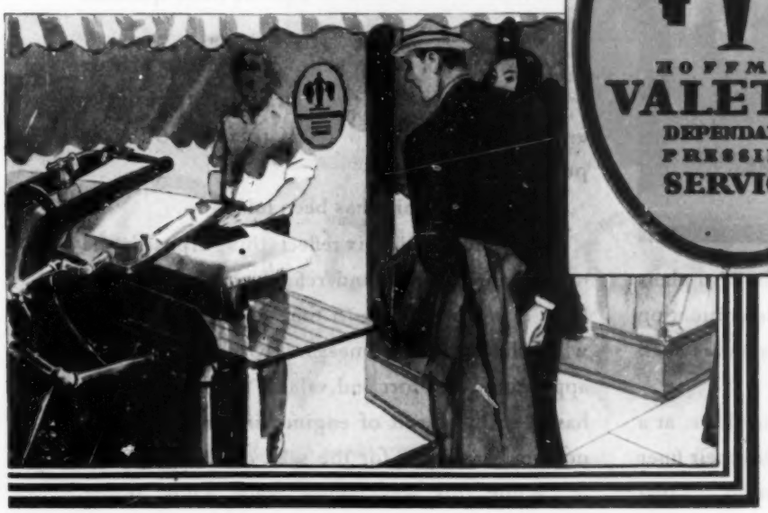

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And Olds Motor Works built such a car.

That car is the Viking Eight. Based on sound and time-tested fundamentals of design, it introduced engineering advancements which were entirely new to the industry. Its 90-degree, V-type eight-cylinder engine incorporates important new features of design combined with principles of proven worth.

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And now, at the beginning of this new year, Olds Motor Works renews its pledge and reaffirms its responsibilities in order that in 1930, as in years past, it shall retain the sincere friendship of every owner . . . and that every motorist may consider the ownership of Oldsmobile or Viking with absolute confidence.

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EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

(Continued from Page 70)

"Whatever you say, mother. Pick out something for me that will go well with the dress you're going to wear."

"All right," said Mrs. Brent, but she continued to stand uncertainly. Finally she faced squarely around: "Nona, is there anything the matter?"

"Yes," replied Nona after an instantaneous pause, "there is."

Mrs. Brent looked more puzzled than alarmed. "You mean you're not feeling well?"

"Never better in my life." She frowned. "What made you think there's anything the matter with me?"

"I felt it the minute you came in from your ride. At first I thought it was just foolishness, because I never saw you looking more flourishing, more alive; but the longer I watched you, the surer I felt something must have happened. You admit there's something the matter. Don't you want to tell me what it is?"

"I want to, but I can't." Nona met her mother's eyes frankly. "I mean that, mother; I can't even tell myself. I've been trying for an hour."

A look of annoyance passed over Mrs. Brent's face, changing only gradually into a faint smile. "It's lucky I'm not a very curious woman or that answer would keep me awake all night. Perhaps it will anyway. I've been worrying about you, Nona. For days you've seemed to be playing around, eating and thinking inside yourself. That wouldn't bother me if you'd looked as if you were having the blues, but you haven't. At times I've thought you were absurdly happy."

"You're really wonderful, mother," said Nona appreciatively. "Well, anyway, I can tell you what's made me so up and down. I've been meeting that—that Mr. Herring. You know: the stranger in our gates—the man we roped in for dinner."

"Nona!"

"Don't gasp. You can't possibly be any more astonished than I am. When I've met him it's sort of made me go up and down, but if you ask me why, I simply don't know. I certainly haven't fallen for him in any way that need alarm you, but he's queer. You probably noticed it at the dinner, but he's really ten times as queer as that."

As she talked, Nona had been drying herself with a huge bath towel. Now she proceeded to rub her hair vigorously with one end of it and became completely enshrouded in woolly white. Her mother watched her. Baffled, she walked up and down for a moment, then took her stand and waited patiently. Nona's curly head emerged, her face rosily aglow and wreathed in smiles.

"You look like a funeral," she declared.

But Mrs. Brent's expression did not change. "Where have you been seeing him?"

"In the open, dear heart. He rides. Not often, worse luck, but he rides."

"Exercising his master's stable?"

"That's unworthy of you. He rides the way he wears his clothes—a little loose, but as if the horse had been tailored under him."

"Have you found out anything at all about him—I mean who and what he is or why he's here?"

"Nothing—less than nothing." Abruptly Nona's smiles changed to a frown. "I thought at least we knew his name, but we don't."

"I give it up," said Mrs. Brent. "When you're like this, nobody can talk to you. I'll tell Marie what I think you should wear, and please do try to be ready by half-past eight."

No sooner had Mrs. Brent left the room than Nona slipped on a quilted silk robe, ran barefooted to her writing desk, and seized pen and paper. She wrote:

Dear Miss Dumont: You will not remember me, though we once crossed on the same boat, but please, please do me a great favor. Won't you please tell me the name of the man you saw me riding with today in the Bois when your chauffeur stopped to let us pass, and you nodded to him? It's quite important to me or I would not commit the impertinence of writing to you.

There was room for nothing more on the *petit bleu* but her name and address. She folded the paper carefully, licked its edges, and pasted them together. Then she inscribed the missive with Miss Dumont's well-known direction.

VI

ON THE next day, somewhat to Mrs. Brent's surprise and much to her relief, Nona omitted her ride. She stayed around the house until late in the afternoon, and then consented to go out with Sybelle Trumbull for the first time in more than a week. Mrs. Brent, however, was forced to limit her comfort to the extent of her observation, since neither by speech nor by her manner had Nona volunteered to clear up the confusion she had planted in her mother's mind.

Sybelle Trumbull proved more than a diversion on this occasion. Ordinarily she was decidedly wearing on the nerves, too flighty in her contacts to permit a thought to take form and come to rest. She was no butterfly flitting from flower to flower, but rather a restless humming bird, hovering uncertainly, and then darting to thrust its long beak deep into some sugared interior.

To look at her, one would have judged her brilliantly superficial at the best, but in reality her life was ordered not by desires but by sensations, and since she did not lack for company in the transient world in which she lived, she was totally unaware of her fundamental limitations.

When Sybelle was engaged in skimming lightly over thin ice, putting pert questions and not bothering to wait for an answer, she easily became tedious. But on those periodic occasions when she broke through, her very gloom gave her an accidental solidity. For an hour, or a day at the most, she became interesting; at least until she recovered sufficiently to resume her perpetual effort to be interesting. She chanced to be creeping out of some such slough on this afternoon, and poured into Nona's ears the details of her latest escapade. The fact that it had embraced a lapse from consciousness of two hours was her immediate source of worry.

"You see," she explained, "it isn't at all like passing out from booze; it's simply divine—at first, I mean—because when you come out, you can't help wondering what was dreams and what wasn't. That's what's got me guessing on this horribly bright day. All that gang of women, lying around on the comtesse's black divans, with black-and-gold hangings, and saying the most brilliant things—only I can't remember them now—not one. You ought to try it, Nona."

Nona stared at her disconcertingly. "Not a chance; just one look at you is as good as a cure. You're wet, up to your neck in gloom, so why should I come into the water? You're a fool, Sybelle. One week it's one thing, and the next it's another, and I suppose, really, that's better than having it the same thing right along; but you're a fool just the same. Where does it get you?"

"Oh, I don't know. What does it matter, anyway? What does anything matter?"

"Lots of things. You look like a ghost—white, no hips, and all that—but you know you're as tough as they make them. Why don't you give yourself a chance—play tennis or golf every day of your life, or even ride?"

"How you excite me!" murmured Sybelle. "Do you really get a thrill out of shaking up your liver on a horse?"

"Yes, I do," replied Nona. "I get more kinds of thrill in a day than you've had in a month."

"If that's jake, show me the groom!"

Nona stared hard, and then laughed. "James—poor old James from the Pergolèse *manège!* Yes, I even get a thrill out of him. He's an ex-English hostler, about sixty years old, with the funniest little eyes you ever saw."

"I've never tried my hand on anybody sixty years old," said Sybelle pensively.

"Now you're being nasty—just taking out your hangover on me. That's the worst of your particular kind of jag; it always leaves you stumped for a pick-me-up. Sybelle, I'll give you five minutes to think of the thing you'd like to do next—I'll make it an hour."

"When are you going to ride again?"

"Tomorrow," answered Nona, a shade too quickly.

"All right," said Sybelle. "I'll give it a whirl."

Nona colored, but would not stoop to lowering her eyes. "Not with me," she said promptly. "Take your lessons out on Jack Dearwater or Tommy Ivor or some other bangle."

"But that's just what I want to do on you!" protested Sybelle as frankly. "Men hate to dawdle along."

"So do I," said Nona.

She escaped to hurry back to the house and look through the evening's mail. There were several letters for her, but no word from Miss Dumont, nor did any come in the morning. But shortly after luncheon she was called to the telephone and addressed in an extremely English voice: "I am speaking for Mr. Herring, Miss Brent. Mr. Herring regrets that he will be unable to ride this afternoon." She set the apparatus back on its stand and turned to find the butler standing beside her with a note on a salver.

She took it up quickly, but hurried to the privacy of her own room before she tore it open. "My dear child," she read, "I do not feel it would be fair for me to tell you the name of the young man with whom you have been riding in the park." It was typewritten and signed "Laura Dumont" in exceptionally bold strokes.

Tears sprang to Nona's eyes, though she forced them back as she crushed the heavy note paper in her balled fist. She sat staring for a moment; then she carefully smoothed out the crumpled sheet, read the note again, folded it and put it away. In her heart was an overwhelming emptiness which broke its bounds and seemed instantly to pervade all her surroundings. She was amazed that she could ever before have thought that she was lonely. The world had become a void without an echo, stripped not only of every desire but of the hope of desire. She wandered in search of her mother.

"What is it, Nona?" asked Mrs. Brent without looking up. "I thought you were going to ride."

"Not today," said Nona in a tone so subdued that her mother not only looked up but arose.

"Why, darling ——"

"Now don't turn on the sympathy, mother," said Nona sharply. "I can't stand it. I feel like the devil. I hate the sight of Sybelle Trumbull and I detest Paris. I want to go home."

Mrs. Brent stood for a long moment, a troubled look in her eyes. "All right, Nona," she said finally. "If you really feel that way—if you're sure you feel that way ——"

"I do; I'm sure I do."

"Let's think it over for tonight, shall we? You see, it means quite a lot of detail. There's the house to think about, and the servants; and most of all, just where we'll go and what we'll take. You won't think I'm stalling if I ask for a day or two, will you?"

"No, of course not. Please forgive me, mother."

"For what?"

"For being such a tight-mouthed little beast. I could cry if I let myself, but I won't; and even if I did, it wouldn't do any good. Nothing would come out—I mean nothing I could name—so you'd be just as unhappy as you are now, and so would I."

"I'm not exactly unhappy," said Mrs. Brent thoughtfully; "I'm only terribly puzzled. But stop worrying about me, Nona, and take your time—I mean with yourself. It hardly ever pays to rush."

For twice the round of the clock Nona moped about, wondering how it would feel to be Sybelle Trumbull and whether it

(Continued on Page 76)

BODY by FISHER

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BACK of the harmony of line and richness of finish which distinguish every Fisher Body, are many other definite and substantial advantages. These advantages are in the greater strength of the wood framework and roof construction, in the powerful bracing, in the finer steel panel work, in the jewel-like clarity of the genuine plate glass, in the greater comfort of the seat cushions—and so throughout the body. If you should talk with Fisher Body engineers, they would tell you remarkable facts about the superiority of the Fisher Body cars, available in every price field. These men *know*. They are constantly studying the structure and materials used in various makes and types of bodies. They subject them to unmerciful tests at the General Motors Proving Grounds—tests to which Fisher Bodies are *continuously* subjected. Time after time and over and over again, these comparative tests have proved that Fisher Bodies are far superior in strength and durability, because both their materials and their construction are so much better. The Fisher Body emblem on the cars listed herewith, thus assures better quality and greater value in the body, even as the emblem of the car itself testifies to the fact that this car is the criterion of its price field, in mechanical worth and investment value.

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would really pay to take measures to find out. In the meantime her mother was occupied with consideration of the thousand items of ways and means which would have to be faced and cleared if the drastic decision to move should stand. She happened to be beside the telephone when it rang. She picked it up and heard a voice which puzzled her only for an instant:

"May I speak to Miss Brent?"

"Certainly, Mr. Herring."

She called Nona, and making no pretense of leaving the room, stood to one side.

"Yes?" said Nona.

"Awfully sorry about yesterday, but it couldn't be helped. Are you doing anything?"

"When?"

"Now."

"No."

"Well, I expect to be at the kiosk in half an hour. Do you think you can make it?"

"Yes. I'll try—I'll be there."

She turned from the telephone with a startled look still on her face, which presently dissolved into a smile. "I'm afraid I've given you an awful lot of worry for nothing, mother."

"In what way?"

"Oh, you know. What is it they say? Three moves equal one fire."

"You mean you've changed your mind about going home?"

"Yes; at least I'm not in such a hurry about it."

"I'm not so sure you've helped my worry any," said her mother slowly. "Where are you going? Can't you sit down for a minute?"

"Please, not now. I've got so little time to change."

While she was putting on her riding clothes she directed Marie first to order Charles to the door and then to telephone the *manège* and get in touch with James, or, failing James, with the manager. Having transmitted instructions that her mare be sent to the usual rendezvous at once, she hurried from the room as soon as she was dressed, but only to rush back to take Miss Dumont's note from its hiding place and thrust it into her glove. She sat down superstitiously for an impatient instant and finally ran out and down the stairs to the waiting motor car. She arrived at the kiosk in time to see a strange groom appearing with her mare.

"Where's James?" she asked.

"He's out, mademoiselle. Another English miss engaged him, and since you hadn't ridden yesterday, the *patron* forced him to go."

As she mounted she caught sight of Herring waving to her to come across, and as soon as a break in the traffic permitted, she rode over to join him. He seemed unusually meek and friendly, but she did not thaw to the unaccustomed warmth. He had ample opportunity to note her gravity, and observe that it was not the least becoming of her moods, before she drew Miss Dumont's note from her glove and held it, folded, between the fingers of her left hand.

"Are you ever wrong?" she asked.

"It all depends," he answered. "I'm always wrong about some things and always right about others."

"Then you must always be wrong about Miss Dumont," she said, offering him the note. "Read that."

He hesitated. "I hate all forms of hash; especially warmed-over letters."

"Please read it," insisted Nona.

He took the note, glanced through the brief lines, and handed it back.

"Well?"

"Have you forgotten what you said about her? Did you ever read anything quite so cold-bloodedly unkind?"

"Unkind!" he exclaimed. "You're even younger than I thought! Coming from Miss Dumont, any note beginning 'My dear child' amounts to a caress."

"I don't see it," declared Nona.

"Take it from me, it's true. She had to meet a rather difficult situation, didn't she? Without having seen anything like as much of you as I have, she still had the sense to feel your sincerity enough to want to pat it on the head with one hand while she slapped your impudence with the other."

He softened the words with a quick smile. "Try putting yourself in her place. You've seen her, you know what she looks like, who she is and what she stands for. Now you're Miss Dumont going through your morning mail and you come to the note you must have written her. What would you have answered? Would you have betrayed a friend to a stranger?"

"No," said Nona tremulously, her eyes on the ground. "I've been a fool—a soft little fool."

"But such an engaging fool, even in writing, that I'll bet some day you'll hear from her again."

"What on earth makes you think that?" asked Nona, looking up quickly.

So absorbed had she been in her own affairs that only now did she notice a subtle change in his appearance from the last time they had met.

He still looked clean, but somehow not nearly so suggestive of a living tree. There were faint shadows under his eyes, ill-befitting a man so young, and he betrayed the general dragged-out appearance of one who has gone short on sleep and long on drinks. Perhaps the impression was strengthened by the fact that his brows were drawn in concentration.

"I'll tell you why I think it," he said finally. "Because of the time and trouble she took to write that extremely clever little note. It must have interested her or she wouldn't have done it, and if it interested, it must have amused her, and if it amused her she's grateful, and finally, having been stirred to gratitude, she's the kind that never forgets."

"Are you in politics?" asked Nona, her spirits completely revived.

"Politics? What are politics and why do you ask?"

"Because you talk so beautifully. I can imagine you as a boy—long, long ago—going around with your mouth full of pebbles, practicing to persuade people to vote for free silver."

"Thank you," he answered dryly, "but look at my alibi. Have you ever seen a politician in the open without a hat?"

Instead of laughing, she suddenly put heels to her mare. His horse spurted before he could tighten rein and they passed two riders who had appeared in front of them at a tearing gallop. Dodging around a sharp turn, they came into the heavily wooded path which leads to Bagatelle, and when Nona slowed down, he drew up beside her and spoke angrily:

"There are moments when you're practically civilized and others when you ought to be spanked. Your manners are rotten. Haven't you ever been told that only a hoodlum will come up behind a strange horse at a gallop?"

"Don't lose your shirt," said Nona calmly. "Occasionally it's common sense to be a hoodlum. Did you see who it was we passed?"

"No," he answered shortly.

"Then it's a safe bet they didn't recognize us either. Think that out."

"You almost persuade me to ride back."

"Why don't you—and betray a friend for a stranger?"

"I wish I'd stuck to it when I said I asked to be excused. Yes, I'm half sorry I asked you to ride."

"Why?"

"Because to your outbursts of beauty you're beginning to add flashes of intelligence. Hang it, I don't want to like you. I haven't time."

Her gray eyes enlarged and put him under the microscope. "I'm breathless," she murmured, "and humbled. How wonderful it must be to know you're great! Are you really as important as you try to make me think you are?"

He glanced at her sharply. "I'm important enough not to want to be bothered with questions. I suppose it's too much to expect you to grasp that a man can be under a big strain without being particularly big himself. I come out to the Bois for relief, for relaxation, for a breath of clean air, and when I've tried to keep clear of you, it hasn't been because I'm such an idiot as not to know you're attractive, but because I want a rest."

"You amaze me," murmured Nona. "I'm an exciting female!"

"Shut up. What gets me, it's so footless. You could show a little sense, but when I'm with you do I get any rest? Not on your life. I'm all the time sparring to keep you from prying into none of your business."

"That's not fair!" cried Nona. "I don't care a thing about your business. All I've wanted is just to be friendly; all I've ever asked was a little decent company. Keep your business to yourself for the rest of your life."

"Can't you ever listen and think at the same time—not even for a minute?" he demanded irascibly. "Try it. I'm doing my best to say something to you, to tell you something. It's quite true you really care nothing about my business, because it can't possibly be of any importance to you, but it happens that it's tremendously important to me. You were worried a minute ago over passing some friend, for fear of being caught out riding with a disreputable character."

"That's not true," said Nona.

"True or not, what I'm trying to beat into your embryonic brain is that I'm the one to worry. What are you but a sweet young time-killer? It's I who can't afford to be talked about, nagged, looked up or looked into, paraded around like a half-tamed bear or worn to a frazzle with a lot of tomfoolery. I like you; I could enjoy being with you—really get a kick out of it—if I could be sure of your keeping your mouth off my affairs through thick and thin, here and now, and there and then. But you couldn't."

Nona looked at him with a sudden openness of expression which seemed to bring an inner self to life. "You're in earnest!" she exclaimed in genuine discovery. "You're really sincere!"

"At last! Being nothing in myself, I'm still trusting you with a lot, and according to tradition, I'm a fool to do it. But I don't believe anything till I'm shown—not even that a woman can't keep a secret. I don't believe it. The way I size you up you could keep a secret like a bulldog holds a bone."

"You're actually going to tell me one?"

"I have."

She looked at him blankly. "What—what was it?"

"That I don't want to be questioned, badgered, manhandled, pawed over. Not much of a secret, eh? Well, try keeping it! It won't hurt you any. Try keeping your mouth shut, and you're bound to learn something. It's good practice anyway and always. Say nothing, keep on saying nothing, and in about three months you'll find every friend you've got will have made a fool of himself like I have now."

"I promise," said Nona gravely, then she turned to him with a smile. "It's almost like wartime, isn't it? Are you a spy?"

To her amazement his face turned white with anger. "I'm through with you, you little question mark! Get out and stay out! If you ever speak to me again I'll call the police!"

He was off at a gallop, but she stayed easily beside him, unconscious of the automatic measures her horsemanship was taking to make her mare keep up an even pace, and no more. "Please, please!" she said without raising her voice. "I didn't mean anything; I was only talking to be funny. Please forgive me, please try me. I won't ever ask another question, and if I ever do, just don't answer it."

In spite of himself he smiled and then began to laugh. "Oh, Lord, but if you ever do!" The horses slowed down and he turned to look at her quizzically. "You're unbeatable! And if you only knew it,

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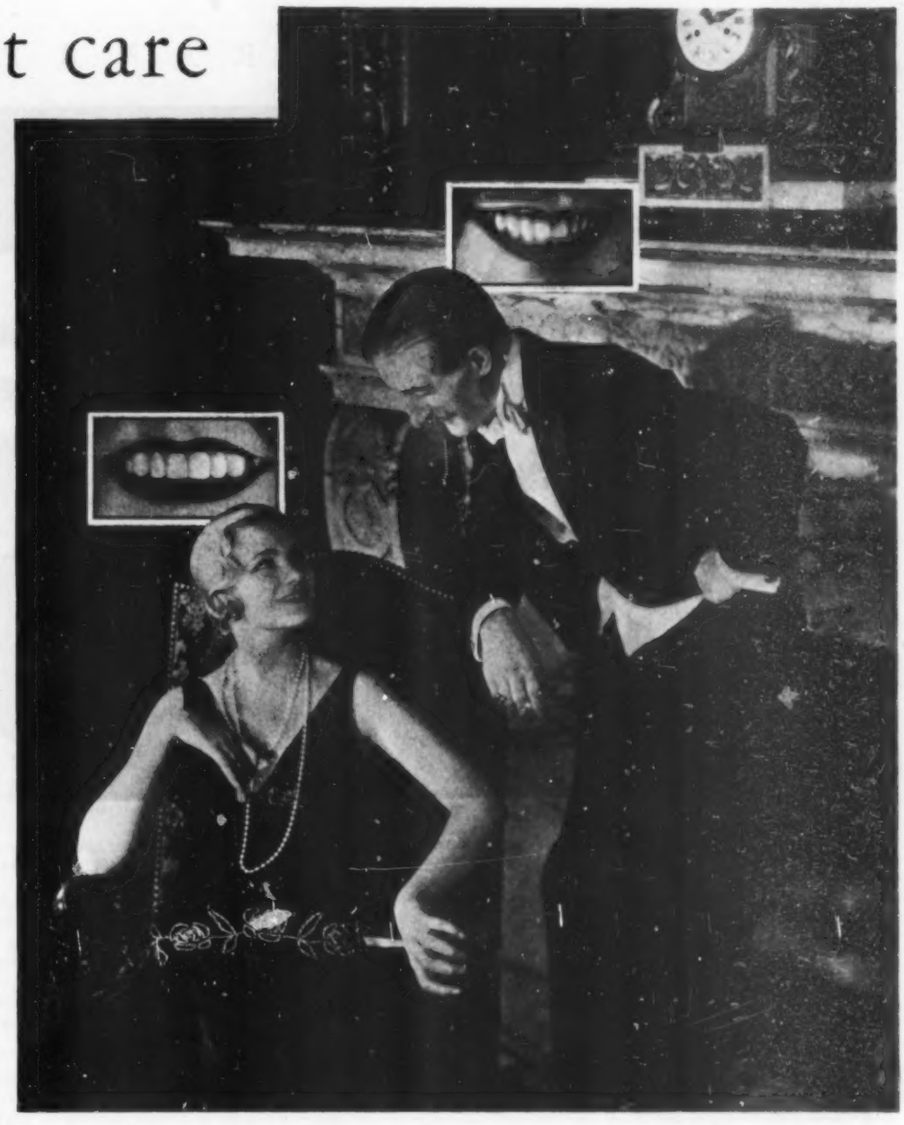
Teeth lovely to begin with deserve the tenderest care



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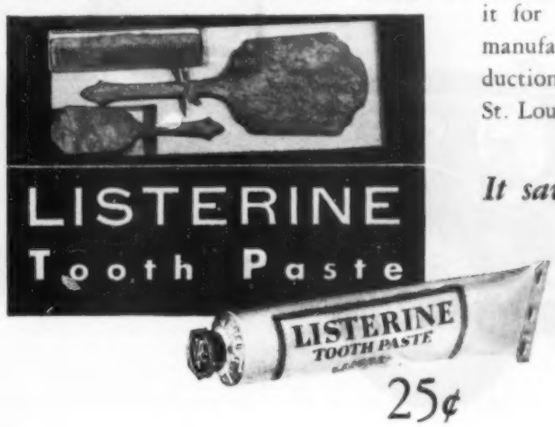

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There are so many things you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A toilet set is merely a suggestion.

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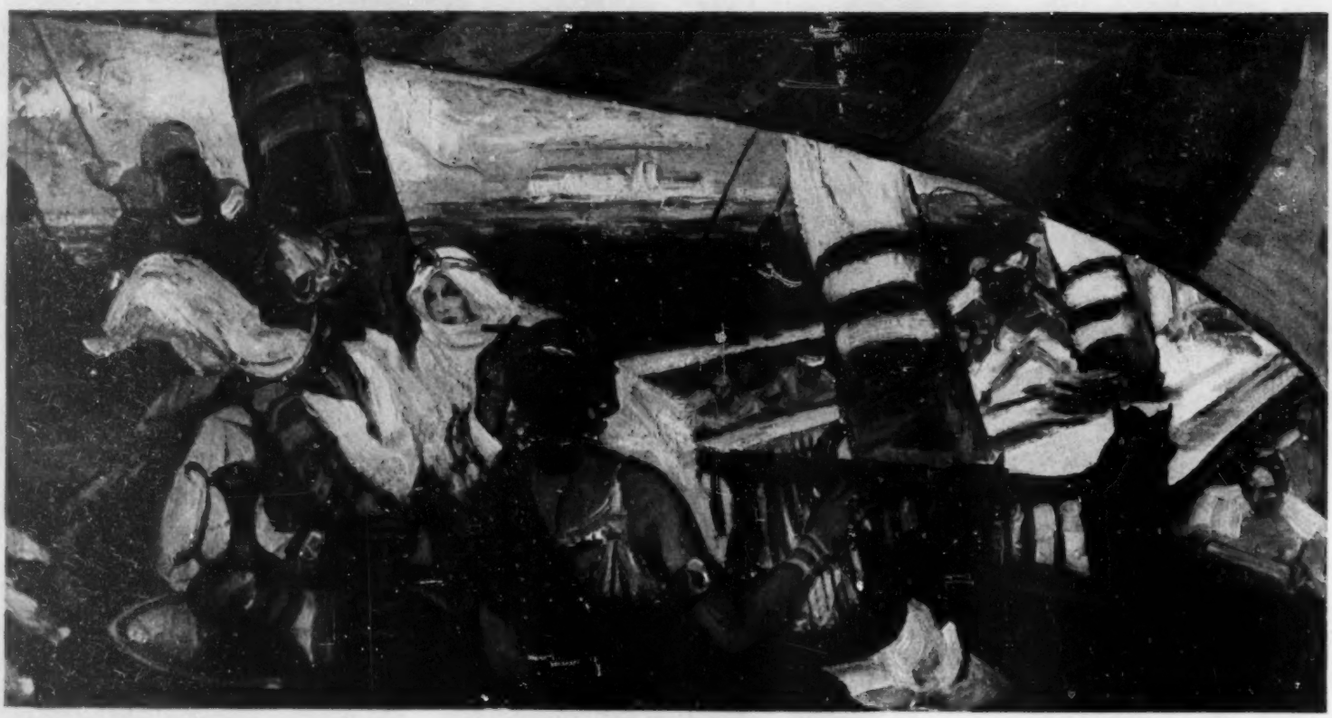

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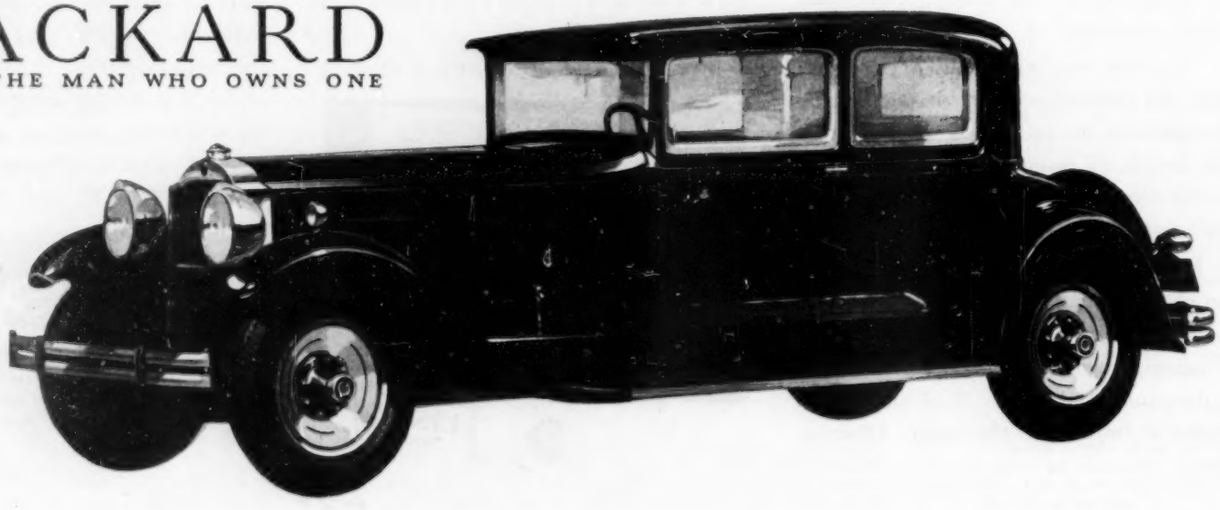

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you've got me anyway. Talk about the clinging ivy! In spite of the little time you've had to do it in, you've fastened your suckers on me so I've got to have you for a friend whether I like it or not. Because if you weren't, all you'd have to do to make me completely miserable would be to sick that nosey Ivor on me, or even your peachblow friend, De Puy."

"I don't like him either," declared Nona and paused. "Would it be all right to ask a question about him?"

"Of course. You can ask me all the questions you like about anything or anybody in the world except myself."

"Oh, that's going to be a whole lot easier. Why don't you like him?"

"Too fond of silk next to his skin."

"That's so—that's exactly it! But he's a real count, isn't he?"

"Not a doubt of it."

"You never called him count, and I noticed you said Madame de Fontebello instead of the Comtesse de Fontebello."

"I called him De Puy to let him know I consider myself at least his equal, and somebody ought to have told you long ago that when you speak to a countess you're not expected to rub it in. To her face she's always Madame de Fontebello or whatever it happens to be."

"I never knew that," said Nona. "You're extraordinary. Did you read it in a book?"

"No, I didn't. I had a French nurse, and afterward they gave me a German governess. So I can tell you that in Germany it's exactly the opposite. Across the Rhine you must be very careful to say Mrs. Chief-grocery-clerk Schwartz."

"Even to her face?"

"Especially to her face."

"You're not joking about the French nurse and the German governess?"

He looked at her threateningly, but finally shrugged his shoulders. "I quit joking with you some time ago. Haven't you found it out?"

"I couldn't quite believe it, but I'm awfully glad. Let's not rag each other any more, shall we?"

"I've never ragged you."

"Oh, you have! Over and over again. You've said all sorts of things to make me angry."

"If you're going to confuse the truth with ragging, I'm afraid we're heading for trouble. You can't name any single nasty thing I've said to you that I'm not willing to back."

"Oh!"

He looked at her and smiled. "What's more, you can't think of a pleasant one that isn't equally true."

Nona answered his smile, opened her lips and was on the point of speaking when she caught sight of Sybelle approaching, followed at the correct interval by the truant James. Miss Trumbull's face was a study as her eyes first fell ravenously upon Nona's escort as an escort—any escort—and then suddenly recognized him. She half brought her horse to a stop; but Nona, without changing the pace at which she was traveling, passed by with only a casual nod and a cheery cry of "Hello."

"I've seen that girl before," said Herring, frowning.

"Of course you have; that's Sybelle Trumbull. Don't you remember her? She was at the dinner and you slapped her face."

"Never!"

"At least you spanked her. She asked you to tell your tale out loud and you told her to paddle her own."

"Oh, yes. I've got her now—one of those night-blooming swamp blooms."

Nona gasped. "You're really unsafe."

"Why?"

"Because it took me a couple of years to get her number and you had it in half an hour."

"Was she the one you were afraid would recognize you a little while ago?"

"Yes."

"It didn't seem to worry you this time."

"Why should it? I can see I'm going to have a lot of fun."

"How?"

"Keeping my mouth shut."

"You're a fast learner, Nona."

"Say that again."

"You're a fast learner."

When she reached home Nona asked at once for her mother and was told she was out. She sat around for a while, still in her riding togs, hoping Mrs. Brent would come in; but presently a servant entered to announce Miss Trumbull, and Sybelle followed closely on his heels.

"Nona, you devil! Tell me all about it."

"About what?"

"Don't hedge. About that Mr. What's-his-name."

"I'm sorry, Sybelle, but there's nothing to tell."

"There must be. Where did he get the horse? What's he doing in Paris? Is he married? Is his family with him? How often have you seen him? Is he tough or just common? But here's one I really want to know—how can you possibly pull anything in the Bois?" Nona reached for a cigarette, lit it, and stared steadily at Sybelle. "Answer me!" cried Sybelle petulantly. "What are you glaring for like that?"

"I'm watching to see you turn blue in the face and burst," said Nona quietly.

Sybelle's eyes grew round and wide. "Well!" she gasped. "Your nerve! Keep your *béguin;* I'm sure I don't want to steal him. What do you think I'd want with that gorilla anyway?"

"You!" murmured Nona derisively. "Did you make a hit with James?"

Sybelle departed, torn between rage and a sort of baffled wonder, and scarcely had she gone when Mrs Brent arrived upon the scene.

"They told me you wanted to see me, Nona."

"I do—I did," said Nona, rising to her feet. "Do you love me a lot, mother?"

Mrs. Brent smiled. "What is it you want?"

"Nothing—everything. I'm in a hole. There's really nothing to worry about—I'm sure there isn't—but I've taken the Trappist oath. I'm dumb. Do you think you can possibly stand it?"

"For how long?"

"I don't know," answered Nona after a puzzled pause. "That's something I'll have to find out."

"I've got to stand it, haven't I? But if you're begging me not to ask any questions—if that's it, Nona—don't worry. Just remember I'm here whenever you want me and all the time."

Nona threw her arms around her, kissed her impulsively, and then held herself off at arm's length.

"I'll do anything at all you like. I won't be glum. I'll accept every invitation, go wherever you say, and look as lovely as I can."

"Like you are now, dear," said Mrs. Brent, her brows drawn but her eyes smiling. "You may be laying up all kinds of trouble for yourself, but it almost seems as if it didn't matter, if you can shine for a while the way you're shining now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LAST LEAVES

(Continued from Page 15)

I regard as a figure of speech in an exhortation, not to be taken literally except by spiritual bounders, any more than that other statement that if a man has faith no greater than a grain of mustard seed he can "remove mountains." If that was literally true, the real-estate agents would be more godly than they are, and would not be nearly so cramped in their operations.

As one of those religionists the professor was exposing by his tests, I am admitting that this claim to having been born again is not rational, neither is being born the first time rational; it's natural. So is the spiritual change in us indicated by this figure of speech. What I mean is that one may think more intelligently and wisely to his own good without being tied down by the rational formula. It exactly defines the mental slavery of these people so anxious for others to take the same vocational training in liberty.

But as I was going on to say in regard to the professor's fourth discovery—that these young religionists are "less able to coördinate muscular activity in competitive situations"—we all know worthy, healthy young men lacking in muscular agility necessary to win a foot race who stand better in their communities than the athletes in it. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that a person can be reasonably intelligent without being muscular. He can even be a militant modernist. Otherwise, how are we to account for the spread of rational doctrines among women whose most stringent physical exercises are purely facial? I do not want to hurt anyone's feelings by claiming to be more logical than a rationalist, but I do know where logic ends and the incredible wonders of men's minds and powers begin.

Some of us who have respect for the ethical and moral value of law, however much we are tempted to break it, resent even more the way alienists are depriving judges and juries of their legitimate functions in the courts by substituting physical science for law. It is a very expensive method of saving criminals. They test the fluid in his spinal column, discover that he is not responsible for the crime he committed, recommend him to a prison hospital with massage treatment for his decayed morals, instead of leaving him to be electrocuted. This is precisely what is done in too many cases until time to parole this fortunate hero of irresponsibility.

Judged by this fluid test, it might turn out that all of us are potential rascals, rogues and murderers. And for me, I do think the acting alienist, according to his theory, should have the fluid in his own spinal column tested in the open court before his opinion on so grave a matter is accepted there as evidence strong enough to nullify moral law.

The sensible thing is to leave the modernists to run their course and set about retrieving some of the liberties of mind and spirit not so damaging to character as those they recommend. On every side we hear the proclamation that the old order has passed away and we are living now under the dispensation of the new order.

The passing of orders, as here referred to, has been going on from the beginning of the minds of men, and means no more than the fashion of a sleeve in thinking, which, like any other fashion, will change presently. Besides, we are the victims of evolution. For it is apparent that none of us can escape this process, inevitable and terrible from my point of view, since no man knows what kind of freak man he may be next time. An abortive action in evolution may show up as a materialist with a soul as incompetent as the human appendix. Such a thing could happen, if this return to the protoplasm period has not already begun among us, because there is no guaranty in nature that the thing we call evolution will keep a man off the all fours of his mind. I do not know much about it, beyond the fact that in my more exasperated moments I have sometimes felt like the sport model of an idea in thinking that may not be received favorably until long after I am dead. But I give myself no airs about being in this advanced and vulnerable position to my times—practically no distinction attached to such a disaster, but some antagonism and considerable ridicule. As to the latter, I can hold my own, though holding it does some violence to my delicacy and dignity. And I never used to think of either in a scrimmage. But I am too old and tired now to deal with an antagonist. I have lost the glad vehemence of a fighter. I am frequently tempted to exercise more discretion in the expression of my opinions, which is not due to any mellowness of the spirit, but to the friendliness of a desire not to disturb my own peace of mind by offending someone else and getting the atmosphere around me charged with animosity very hard on the nerves of old people. Sometimes I experience the dastardly fear of living to see myself sitting palsied and so feeble mentally I may agree with anybody about anything. Even now, if I give a thrust well deserved, it disturbs me, as if the pigment of human courage was already fading out of my pieties.

But I go ahead and do the best I can, upheld by the confidence that I belong to the overwhelming majority who hold similar views about life, but have not the time to say as much about them as I take to say it anyhow.

Upon the whole, I do not think we believe so much as the modern scientists do in the enchantment environment casts for better or worse over men. Too much talk about that. Who knows what environment is? A word without literal boundaries. If you live in an attic you may be a spider spinning a web, but you can be a wise man writing the truth. Same parents, same heritage, same environment can produce brothers, one a rascal, the other an honest man. All depends upon the mystery of reaction they have to a common situation. No one can predict that. The present moment furnishes a better illustration. It is the mind of the times, neither riches nor poverty nor any other circumstances, that holds us or changes us. The old no less than the young among us have cast off convictions, customs, creeds, and have become strangers to our past; rewritten men and women by the moving finger of what they call the times. As a matter of fact it is an illusion they have created themselves and has relatively little effect upon that great majority of men and women who live outside their incantation, but hold the world together by their silence and diligence.

There is one order that never changes, written plainly all about us by the will of God—the eternal order. What we do, what we think, passes. The cities we build crumble to dust and are hidden in it. The civilizations we set up are no more than the patterns of our minds, destroyed by the same minds—always taking with them their arrogant creators. We cannot do a single thing on this earth that can change the wind or the order of the seasons. If we disappeared altogether, the life of it would cover us up in a season and not a tree or a star would miss us. In so far as we have accomplished anything, it has been by adjustment to the laws that govern life. Science can only discover these laws—never change them. Therefore, since we are so variable, especially through our rational faculties, the safest and wisest thing is to cleave as closely as possible to something that does not change.

Meanwhile the earth revolves according to the eternal order. Neither the wise nor foolish can change it. Close to it is the place where a man can get proper teaching from the wind and the weather in an almightiness that goes on regardless of profits or loss or public opinion. An ever-increasing percentage of our population is retreating from the face of it, taking refuge in cities,

(Continued on Page 82)

A torrent of Po

Entirely NEW THE WILLYS SIX

THIS MONTH, at the Great Auto Shows and at dealers' display rooms throughout the country, Willys-Overland introduces refined beauty with unprecedented speed and power in the new low-priced Willys Six.

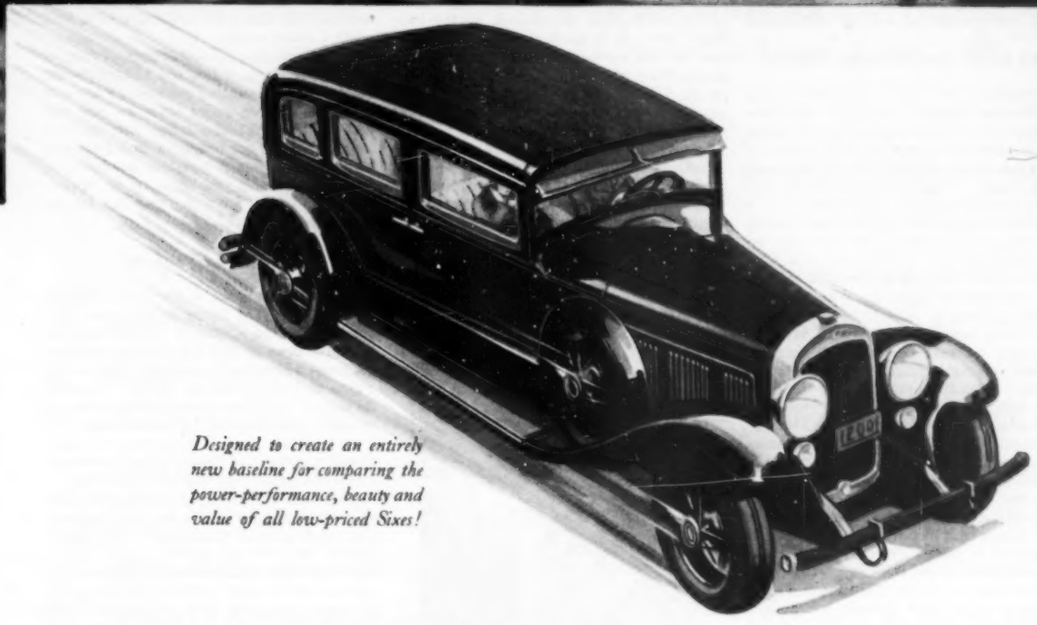
This strong statement is fully borne out by the facts. Graceful lines, superb coachwork, harmonious color combinations and rich upholstery fabrics reveal in the new Willys Six an entirely new concept of beauty for inexpensive cars. Interior appointments reflect the taste and quality usually associated with cars of much higher price.

The mighty engine of the new Willys Six effects performance which can be appreciated only through personal experience. Rubber-insulated against vibration, this motor develops *65 horsepower*, with speed of *72 miles an hour* easily sustained

72 MIL per ho

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

OWER *and* SPEED !



Designed to create an entirely new baseline for comparing the power-performance, beauty and value of all low-priced Sixes!

—*48 miles an hour in second gear* for dashing pickup—hill-climbing ability that will literally amaze the experienced motorist.

Consumption of gas and oil is remarkably low, exceptional mileage per gallon being achieved at the modern cruising speeds of 35 and 45 miles per hour.

"Finger-tip control" for starting, lighting and operating horn is typical of the advanced ideas which dominate the engineering.

Braking is always quick, easy and sure, the full internal four-wheel brakes being protected from grit, dust and dampness.

Only an inspection and a demonstration of this spectacular car can do the new Willys Six full justice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

MEN WHO USE WIRE

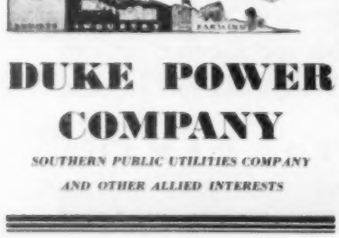
MANUFACTURERS of electrical appliances, apparatus and supplies (like all manufacturers whose cost of labor is a relatively large part of their total cost) will find an unusually favorable situation in Piedmont Carolinas.

From a manufacturing angle, low overhead, high production, and many other economies offered here comprehend a sizeable saving in costs. From a *marketing* angle, there are facts you should have regarding freight rates, accessibility to the rich Atlantic seaboard cities and a large *local* demand.

Have you the figures on the number of electric fans, refrigerators, and ranges sold in Piedmont Carolinas alone? The facts may surprise you.

Why not get *all* the data? In this book, "Piedmont Carolinas", you will find just the information you need—factual, authenticated records of costs, freight rates, markets, etc.

Write for it, and for any other information you may want, addressing Industrial Dept., Room 534, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N.C. You will be answered promptly and courteously.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

(Continued from Page 79)

offices and factories, because they cannot endure the hardship. They have been depleted in original valor by the spirit of the times. And the more extreme a rationalist is, even if he has perfect muscular coördination for a marathon race, the less able he is to endure the long siege of living by the land, where it was intended all men should live. There may be one here and there, but never yet have I seen a rationalist literally earning his bread alone in a field by the sweat of his brow, year after year. He may try it, but he quits, not altogether on account of the labor involved in a relatively unprofitable investment, but because he cannot endure the awful permanence of the order about him. He may work harder in an anvil factory or an office or laboratory, but preferably on a lecture platform, because he can live in these places by his comradeships, opinions and wages—but he cannot vote a change of seasons, no matter how adverse weather conditions are, and the earth yields a livelihood, maybe, but not according to a labor-union scale of wages. From his rational point of view, the sensible thing is to take a job and keep out of the grip of something he cannot change. What with the speculators manipulating the price of his harvests, what with the tax eaters, the transport rate, the cotton weevils, the corn borer, the fruit fly and the bean beetle, he figures farming a failure. As soon as rationalism takes a grip on our agricultural populations, the scientists are going to be put to it to produce synthetic bread and meat for the prosperous commercial and industrial populations—and if they ever do it, the stuff will come high and lack the flavor of real mutton and pastry. Very few people can make a fortune in the peace and quietness of these natural conditions, where the only opportunities for speculation are on the weather. But the eternal order is not predicated on financial success. It is something that goes on regardless. The good of it is that it steadies the minds and souls of men, makes them independent of worldly conditions.

The Earth and Fullness Thereof

Fortunately for me, I was born with a dust-to-dust complex and have long since realized my intimate relation to the earth. This is especially true in my elder years. It feels queer to be old when you cannot forget being young. I figured that out with considerable alarm when I saw a strange world growing young about me, and realized the importance of escaping the pathetic orphanage of old age. I went back to a place where I could feel younger instead of older than the growing majority. We are all the juniors of Nature. The trees around this cabin were contemporaries with my first American forefathers. Indians camped beneath the shelter of their spreading boughs. Standing now in the shadows these same trees cast upon the ground, I feel refreshingly recent. The grass on this mountain top is older than I am. Sometimes now, when I walk across it as it glistens like a loom in the sun, spun full of the webs of silken loveliness, I remember the child I used to be, the contemporary of every flower that bloomed in grass like this, a believer in fairies dressed in webs like these dancing in the moonlight. And she does not seem so far away in time as when I go abroad on the hard pavements of a world grown ay since then with a terrible wisdom, wars ... great achievements, but drawing a curious income of despairs, defeats on its wealth, licenses and vices that cost all its virtues to mend.

I prefer to live here, sometimes happily shriven of my years and weariness by the memories the scent of the earth and verdure stirs in me, not lonely and needing very little.

Many smart people smile because I run this farm at a loss, year after year. Yet at the end of a year—twenty years—I still have the land, vastly improved, more valuable, the forests grown wider, and taller trees. This does not include the excitement, the drama of planting, cultivating and harvesting the crop. The satisfaction of fields filled with green growing life. The joy of a rain at the right time; the anguished suspense of a drought. All of it needed to make full days of living, hoping, fearing, believing, close within the old order that never changes. I never feel the need of an evening at a theater to stir my emotions. I run my own cinema on a wider scale—not a talkie either; only the rustling of the leaves in a summer wind, the roar of a storm on a winter night, the caravan of clouds passing overhead. No wrath of arguments between the quiet stars, but everything moving according to a law that does not change or fail.

Praying to the Galleries

There is an element of sycophancy in the relation of many Christians to the Almighty, not insincere but childish. They make a flattery of their faith and humility, calling out great titles when they pray, as if the honorary degree conferred by the pompous words of a mortal man's vocabulary could please the vanity of God. This is due, probably, to the fact that when men first began to pray by rituals, the world was governed by tyrants, chieftains, kings, emperors—all terrible conquerors of the weak and helpless. Now, with so many of them cleared out or living in the reduced circumstances of very limited powers, God appears apart from all this, and we are beginning to realize the indifference of Almightiness to the distinction of the mortal adjectives we confer upon him. As for me, when I pray secretly and most earnestly, I address him by his surname, stripped of these belittling entitlements. And I believe other people do. There is a lot of praying to the galleries in this world, especially by the saints gifted in prayer. I remember how it was with me when I was very young and not much of a saint, but obliged sometimes, as my Circuit Rider's Wife, to lead the women's prayer service on the edge of the graveyard behind the church, at the twilight hour, as a spiritual preparation for the revival services to follow, conducted inside from the pulpit. With no practice at all, I developed a gift for praying in the open. I was tremendously moved. So were those present. We wept for our sins and swayed on our knees. I am astonished now to think how innocently eloquent I was, not knowing that I was inspired by those other women as well as by faith, and that I was working a charlatan trick on their spiritual emotions. After a while I thought better of it and never again prayed in public; it was so perfectly clear to me that the Lord understood my antics that I have been embarrassed ever since. But many times now in the autumn of my years I have gone down privately and prayed honestly, like the very clodhopper I am spiritually, for a little ease, a little peace, more strength; and it is a fact that I came out of these encounters rested, elevated a trifle above my fate. Your psychoanalyst can explain it, but he could not have an experience like that if his life depended upon it. Speaking as a rationalist, I know as well as the next one that prayer is an expression of doubt rather than of faith. Still, I indulge in it, as a child with perfect confidence in his parents will ask for what he wants, regardless of their superior wisdom.

Lately we have had a long drought in this valley. One afternoon in August I stood on my mountain looking down at a field of corn in the valley. A month earlier it had tasseled, the stalks twelve feet tall, the bright blades spreading and meeting until they hid the ground. Now it looked like rank upon rank of skeleton soldiers beneath the blazing sun, bending in the dry wind, every blade furled, the soil showing like the gray dust of a desert. My heart ached, feeling the thirst of that corn. All at once I remembered, one time, long ago, when the people of a little backwoods circuit gathered on a hot dry night to pray for rain. And I had a good mind to do it again. Then my faith took a rational turn and I simply remarked to the Lord: "All right; do as you see fit about raining in this valley. That's your corn, anyhow, and the mules are yours also, and I am at least a stepchild of the kingdom of heaven. If it's necessary for balancing the moisture on this earth to burn up this corn, starve the mules and humiliate my vanity as a farmer, just go ahead. But it's mighty hard on me and the corn, because thou knowest I can buy other corn for the mules." I may have been a trifle briefer in what I said, being hot and worried, but this is the substance of it, and what I really meant.

At that moment the only sign of rain in the heavens was a few old thunderheads that had been haunting the western horizon for days. Three hours later we had the first shower that had fallen here in two months! I am not bragging, and I am not superstitious, but if you live by faith, in your emergencies you must be an opportunist and take anything you can for an answer to prayer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LELAND J. BURRUD

Wealth in Security

I never have gone so far as to commit the blasphemy of trying to get even with the Lord. But whenever it gets down to cases between us and I have tried my best to divert a sorrow or a disaster, I know my rights and exercise them. I say "Thy will be done"—put the responsibility where it belongs, according to His Word—and then I sit back and wait. Whatever it is goes ahead, maybe, and happens, but it always turns out better than my faith expected.

This is no more than a faint suggestion of what it means to live in an order beyond the reach of men to change. Not profitable in the accepted worldly sense. But I know no other protection like it from the envies, follies, fears and heartburnings the rich and poor suffer alike. When I sit here alone beside the fire on winter nights, with the wind roaring outside and the dead leaves tripping across the frozen ground like the ghosts of dreams I used to have, I am not disconsolate. I know these hills are rimmed with firelit homes where the people inside are the more conscious of peace and safety because the storm is outside, not in their own breasts. Warm and poor and plain, they have a quietness and comfort that is natural, in the order of things, which neither wealth nor any worldly circumstance can afford.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

GREATEST OF TRIBUTES

WHEN CREATIVE MINDS set to work—in engineering, designing or what-not—they instinctively and inevitably establish for themselves a standard which they aspire to approach, or, if possible, to surpass. This is especially true in the industrial world where values are highly competitive. A simple and safe rule for the private citizen to follow, therefore, in making a choice of any particular commodity is to locate that commodity which all contenders endeavor to equal (or to improve upon) and to buy it without hesitation. There *can* be nothing higher than that which is truly the standard. There can be no value greater than that which is established as the greatest value in the minds of those creative competitors who are honestly endeavoring to do their very best. Perhaps the greatest single fact in the gigantic motor car industry—with all of its tremendous ramifications—is the interesting fact that Cadillac and La Salle are accepted by lay and professional minds alike as the outstanding source of incentive and inspiration. Consciously or unconsciously, willingly or otherwise, everyone concedes leadership to Cadillac and La Salle.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY *DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS*

Shaves last longer

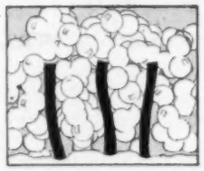
. . . when small-bubble lather is used

Millions of men testify that Colgate shaves last longer! Why? Because Colgate shaves are closer . . . smoother

The unique "small-bubble" lather which Colgate's makes on your face is vastly different from the ordinary, fluffy, air-filled "big-bubble" kind. These tiny Colgate bubbles get right down to the base of the beard, where the razor works (see diagrams at right). Also they carry much more water than big bubbles. Whiskers are simply drenched with moisture . . . become soft and easy-to-cut. Your shave is closer . . . longer-lasting.

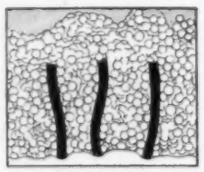
Here's exactly what happens when you lather up with Colgate's: 1—the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water. Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

FREE OFFER

COLGATE, Dept. M-706, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

5000 FEET MAKE ONE SMILE

(Continued from Page 17)

"It don't matter, just so long as you talk. You see, Johnny, you is goin' to fill a long-felt need with this comp'ny. An' at the same time you is gwine elevate us to a position we ain't never hereinbefo' attained. All the big white folks' companies has got supervisors. An' they always have lots of conferences. But us—we ain't never had the right sort of a confererer until you come along, an' I got a hunch that it will be a puffeck job fo' you."

"B-b-but if I don't know nothin' 'bout pitchers ——"

"Ain't I done tol' you that ain't necessary? All a supervisor has got to do is confer."

"But if he don't know nothin' to confer about?"

"Then the comp'ny is that much better off. Anyway, Supervisor Skidd, tha's yo' job, an' congratulations!"

They crowded about him and wrung his hand. Johnny was convinced that never before in his uneventful life had he ever met so many persons of royal blood. Why, they were actually treating him like an equal, and that was a novel experience. He glanced at his watch.

"I got to be goin'," he announced.

"Nos-suh!" boomed Lawyer Chew. "We is havin' a conference right now, an' you got to stay."

"Nope." The new supervisor shook his head. "I'd love to, but I don't dast."

"How come not?"

A wan smile played briefly across Johnny's lips.

"Lawyer Chew, had you ever met my wife, you woul'n't ask no such of a question as that."

"Oh." The benedicts exchanged understanding glances. "She's the boss, eh?"

"She's a noble lady, folks, but she sholy is positive."

"Gives you hell all the time?"

"Uh-huh. When she's feelin' good."

"An' when she ain't?"

"Gemmun, I despise to think about such sad events."

Latimer patted his shoulder.

"Tha's all right, Johnny. We'll see that you an' her bofe git to like Bumminham."

"Maybe I bofe is gwine like it, President Latimer. But Garnish ain't never gwine crave this town."

"She don't know ——"

"Boss man, you is wrong there. Befo' we lef' New Yawk she said she didn't like Bumminham, an' that ended it. All she has talked about ever since us lef' was how soon would it be befo' she could git back to Harlem."

"But you like it heah, don't you, Johnny?"

"Folks," declared the little man earnestly, "I don't like it. I love it!"

"At-a-boy! An' now, if you must be goin' ——"

"I must. Less'n I crave to git sterminated. Good-by!"

He edged, crabwise, from the room, and immediately a shout of glee arose. For perhaps fifteen minutes there was a babel of delighted chatter, which was summed up in President Latimer's words:

"Friends," announced the chief executive, "this li'l' feller is a swell guy. Heah we was gittin' all stewed up over how much hard luck we was facin' because a big stockholder wanted his son to learn the pitcher game, an' instead we find ourselfs 'sociated with one of the nicest, mos' modestest fellers it has ever been my pleasure to meet up with. Pussonally, I like him. All those in favor, say aye."

A shout of aye filled the room, and Latimer turned gravely to the secretary.

"Enter that indorsement on the minutes of the meetin'," he ordered, "an' send a copy to Mistuh Skidd in New Yawk."

Meanwhile Johnny Skidd scuttled beatifically along Fourth Avenue—that busy thoroughfare which had begun to supplant Eighteenth Street as the colored civic center. He was amazed by and delighted with Birmingham. Why, on this very block, between Eighteenth and Seventeenth streets, there were four exceedingly attractive movie and vaudeville houses for colored folks only—the Champion, the Famous, the Frolic and the Dixie. And at the corner he ascended the steps of Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. He timidly turned the knob of the door at Room 238.

A large and aggressive woman glared at him, and Johnny snapped back to the stern realities of life.

"Where has you been?" snapped Garnish Skidd.

"Down to Midnight, honey."

"Don't you 'honey' me. What you been doin' there?"

"Gittin' a job."

"Hmph! What kind of a job is they gwine give a wuthless, none-thinkin' hunk of vacuum like you?"

Johnny's guileless face expanded into a smile of pride.

"Sweetness, I has got a swell job."

"Yeh? Scrubbin' floors?"

"Nothin' like that. I is a supervisor."

"A which?"

"A supervisor."

"What's that?"

"I dunno, but Ise it."

"What you got to do?"

"Talk."

"About what?"

"Anything."

"An' tha's what you call a job?" She stamped her foot angrily. "Ise sick an' tired of this whole mess. Don't you reelize that wasn't yo' papa a big stockholder they would of th'owed you out in the alley?"

"Uh-huh. I reckon they would."

"Well, I don't see why you stand it. Now, me, Ise in favor of us immedjitly movin' back to New Yawk where a cullud gal can have a swell time, 'stead of stayin' in a li'l' two-by-fo' town like this."

"I think Bumminham is swell."

"You don't think nothin', 'cause you ain't got nothin' to think with. An' besides, I don't care what you think. I don't like Bumminham an' don't crave to stay heah. I got a yearnin' fo' Harlem."

"It ain't gwine do you no good, sugar foots! Ev'ybody at the studjo says that Ise gwine make a fine supervisor, so you might just as well git to meetin' an' likin' folks heah, 'cause we most likely remains in Bumminham at least as long as pummanently."

She was taut with fury.

"I has met 'em," she announced, "an' I hate 'em all."

He looked up in surprise.

"Who has you met?"

"Oh, ev'ybody. Fust off a committee come to see me fum The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. Then the ladies a'xiliary of the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety called on me. An' then some others came all by theirselfs."

"An'—an' didn't you like 'em?"

"Trash! An' I tol' 'em so. I said, 'Wimmin, you-all listen at me. Ise a New Yawk cullud lady an' I don't prepose to 'sociate with no such small-town females as what you is.' I says, 'I don't like none of you an' don't intend to have nothin' to do with you. Me,' I says, 'I is a high-class lady an' I ain't got no idea of makin' friends with nobody in such a rotten town as this.' Tha's just ezackly what I said, Johnny."

He shook his head. "You always was dreffful tackful."

"I was honest."

"Well, you most likely won't have no friends in this town after that kind of a start."

"I don't want no friends. I want to git back to New Yawk."

"An' starve?"

"What you mean—starve?"

"Well, was we to return back there, my papa would git disgustful an' not gimme no mo' money."

(Continued on Page 87)

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

. . . ENJOY NOW in Plymouth what other low-priced cars may offer

SOME DAY

SOME DAY all manufacturers in the lowest-price field may build *full*-size cars, with room for a full quota of adult passengers

. . . ***Plymouth does that NOW***

SOME DAY all makers of lowest-priced cars may require *every* motor to pass a two-hour block test and a careful dynamometer test

. . . ***Plymouth does that NOW***

SOME DAY every low-priced car may establish precision limits comparable with the care that is taken on high-priced cars. Chrysler-built to typical Chrysler-quality standards

. . . ***Plymouth does that NOW***

SOME DAY every low-priced car may offer trouble-proof, self-equalizing, extra-powerful brakes, requiring no lubrication. With its Chrysler-designed weatherproof hydraulics

. . . ***Plymouth does that NOW***

SOME DAY all cars of lowest price may keep their power and smoothness longer . . . may have plus-strength (instead of just barely sufficient strength) in motor, axles, transmission and frame . . . may cause less trouble and give more pleasure

. . . ***Plymouth does that NOW***

The improved Plymouth models now on Display at Dealer Showrooms will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows. In addition, special displays during the New York Show, January 4th to 11th, in the Commodore Hotel and during the Chicago Show, January 25th to February 1st, in the Congress Hotel.

PLYMOUTH

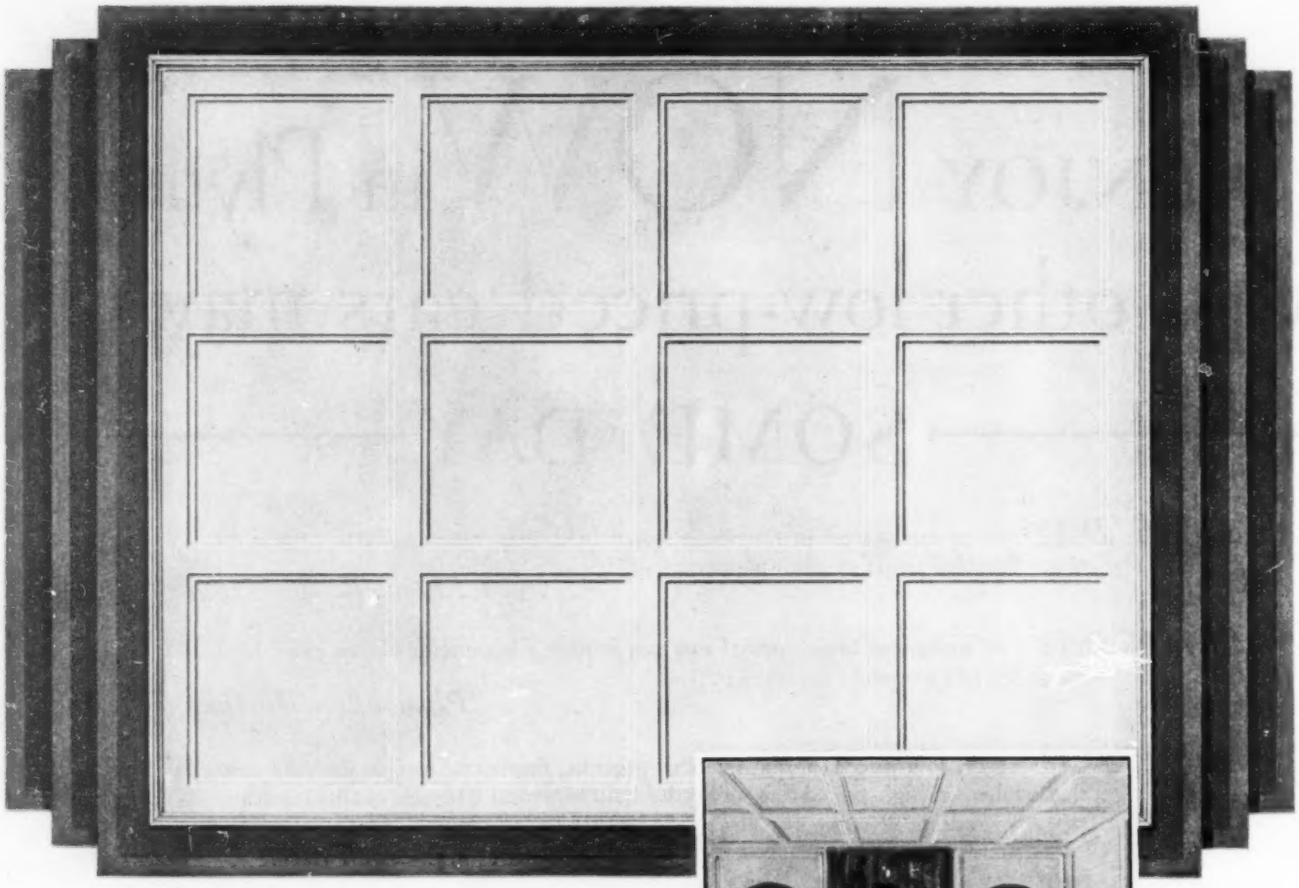
AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

$655.00

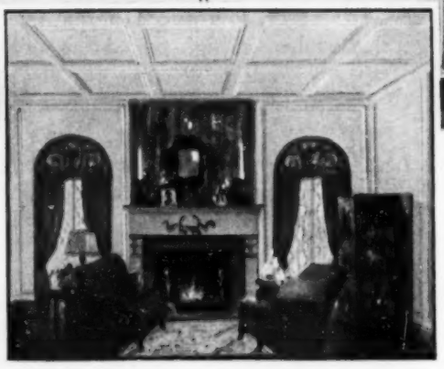
AND UP F.O.B. DETROIT

FULL SIZE

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CEILINGS



WALLS *and* CEILINGS *make or mar the beauty of your home*



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(Continued from Page 84)

She looked at him disdainfully. "We'll git back soon enough," she grated. "You ain't got the brains to hold no kind of a job an' they is mighty soon gwine find it out."

For the first time in years Johnny Skidd exhibited a touch of spirit. The dignity of his new job sat heavily upon the narrow shoulders which he squared for her delectation.

"You seem to forget, Garnish, that I is a supervisor, an' ev'ybody explained to me that no matter how dumb a feller is, he can be a fine one of them."

"If tha's true," she answered, "you is gwine be the best the world has ever knowed."

Johnny Skidd's reputation preceded him to the studio the following morning. Word had been passed around that the son of Midnight's most influential stockholder was a marvelous little fellow, regardless of the fact that he didn't appear to be overburdened with mentality.

To Florian Slappey was intrusted the job of showing Johnny around the lot, and before the diminutive chap had been in the sacred precincts two hours there wasn't a man, woman or child who didn't like him in a large way. Of course, news of Garnish Skidd's manner had also been bruited about, and Birmingham's colored society had decided unanimously to respect her desire for social solitude. But as for Johnny, they liked him instinctively and whole-heartedly.

The little man from New York was amazed by what he saw. Florian was particularly gratified to be able to explain to him the technical intricacies of Midnight's new hundred-thousand-dollar sound stage. He let Johnny watch the shooting of a long and funny scene and then conducted him into the monitor room to hear the playback. He showed him the lighting arrangements and the recording room where the sound and dialogue of each scene were picked up by two film recorders and one large wax disk operating on an interlocking device with the cameras.

Johnny Skidd was dazed and delighted. That he should be a part of this magnificent organization filled him with pride, ambition and doubt. But then he had told them frankly that he was dumb and if they still insisted that he could supervise ——

Finally Florian conducted the newcomer to a pair of snug little offices in the administration building. One was for Johnny, and the other held a typewriter desk and chair for his secretary, a rather pulchritudinous young colored damsel at whom Johnny gazed with some trepidation.

"Ise much obliged to meet you," he announced, "but if my wife ever comes to this studjo—which ain't likely—I'd take it a pussonal favor if you wouldn't give her no hint that you is my secretary."

For the balance of that day they left Johnny to his own devices. In a daze he wandered about the lot, watching the shooting, drifting across the street occasionally to munch a genuine Birmingham barbecue sandwich, inspecting the cutting room, and wherever he went he was greeted with friendly smiles and hearty how-d'ye-dos.

Occasionally, the busy Orifice R. Latimer passed the little man on the lot, and each time he found a moment to chat affably. On one of these occasions, when Johnny walked away, the president of Midnight gazed after him speculatively. Then his eyes narrowed. An idea was beginning to come to him.

He isolated himself in his mahogany office and refused to answer the telephone. For perhaps fifteen minutes he sat staring at the opposite wall, and then a grin commenced to crinkle the corners of lips and eyes. He reached for the phone and called a number.

"Lawyer Chew? This is Orifice Latimer. . . . Uh-huh! Listen, I got something awful impawtant to discuss tonight. . . . Yeh, strictly private. How 'bout bein' at my house at half-past eight? . . . Says you? . . . A'right, I looks fo' you. 'By!"

Calls almost identical were placed for Production Manager Julius Cæsar Clump, Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Sound Engineer Callous Deech, Author Forcep Swain, and the twin stars, Opus Randall and Welford Potts.

Promptly at 8:30 President Latimer gazed solemnly at this gathering of brains.

"Gemmun," he announced, "a light has come fum under my bushel." Nobody made answer to this sage remark, and so the president continued: "Yestiddy there come to us some manna fum heavum. At fust we thought it was gwine have a lemon flavor, but, fellers, not on'y it ain't but also it is a posolute boom to humanity."

His auditors stirred uneasily, and Lawyer Chew spoke.

"Orifice," said he, "you elucidates unmistakable, but if it don't differ with you, I would git suggestive that you speak so us can comprehend what you is talkin' about. An' what is the indemnity of this manna, anyway?"

"Johnny Skidd," explained Orifice. "Now gimme ear, all of you. As you-all know, there has been a burnin' question in this organization ever since we fust got successful, an' more 'specially so since the talkies come in. Always we has made two-reel comedies at a flat price for the master print. An' we has debated an' argufied about wouldn't it be a swell gamble if us was to try a five-reel feature pitcher. Remember, there ain't nobody yet has ever made a five-reel all-cullud comedy, an' we has all mo' or less got the hunch that it might make a million dollars. But, folks, we also know that whereas our regular produck costs between twelve and eighteen thousan' dollars a pitcher, an' on that basis carries with it a guaranteed profit, a five-reeler would cost maybe mo' than seventy-five thousan' dollars an' there ain't no tellin' whether it would git successful distribution or not.

"I think we all believe it would be a swell thing, but also we has reelized that if us tried it an' made a bust, then all them rich New Yawk stockholders would be on our necks in no time an' we would be lucky to git out with recommendations as truck drivers.

"Now, gemmun, I think I voice the sediment of this gathering when I say that Midnight ought to make a five-reel comedy previded it can do such without gittin' into no trouble if it is a failure. Is I right?"

There was a shout of enthusiastic indorsement.

"An' that," finished Orifice, "is where Johnny Skidd comes in!"

They gazed at him with renewed interest.

"It's thisaway," said he: "We has made Johnny a supervisor. He don't know nothin' about what that means—in which he ain't much wuss off than most movie folks. But us can make his job mean anythin' we want it to. So the fust thing we does tomorrow mawnin' is to tell him that he must decide whether Midnight shall make a five-reeler or not."

"Why him?" inquired Mr. Clump.

"Because, brainless, if he says no, then we ain't no wuss off than we is now. An' if he says yes, then we go right ahead, an' does the pitcher flop, then we notifry his paw that it was his fault."

Smiles commenced to appear.

"An' there's one impawtant thing to remember," continued Orifice: "As soon as we mention this thing to Johnny, he is gwine ask what we think about it. Well, we got to agree right heah an' now that we is gwine give Johnny all the advice he wants about ev'ything else, but not one single word about is it a good thing to make a feature pitcher. More than that, we got to tell ev'ybody on the lot, even the sweepers and the gripsmen, that anybody on this lot caught sayin' one word to Johnny about whether it's a good idea to make a five-reeler is fired right away."

"*Ipso facto*," interjected Lawyer Chew.

"Tha's as good a way as any," agreed Orifice. "Now the point is this: Unless I is awful mistaken, Johnny Skidd is an honest man. He's too dumb to be anythin' else. Also I think he's gwine decide to make that pitcher. An' if he does, an' it's a failure, an' his paw asks, 'Johnny, is it true you made this decision yo'se'f?' Johnny will say yes, he did. That lets us out fum any trouble with them Nawthern stockholders. What do you-all say?"

They said that they thought Orifice's move was a stroke of genius, and each undertook to tell every employe that it would be as much as his job was worth to make a single comment to Johnny Skidd upon the advisability of the new venture.

As a matter of fact, there was considerable trepidation about the thing despite Latimer's brave words. It was all very well to talk about making the picture cheaply, but they knew that was impossible. The cost of raw film alone would be staggering—three cameras and two film recorders devouring footage on every scene—engaging of extras, an attention to detail which was not essential in two-reel production, at which these men were past masters.

And so the scheme was set, Latimer himself being afraid that Johnny would decide against and almost as fearful that he would vote aye. In fact, so perturbed was he that he delayed an extra day before consulting his new supervisor. He informed Cæsar Clump that he almost had cold feet.

"Me too," agreed Clump.

"Why?"

"'Cause we is makin' good, steady money like we is, an' it don't seem sensible to take such a chance, whether Johnny Skidd gits the blame or not."

"Is you scared?"

"Nos-suh. I ain't scared. Ise ossified."

"Well," insisted Latimer, "Ise goin' ahead anyway."

He summoned Johnny and explained the proposition. The little man gazed at him blankly.

"Shuh, Mistuh President, you is kiddin' me."

"About such an impawtant thing as this? You talk foolishment, Johnny."

"But, my gosh, I don't know nothin' 'bout pitchers."

"Ain't you our supervisor?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' don't supervisors know all about pitchers?"

"I don't."

"Sholy you do; else you couldn't be no supervisor."

"What do you think about it?"

"I ain't got an idea, Johnny. I leave that all to yo' genus."

Mr. Skidd roamed miserably about the lot. Wherever he turned, he received the same sort of answer. They patted his back and told him that he was a genius. They made him understand that on his shoulders, and his alone, rested this momentous decision.

Now, decisions were something which Johnny was not in the habit of making. He was a lackadaisical soul who drifted along with the current of life and never protested against fate or fought for better things. Besides, no one would give him advice. Even his pretty little secretary was tight-lipped on that particular subject.

And then, on the morning of the third day, Supervisor Skidd walked into President Latimer's office.

"Mistuh President," announced Johnny, "heah's me."

"Uh-huh. Good mawnin', Johnny."

"Same to you, suh." The little fellow fidgeted. "You know that thing which was puzzlin' you?"

"About whether us should produce a five-reeler?"

"Tha's which. Well, I has made up my mind."

Latimer was trembling with excitement as he leaned across the desk.

"An' what is yo' decision, Mistuh Supervisor: Does we does, or does we don't?"

Johnny drew a long breath. "We does!"

For one instant Latimer considered putting the executive veto on the whole mad scheme. The very fact that Johnny had decided in favor was almost proof enough that the other course was the correct one.

But he discarded that idea. He took from his desk drawer a paper, drawn up by Lawyer Chew, which was calculated to absolve the executives of Midnight from all censure should the effort prove cataclysmic.

"Sign that, Johnny," ordered the president.

Mr. Skidd glanced at the document:

I, Johnny Skidd, the sole and only supervisor of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., by virtue of the power and authority vested in me as said sole supervisor of said Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., hereby, of my own free will and a cord, and being sound of limb, wind and body, do hereby order that said Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., shall proceed immediately forthwith to make, create and produce a five-reel feature picture. And it is understood that this is my own decision and that I alone have give the order as supervisor.

Halfway through the document Johnny gave it up as a bad job.

"Just looks like a whole lot of words to me," he said.

"Tha's the most thing it is, Johnny. You just go ahead an' write yo' name underneath it where it says 'supervisor.'"

Johnny did not hesitate. That detail attended to, Latimer shook hands solemnly with the diminutive chap and placed the sacred document in his wall safe.

"A'right, Johnny," he ordered. "Go ahead."

"Go ahead of what?"

"Commence."

Johnny grinned sheepishly. "Gosh, President Latimer, I dunno what to do."

"Well," suggested Latimer judicially, "seein' as you is a supervisor, it seems like you ought to have a conference."

"Who with?"

"Anybody."

"What about?"

"Oh, anything."

"All right," said Johnny boldly. "I will."

As by magic, word flashed about the Midnight lot that the all-negro organization was definitely dedicated to a feature production and that Johnny Skidd was nominally in charge. Of course, it was understood that Latimer was the brains behind the project and that J. Cæsar Clump would wield the megaphone.

Scarcely had Johnny reached the office when his secretary announced a visitor—Forcep Swain, Midnight's official author.

"I hope," sighed Johnny, "that he wants to hold a conference, 'cause I ain't had a real one till yet."

And that was precisely what Mr. Swain did wish to do. He had in his hand a bulky script, originally prepared for silent production and since rewritten for talkies.

"Mawnin', supervisor," he said. "I crave to confer with you about my story."

"Tha's fine." Johnny rubbed his hands together. "Go ahead an' confer."

"Fust of all, lemme tell you the tale."

"Fine. Ise just crazy 'bout stories."

For the next hour Forcep's persuasive voice rang through the little office as he outlined the salient points of his beloved script. Johnny sat back at the beginning, eyes half closed and a judicial expression on his face. But when one of the characters was described as running under a ladder which fell upon him and deluged him with white paint, Johnny commenced to grin. A few minutes later, when another character was described as disguising himself as a ghost for the purpose of frightening his wife so that he could escape detection, Johnny chuckled. And when the ghost tripped and lost his sheet, Mr. Skidd roared with laughter.

Forcep told the story well to an appreciative audience. Once started, Johnny's mirth never diminished, and when the last words had been uttered the supervisor looked up with tears streaming.

"Mistuh Swain," said he, "I think that story is swell."

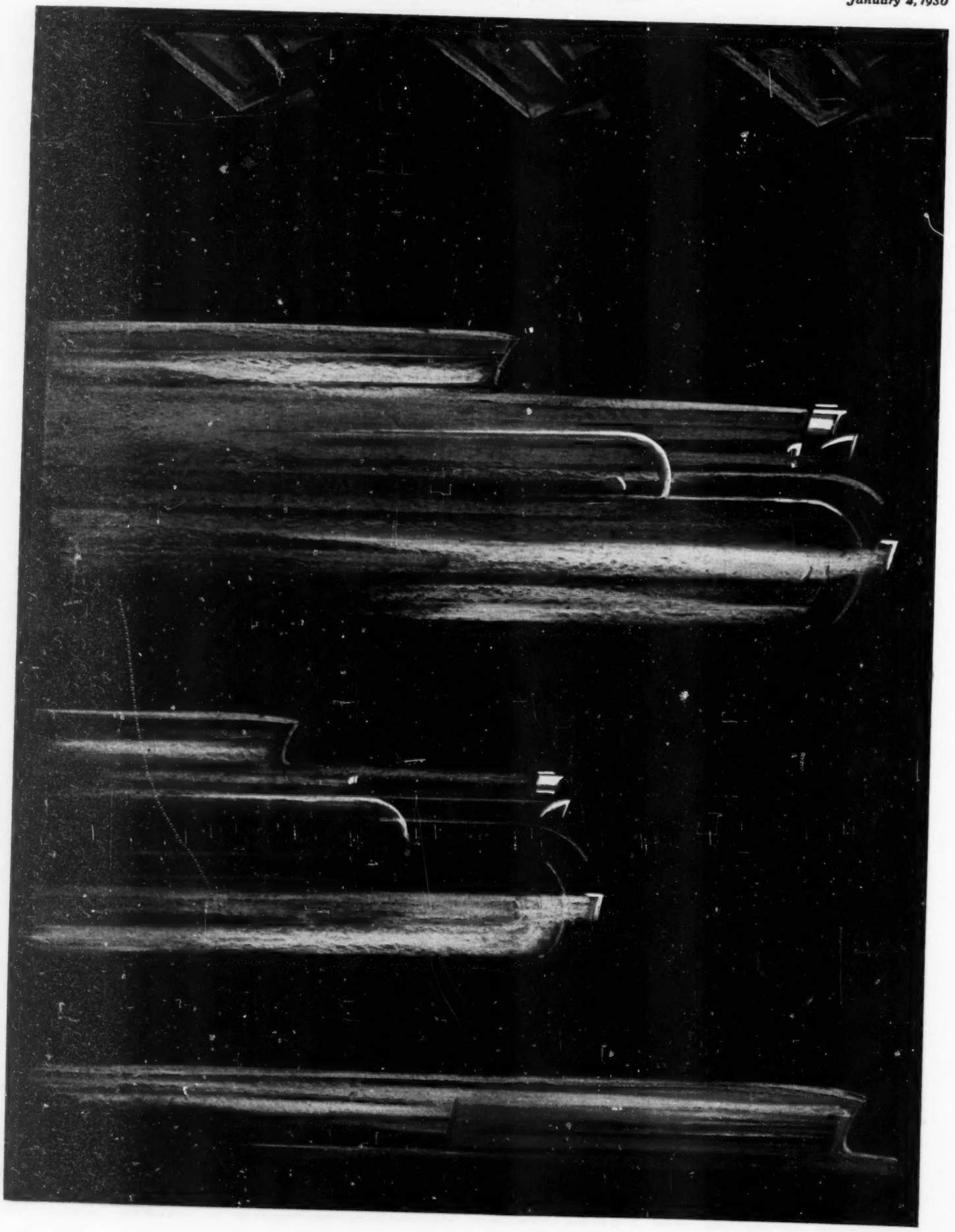
"You do, honest?"

"Boy, it's great! I never heard tell no funnier one. Honest, I like to of died when Angora sat on that rubber cat an' it squealed. I bet you is the best author in the world."

"Oh, shuh! Tha's just flatterment."

"No, 'tain't. It's troof."

(Continued on Page 91)



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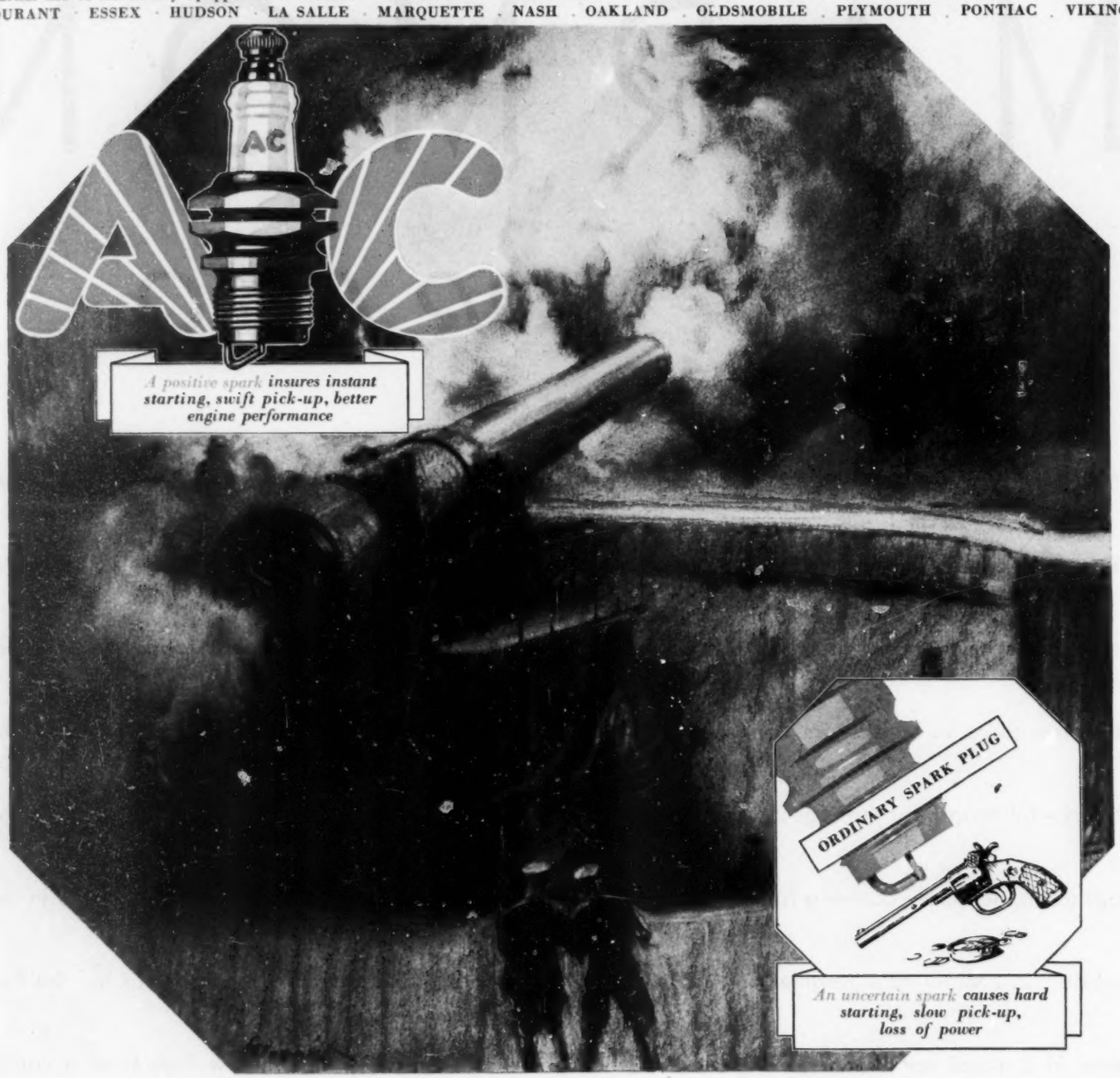
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(Continued from Page 87)

Mr. Swain seated himself and lighted a cigar.

"Now, Mistuh Supervisor, what suggestions has you got?"

"'Bout which?"

"My story. What changes do you want made?"

"Man, I don't want no changes made. I think it's grand."

Forcep's face fell. "But, Johnny, you got to make some changes."

"How come I got to?"

"'Cause you is a supervisor, an' ev'y supervisor has got to improve the author's story."

Johnny groaned. "I told them fellers I wasn't no good supervisor. I just know I couldn't change that story, Forcep. It's puffeck as it is."

Forcep sighed. "A'right. But this sholy don't seem like no feature pitcher witn nobody rewritin' the story."

Johnny put his official okay on the script as was, and Mr. Swain circulated about the lot pridefully informing his friends that his script was to be shot as Midnight's first feature-length picture.

Of course, every person on the lot was already familiar with that particular story, and so, immediately on receipt of the news, Opus Randall, the portly Midnight star, came bustling into the office of his supervisor.

"Johnny," he announced, "I has come to confer with you."

"'Bout which?"

"This feature pitcher Don't Give Up the Shape."

Johnny chuckled. "Tha's a swell title, ain't it?"

"Uh-huh! What is you gwine change it to?"

"I ain't gwine change it."

"What? You mean you is gwine use the original title just 'cause it's good?"

"Uh-huh. Why not?"

"I dunno no good reason, Johnny, 'cept-ing that movie comp'nies always change the titles of their pitchers." Opus shook his head. "Anyway, that ain't no business of mine. What I want to 'scuss with you is my interpretation of the rôle I is gwine play."

"Meanin' which?"

"How Ise gwine act it."

"Big feller, you is gwine act it grand. Tha's the one thing you couldn't possibly do nothin' else but."

"Thanks.. I got a special idea about the way I should play them big scenes—kind of quiet an' dramatic an' se'ious; an' then when I fall down an' git into all kinds of trouble, I don't laugh or nothin', an' it makes things twice as funny. What you think about that?"

"Wonderful."

"An' it's all right with you?"

"Whatever you say is right."

Within the next three days others came in to confer with their supervisor. Welford Potts, costarring with Opus Randall, held a conference concerning his costumes, and Glorious Fizz, who was to play the feminine lead, came in to suggest a few things. Orifice Latimer conferred with Johnny on the matter of expense and made him okay a preliminary cost sheet. Director Clump consulted him concerning directorial method, about which Johnny knew nothing and to which he agreed enthusiastically.

He held conferences with Callous Deech, the sound engineer; Julian Fever, chief electrician; Exotic Hines, head of the camera crew; Mandamus Marshall, the chief cutter; Jonathan Melody, publicity man; Mercury Smith, temperamental ruler of the art department; Professor Aleck Champagne, musical director, concerning a theme song and several incidental numbers; Simeon Broughton, the head of the grips department; and even with Vinnie Napp, who had charge of the twenty-thousand-dollar sound truck which was used by the company on location.

The conference formula never varied. Each person arrived with an idea, explained his plan and received the whole-hearted indorsement and unstinted praise of Supervisor Skidd. He let each one know that he was regarded as a genius in his particular line.

The result was twofold: In the first place, each conferrer left Johnny's presence swearing that Mr. Skidd was the finest chap ever to have been employed by Midnight and agreeing that he must be a wizard, else how could he see so quickly that the ideas put before him were worthy of adoption?

But, most particularly, Don't Give Up the Shape went into production with a harmonious crew. There wasn't a hint of friction or jealousy. Each person was doing what he most desired to do, in the way that it best pleased him to do it. And harmony was an enormous asset, for in the front office President Latimer, Production Manager Clump and Legal Counsel Chew were commencing to worry themselves sick.

Within two weeks cost had begun to mount at an alarming rate. It was just another version of the snowball racing downhill. There wasn't a way on earth to stop it, once under way, but that didn't lessen executive worry in the slightest.

Things were developing which had been unknown in two-reel production. For one thing, extras were needed—lots of extras. For another, there were two chorus-girl sequences. There was a big cabaret set, and a scene taken on shipboard. Huge quantities of film were being used and Clump was finding it necessary to make dozens of retakes. Callous Deech was becoming irritable about his sound effects, often ordering a scene remade because of some trivial little noise which wouldn't have been noticed in a two-reeler. Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra was being kept on twelve-hour duty, on the theory that it was simpler to play the musical score into the picture while being shot than to dub it in later. And President Latimer ceased sleeping at night and became addicted to nerves and headaches.

"Oh, my gosh!" he moaned to Cæsar Clump. "We is gwine git completely ruint."

"How come, Orifice?"

"This pitcher was a mistake."

"Boy, you ain't tellin' me no news."

"It's gwine cost most a hund'ed thousan' dollars."

"Great sufferin' tripe! You don't mean it?"

"Ev'y cent of that. Maybe even a little less. An', Cæsar, judging fum them rushes, it looks awful."

"Well, I woul'n't say it was so hot." The production manager shook his head. "There's one salisfraction, though: All the blame goes to Johnny Skidd."

"Yeh, an' it should. He ain't supervised nothin'. All he's done has been to tell ev'ybody they is swell."

"Well, that makes 'em happy."

"Sholy. Who woul'n't be happy when they was havin' that much money spent on 'em, an' bein' allowed to do whatever they wanted? Even me, I'd be happy. Dawg-gone that feller, anyway. Why you reckon he ever decided to make this five-reeler in the fust place?"

"Just dumb! I reckon five was his lucky number, or somethin' like that."

"An' ain't them New Yawk stockholders gwine give us a fit?"

Clump shook his head. "Tha's the on'iest comfort us has got, Orifice. Johnny's paw is the most impawtant one of all, an' whatever soreness he has got, Johnny gits the benefit of."

"An' puffeckly rightly. He's a nice feller, Cæsar, but what he ain't got is no brains. He's just runnin' aroun' with a grin on his face agreein' with what ev'y-body says an' not tryin' to change nothin'. The cost goes on pilin' up, the pitcher gits rottener an' rottener, an' fust thing you know it's gwine be finished—an' so is we."

"We-e-ell, we never would of been happy till we tried it."

"No-o. An' Ise mo' mis'able now. Nobody on'y a dumb ox like Johnny Skidd would have decided in favor of."

Of course, the actors, musicians and artists were in a seventh heaven of delight. In this picture all of their pet theories were finding expression, and Johnny Skidd hovered about the set praising everybody, agreeing with everything and having the time of his life.

He was intensely popular and he blossomed under the sincere friendship of his associates. He thought the studio the greatest place in the world and the supervising job the most delightful. And it was such a relief from the nightly bitterness and recrimination and nagging and quarreling which were his lot when the day's work was ended. Garnish hated Birmingham. She loathed every person in it, and she vented her spleen on Johnny.

But each morning found him at the studio smiling radiantly; eyes shining in anticipation of the day's conferences. And if he knew nothing of Latimer's trepidation, he also did not suspect that when New York exploded, he, Supervisor Skidd, would be the sole beneficiary of that explosion.

Eventually the final shots were made and huge quantities of film were turned over to the cutting department. Thereafter, for three terrifying weeks, Mandamus Marshall, the head cutter, J. Cæsar Clump, director, and Forcep Swain, author, worked day and night cutting, assembling and reassembling. It was a tedious, nerve-racking job. Each scene in the mammoth production had been shot three times—once at long distance, once in a medium shot, and once in close-up. They were cut back and forth, and in each case the sound track had to synchronize.

Orifice R. Latimer waited with the resigned misery that a soldier feels in anticipation of the zero hour. Eventually even the cutting must be completed, and then New York was to receive this five-reel hash which bore the title of Don't Give Up the Shape.

Finally the film was cut to five thousand feet and viewed in the projection room. The officials knew every scene and they watched the final showing in melancholy silence, although during its filming there was one continuous roar of laughter in the projection room, and this emanated from the lips of Supervisor Johnny Skidd, who always had thought, and still did think, that this was the finest, funniest picture ever produced.

Then the art department made the titles, with orchestral effects. Johnny viewed these and broke into tremendous handclapping when his name was flashed on the screen as supervisor.

The film was done. It was shipped to New York, and President Orifice R. Latimer went home and announced to his wife that he never wanted to see no pitcher companies again never, no time; and that if Johnny Skidd had already returned to New York, it wasn't soon enough for him.

For one awful, terrible week the officials awaited the inevitable bombshell. And one morning when Latimer, Chew, Clump, Fizz and Swain were holding a conference in Latimer's office, the explosion came.

It was in the form of a telegram from the distributors who handled the Midnight two-reelers, and as Latimer read, his eyes opened wide, his jaw sagged and he slumped limply in his chair. He read once. Then again, and again. Finally he spoke in a voice which croaked. The others could not understand, and so he held out the telegram with hands which were trembling violently. They crowded about and read:

ORIFICE R. LATIMER
PRES MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION INC
BIRMINGHAM ALABAMA

DONT GIVE UP SHAPE MARVELOUS PICTURE AND WE ARE GLAD TO DISTRIBUTE FOR YOU STOP HAVE TRIED ALREADY IN SEVEN KEY THEATERS AND AUDIENCES ATE IT UP STOP MOST LIKELY WILL BE BOOKED IN LEADING HOUSES FOR RUN STOP CONGRATULATIONS ON THIS AMAZING ACHIEVEMENT

Orifice mopped his brow with a lavender-bordered handkerchief. The shock of reaction was almost too much for him. The others, too, grinned foolishly and shook their heads in wonder.

Then President Latimer sounded the buzzer and his secretary appeared.

"Go git Supervisor Skidd," he ordered, "an' tell him to come heah immedjitly."

While they were waiting, he addressed the others.

"Fellers," he announced, "that there telegram means sev'ral things. One is that fum now on there ain't no limit to how far Midnight can grow. We has really become big producers. But what is mo' impawtant, it means that we has all been blind. Fum the fust we has thought that Johnny Skidd was a dumb-bell, when really he is a genus, an' what I has sent fo' him to say is that we reckernize his genus an' that we want to give him full credick fo' this success which has come to us."

As the door opened and Johnny entered the room, a cheer resounded. They crowded about him and pumped his hand, and then showed him the telegram. He shrugged modestly.

"Gosh, fellers," he said, "I knowed all the time it was gwine be a success."

Latimer made a magnanimous speech, paying florid tribute to Johnny's genius.

"An', Johnny," he finished, "I want to confess that all of us was scared to make that decision an' so we turned it over to you. When you decided to make a five-reeler, we was sure you was wrong. Also, while they was shootin' we knew you was wrong. An' now we want to 'pologize an' to say that we hope you will stay with us fo'ever as our supervisor of feature production."

Johnny nodded. "Ise glad to, Mistuh President. But of course I don't know nothin' 'bout pitchers."

"You know plenty! You is a wizzid, an' nothin' less. But, Johnny, there's one thing I wish you'd explain to us."

"Yas-suh, anything you want."

"How come you to make the decision in favor of shootin' a five-reel pitcher?"

Johnny met his eye squarely.

"I had a conference about it," he announced.

"Who with? Ev'ybody on this lot was ordered not to give you one word of advice about that."

"Well," confessed Johnny, "it wasn't with nobody on this lot. I had a conference about that with my wife."

"Goodness goshness! An' yo' wife was the one who advised you to make this five-reel pitcher?"

"Yas-suh, Mistuh President. It was entirely on her advice that I done same."

Latimer whistled. This didn't at all check with what he had heard of the militant Garnish Skidd.

"Just what did your wife say when you conferred with her, Johnny?"

Mr. Skidd wrinkled his brow in thought. "She said just ezackly these words, Orifice: She said, 'Johnny, you go ahead an' make that five-reel picture, an' I hope to gosh Midnight goes broke!'"

NEW FOR

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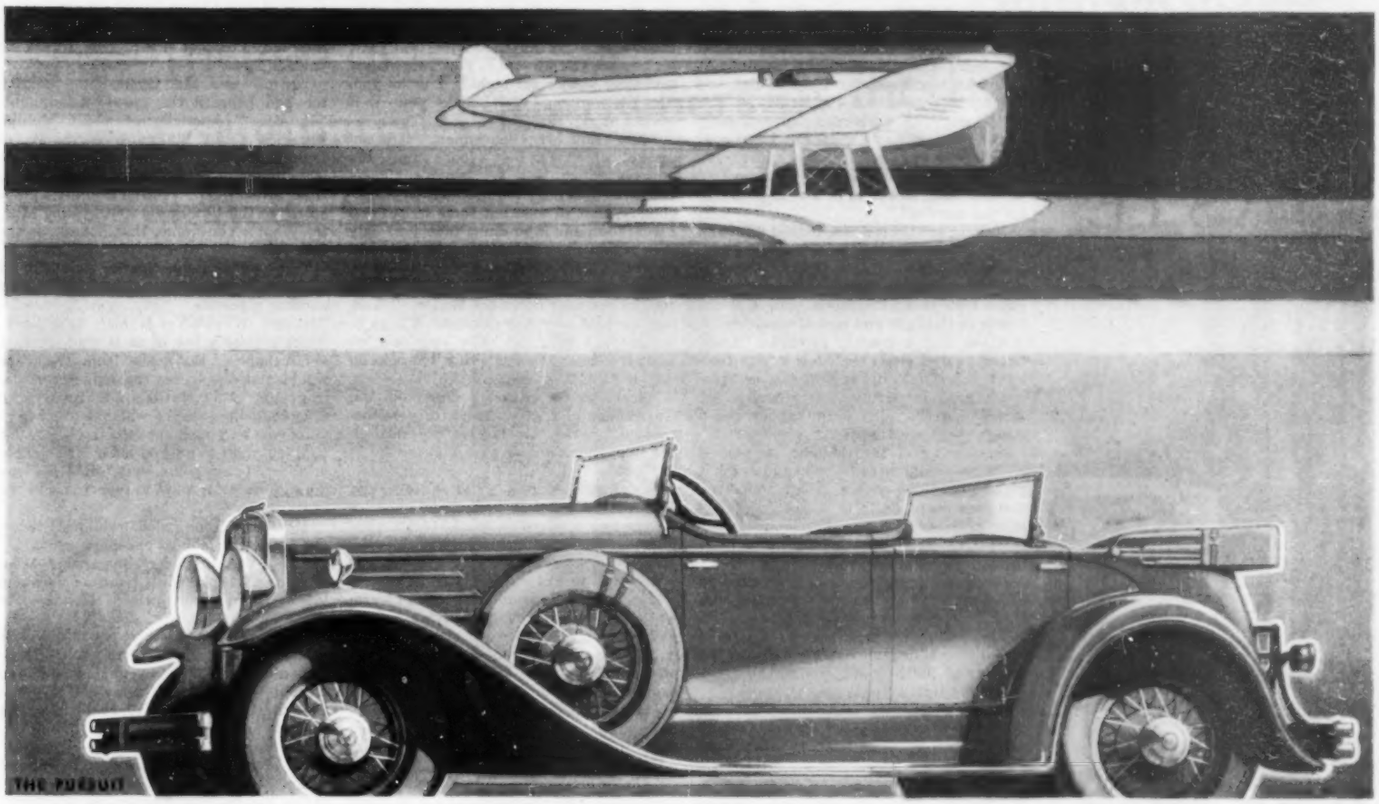

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To realize that this car has an airplane-type engine, flown in the air and driven on the highways thousands of miles, an engine delivering the greatest power for cylinder capacity of all automobile powerplants—is to understand the great contribution Franklin has made to automotive progress. A distinct tribute to the ascendency of air-cooling engineering!

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The airplane-type engine of the 1930 Franklin gives you an utterly new sensation in motoring. You glide quickly to sixty, seventy, eighty with none of the usual experiences that go with great speed—but with complete smoothness, quietness and comfort.

This new engine brings to the motor car an endurance and power typical of the airplane—power which remains at the peak throughout the hardest climbs and long, fast runs. To make this ability most effective under all conditions of driving, Franklin gives you choice of three-speed or four-speed transmissions—both with quiet intermediate gear.

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☐ Send, free, recipe book, "A Hundred Ways to Serve."

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THE LOST LIMERICK

(Continued from Page 11)

He turned to the first page, which was a methodical and neatly hand-written index, and ran his finger down the columns. "No," he said at length, "no, it's even as I suspected. Under *A* there's nowt that wull sairve—absolutely nowt! But noo, let's conseeder the rest o' the alphabet."

For the better part of an hour he studied the index and thumbed the pages. At length an idea seemed to come to him, and eagerly he turned to the letter *M*.

"There!" he exclaimed, triumphantly smiting the page. "I knew I cud find one! 'Twull fit like a piston fits a cylinder! It's not only good, it's pairfect! And noo I'll write it doon, so's to have it a' in readiness for the morrow!"

Having written it down, tucked it into an envelope, and tucked the envelope into his pocket, he produced from beneath his bunk a bottle whose label bore the legend Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch. He held the bottle to the light and sighed sepulchrally.

"Less than a quart!" he said. "Losh, but I figured close—so close it was foolhardy. I should ha' laid in twa or three spare cases at Melilla before I sent my money hame. Why, just suppose we'd struck rough weather!"

Shuddering at the thought, he poured himself a brimming tumblerful and drank it gratefully. "Saxty-four poonds nineteen sheelings saxpunce," he mused. "That's what the pool comes to, by the most conseervative esteemate! 'Twull be a braw bricht festival in Algiers after a'!"

Replenishing the tumbler, he dragged an oilskin case from beneath his bunk, and from it produced a bagpipe.

Then, filling his mouth with the Dew of Kirkintilloch, he removed the reed from the chanter of the bagpipe, and thrust it between his lips. Now, ordinary pipers, of course, suffer from the delusion that a chanter reed can be properly conditioned by saliva alone; but this is because such great virtuosi as the MacCrimmons of the Isle of Skye have jealously guarded as a secret of their art the fact that only Scotch whisky—and notably Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch—can so affect pipe and piper as to produce the so-desired soul-shivering result. Mr. Glencannon, religiously observing the ritual, let the chanter reed soak for full five minutes. Then he swallowed the mouthful and drank what remained in the tumbler for his own benefit.

"Whoosh!" he said, tucking the bagpipe under his arm and stepping out into the moonlight. "God's in his heaven an' a's richt wi' the world! What cud be more feeting than an hour or two o' Cock o' the North?"

Cock o' the North, as all good Caledonians know, is the greatest and grandest music ever composed by mortal man; but, unfortunately, none but the Caledonians are capable of appreciating it. The rest of mankind is unanimous in decrying the opus, and dismissing it along with all other bagpipe music as the merest *mélange* of savage groans, shrieks and caterwauls. And so, though Mr. Glencannon paced up and down the deck and played Cock o' the North as perhaps only four other living men could have played it, his efforts were not gratefully received by the rest of the ship's company.

The first manifestation of disapproval came from the mate. Mr. Montgomery, tactfully awaiting a moment when Mr. Glencannon had laid down his pipes to take up his bottle, ascended the ladder to the upper deck.

"Orl finished?" he asked hopefully.

"If ye're refeering to the whusky, yes," said Mr. Glencannon, hastily laying the bottle on its side behind the doorsill to conceal the fact that it was still a good quarter full. "But if, on the other hand, ye're refeering to the museec, ye've still a gude three hours to enjoy it. And noo"—picking up the pipes and inflating the bag—"I'll beed ye' a vurra gude nicht, Muster Mate."

Mr. Montgomery was undaunted. "I s'y, now, see 'ere," he protested. "You've put the 'ole ship to a lot of trouble, you 'ave, with your ruddy limerick and orl, and it ayn't cricket for you to go disturbing the rest of us wot's trying to think of it. 'Ow can we think of this limerick—'ow can we think of anything, for that matter?—with you up 'ere pl'ying this bloody squealing yowler orl night? I arsks you, Mr. Glencannon—yes, I arsks you—is it cricket or ayn't it?"

"No," said Mr. Glencannon, "it is no' creeket, which is at best a fool's game. It's museec, which is a gentleman's highest deevairsion! I'll reemind ye, Muster Montgomery, that ye wear but three stripes and I wear foor, and if ye dinna take yere ugly face beyont my reach, I shall be forced to reesort to lusty meesures."

"Oh, so that's it, is it?" said Mr. Montgomery, backing down the ladder. "Well, just for that, my Scotch bucko, I'll go to my room, I will, and show you 'oo's 'oo when it comes to remembering limericks on this 'ere ship!"

"Scottish, not Scotch," corrected Mr. Glencannon patiently. "And for yere further information, the true pronownciation is no' 'oo, but who, wi' the *h* audeeble, as in 'hoot.'"

Mr. Montgomery's growl of rage was lost in the drone and shrill of the pipes, as for the two hundred and sixty-fourth time Mr. Glencannon launched into Cock o' the North.

Shortly, though, there was a hiss of steam, a rasping wheeze, a shower of warm water, and the Inchcliffe Castle's whistle gave vent to a bellow which shook the ship and shattered the night. The roar kept on—head-filling, terrible—and Mr. Glencannon, cocking his eye across the empty moonlit expanse of sea which lay ahead, realized that the whistle was being sounded solely in a malicious attempt to drown him out.

"On the bridge, there!" he hailed. "Muster Coyle, ye mannerless pup ye, if ye dinna stop wasting steam pressure oot o' my boilers, I'll feerst come up and tromple ye, and then I'll go doon and tell the captain why."

The whistling subsided and the piping resumed. Resumed, and continued for another ghastly hour, at the end of which Mr. Glencannon, discovering that his bottle was almost empty, reconditioned the chanter reed, laid away his pipes and prepared for bed.

He had switched off the light, said his prayers and composed himself for slumber with blissful thoughts of sixty-four pounds nineteen shillings sixpence, when he was stabbed into trembling wakefulness by a frightful fear.

"Loáh!" he exclaimed, his feet groping in the darkness for his slippers. "How cud I have forgotten him?" And with his night shirt flapping around his shins in the warm African breeze, he tiptoed his way to the wireless room and peered furtively through the port.

There, sure enough, was Sparks, ear phones in place, cigarette going, and his dark, pimply young face illuminated by the eerie blaze of miniature thunderbolts which crackled and stuttered as his fingers set them free. Suddenly he abandoned the key, seized his pencil, and listened. Thin cold notes were coming from across the ocean spaces—coming in a broken whine which Mr. Glencannon visualized as flying fragments of pale blue thread. But Sparks knew their meaning, and eagerly wrote it down.

When the operator had finished and sat back reading the result, Mr. Glencannon threw wide the door and stood pointing an accusing finger.

"Swundler!" he shouted. "Gi' me yon paper befeer I do ye in!"

Sparks, who was a callow youth and typical of his calling, glanced him up and down, handed him the message and shrugged.

"'Ere you are, old walrus, and a fat lot of good it'll do you!" he said. "I thought I'd cop the pool, as so would you if you 'ad 'arf my chance! I've been sending out a query: 'Seek detailed information limerick about Melilla.' Just now I gets this reply from 2 FMP, which is Funchal, Madeira, the ruddy Portugee swine! 'Ere, read it for yourself!"

"H'm," said Mr. Glencannon, holding the pad beneath the green-shaded light. "It says, 'Limerick not about Melilla. Limerick about 129 miles W. S. W. of Dublin, Ireland.' Ha-ha, they completely meesunderstood ye, ye perishing young thief! Weell, noo"—and he assumed a pious air—"let this be a lesson to ye, young Muster What's-Yer-Name, that honesty is the best policy!"

Very deliberately, Sparks switched off his receiving apparatus, sat back and lighted another cigarette. "My nyme," he said, "is not Whut's-Yer-Nyme; it's Levy. There's quite a few of us is trydesmen in Whitechapel. But aside from that, 'ow would you like to see the replies I've 'ad from nine other stytions and twenty-two different ships—orl of which I got before you cyme barging in 'ere where you 'aven't a mite of right to be, you being a hengineer horfficer, blarst your eyes, sir! Do you know, I've 'arf a mind to report you to the captain?"

Mr. Glencannon paled, swallowed twice, and assumed his most charming smile.

"Ah, noo!" he said. "Be paceefic, Muster Levy—be paceefic! I did na' mean to inteerfere wi' your juties! It was only that ——"

"It was only that you've got this swindle orl figured out, you 'ave, and you're afryde I'll crab it. Well, I will crab it! I'll go stryght to the captain now, and tell him that there simply ayn't no such thing as a limerick habout Melilla! Now wot do you s'y to that?"

Mr. Glencannon's somewhat prominent Adam's apple traveled up and down his throat like the conveyor bucket of a Liverpool coal barge.

"Er—why, noo, what ye say is rideeculous, young Muster Levy—absolutely rideeculous! I don't mind telling ye that even noo a fair copy o' the Melilla lummerick is reeposing in my room, a' ready for the captain in the morning."

"Then it's a fake—a ruddy fake!" declared Mr. Levy. "None o' them ships and stytions wot answered my query 'ave ever 'eard of a Melilla limerick! And besides that, the British Consulate in Halgiers 'as an hexpert on limericks, and 'e says as 'ow there never was a Melilla limerick. So now I'll step below, I will, and tell the captain that you're trying to swindle the ship. And I'll warn 'im not to settle the pool until after 'e's seen the consul in the morning."

"Wait!" said Mr. Glencannon, restraining him.

Mr. Levy took several deliberate drags on his Gold Flake and lowered the lids of his extremely intelligent eyes. "I'll wyte while you mykes up yer mind, but remember, time is money!"

"Meaning what?" asked Mr. Glencannon nervously.

"Meaning, what's my split?" explained Mr. Levy.

Mr. Glencannon licked his lips and did some rapid calculating. "Ten per cent. There, that's fair, isn't it?"

"Ha-ha!" replied Mr. Levy.

"Fufteen."

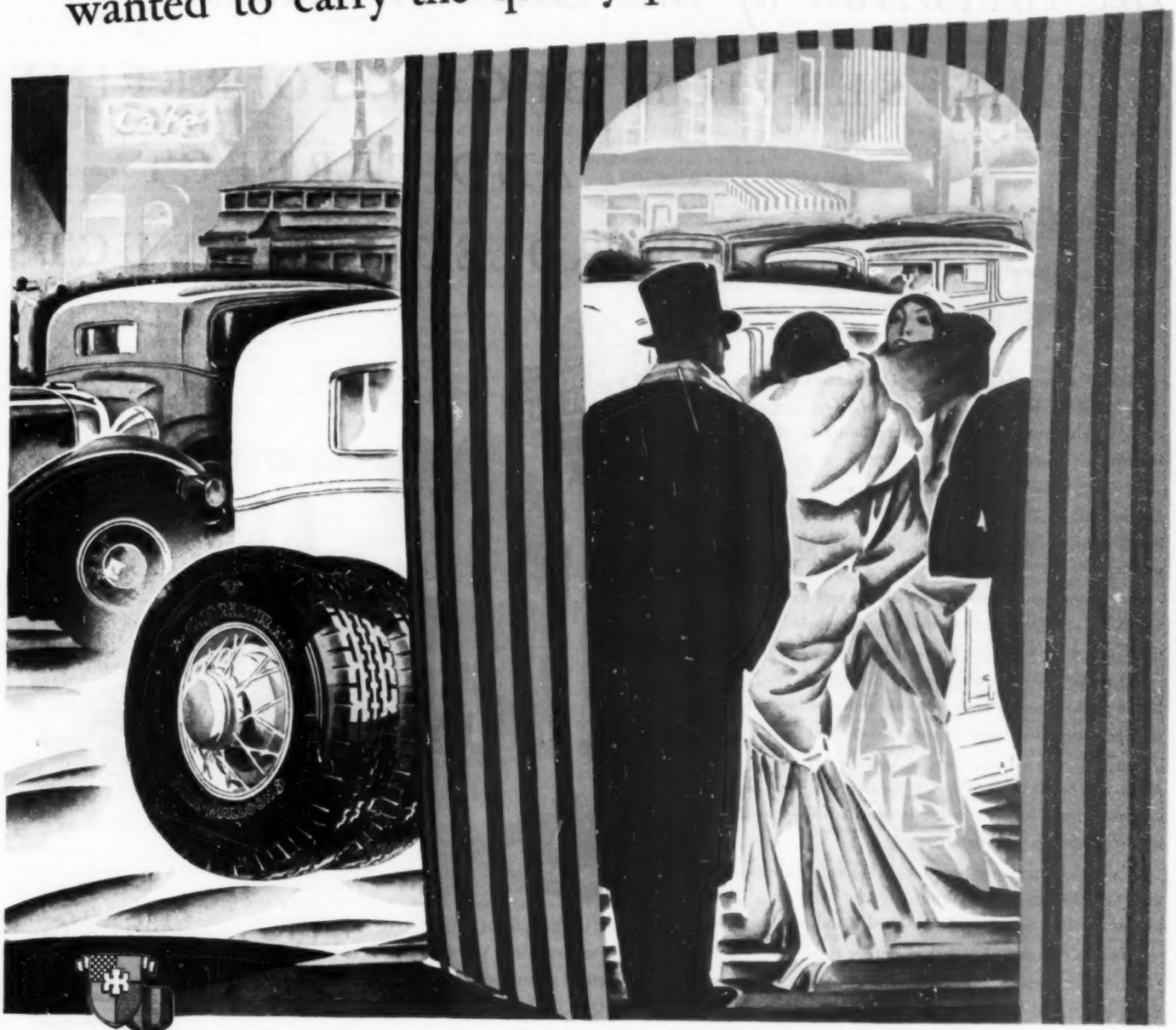
"Ha-ha-ha!"

"Twunty, then! Twunty! Why, think o' it!"

"Twenty? Why, I s'y, listen 'ere, Mr. Glencohen, I thought you was a sensible business man, I did! Now I don't know just 'ow you're going to work your swindle, but I do know I'll go to the captain this minnit unless you agree to split 'arf-and-'arf. And that's that!"

(Continued on Page 97)

THE idea of replacing brand-new tires with Generals originated with owners of the finest cars who wanted to carry the quality purchase to completion.



"Metropolitan Scene," Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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67 years of experience have taught Cities Service experts how to make oils and gasolene that are really superior—products that actually give better service and performance.

You can rely on the fact that neither time, money nor effort has been spared to give you 100% value for every dollar you spend for these products.

A visit to the nearest Cities Service station or dealer will convince you that it pays to use the products of a company which has had veteran experience in the petroleum industry.

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 94)

Mr. Glencannon was on the verge of tears. "Feefty per cent! Why, 'twull come to theerty-odd poonds!" he moaned.

"Well, maybe I'd better myke it sixty," mused Mr. Levy.

"Feefty per cent! So be it, then," said Mr. Glencannon hurriedly. But after a moment he chuckled and looked up. "Do ye know, Muster Levy, that ye're a most preecocious young mon? In monny ways, ye're a lad after my ain heart, and I preedict ye'll go far! What do ye say tommorrow we exploor Algiers together?"

"Orl right with me," agreed Mr. Levy. "Only, I wants my share right 'ere in my pocket before we starts ashore!"

II

HOT and humiliated, Captain Ball plodded up the arch-borne ramps which lead from the docks to the Boulevard de la République. His eyes, long accustomed to the grateful blues and greens and grays of the seven seas, winced at the dazzling whiteness which leaped out at them from all sides. Well, he was getting old—that was the answer! Even his memory was deserting him. It had been a bitter pill to stand before the officers and crew, that morning, and bestow those sixty-odd pounds upon a blithering Scot with a memory no longer than the interval between drinks!

The dome of the Mosque Jamaa-el-Kasbah seared his eyeballs, and he looked away. "Narsty town!" he muttered. "Hanged if I don't write a letter to the Member from Dorking, demanding that the British Consulate be moved down to the water front, where a white man can get to it!"

At the Rue Bab-Azoun he paused and glanced about him. On the corner, surrounded by spellbound Arabs, sat a snake charmer playing a bulbous brass instrument to the strident brayings of which sundry reptiles writhed and reared upon a rug. Beside him, a boy beat upon a tom-tom.

"Three damns to you, my man!" snarled Captain Ball, tossing his cigar butt into the snake charmer's alms bowl. "Your profession is narsty, so are you, and your instrument sounds like a shuddering bagpipe anyway!" And crossing the street, he made for a building which bore the sun-blistered arms of Great Britain. That he had to climb two flights of stairs added nothing to his poise.

He entered a room on the third floor and introduced himself. A man who proved to be the limerick expert fiddled with hopeless courtesy at the lever of the electric fan.

"Shno use," he said rather thickly. "Twelve-fifty's all she'll rev, same's my old Sop. Dolphin. Say, you weren't in jolly old Flying Corps during war, were you? Why, no, 'f course not; it was 'nother chap named Ball, but the Hun got him. Trust you'll pardon my undershirt, captain. Bottle and splash are right there at your elbow, captain. Clap your handsh twiche—twice—for ice, captain. Realize it's breach of hoshtality to ask guest to clap own handsh for ice, but I'm not very good at clapping handsh. Haw!"

"Haw!" echoed Captain Ball tartly. "Er—that is, I mean to say, haw-haw!"

"Thash spirit—haw-haw-haw!" roared the limerick expert. "I'd clap for you, captain, only my right handsh made of jolly old aluminium. 'Riginal member got shot off during war by jolly old shplosive bullet. . . . And now, captain, I shpose you want me to sign ship's papers and all that?"

"Yes, sir, if you please," said Captain Ball in a businesslike tone. "Vessel, Inchcliffe Castle; burden, thirty-six hundred tons; port of register ——"

"Inchcliffe Castle?" repeated the expert. "Oh, of course, by all meansh! I hope you got the message?"

"Got the message?" repeated Captain Ball.

"Message in reply to your wireless last night. Always glad to be of shervice in such matters. You see, I'm an expert—yes, captain, the world's greatest limming—er, living—limerick expert alive in world today. Thash why I'm in position to say asholutely that there'sh never been a limerick about Melilla. I've spent years in research, burned gallonsh of midnight oil, in fruitless efforts to find ——"

"Just a moment, sir," interrupted Captain Ball, groping in his pocket. "I don't know what you mean about wireless messages from my ship. But I do know I've just awarded a pool of approximately seventy pounds to one of my officers for remembering a limerick which is most certainly about Melilla!"

"Indeed?" inquired the expert, his face lighting up like that of a book collector who has discovered a Gutenberg Bible on a bargain counter. "Oh, read it, captain—read it!"

Captain Ball cleared his throat, glanced at the servant, and blushed.

"It's a funny one—but, well, it's fair foul, sir!" he warned. "Perhaps it would be better if you'd read it to yourself. It might demoralize the A-rab."

"H'm," said the expert, reaching for his monocle, but finding his key ring instead. "Er—haw! Er—really, I mean to say, haw-haw!"

"Why, what's wrong?" inquired Captain Ball, hitching forward in his chair.

"Wrong? Why, my dear fellow, you've been had! Oh, my word, you've been imposed upon—yesh, frightfully! Why, I wrote this limerick myself in 1919! But I wrote it about Manila, in the jolly old Philippine Islands, not about Melilla in Spanish Morocco! It ishn't about Melilla at any price! Melilla is pronounced Meleeya—those middle l's don't sound at all, so it's a false rime. Can't you shee, captain, that this line here . . . and this one—haw, it is rather neat; very neat; you musht admit it, captain!—could apply only to Manila? You see, I was in Manila before I came here and ——"

Captain Ball cleared his throat, gulped his drink, and cleared his throat again.

"Hell's bones!" he murmured. "I've been swindled, and no mistake!"

"You certainly have!" agreed the expert. "But it's not too late. Why not make him give the money back—face him with the swindle and jolly well make him cough up the cash!"

Captain Ball bowed his head upon his breast in thought.

Dimly he heard the whine of the snake charmer's pipe and the throb of the tom-tom. But suddenly there came an outburst of shouting and the sounds of strife. The music ceased, and then even the shouting died away.

"Well," Captain Ball broke the silence, "I guess in some ways you're right. It's plain we've been swindled, but I'm afraid it would be difficult to get the money back. You see ——" And suddenly he paused, listened.

The snake charmer's pipe had once more found voice, but now it was playing Cock o' the North.

Captain Ball sprang to his feet and strode to the window. "That's him now!" he announced. "Mister Glencannon himself, drunk as a fiddler, and wounded A-rabs heaped all around him!"

"Er—Glencannon? He sounds a bit Scottish," remarked the expert.

"He is! And, why, look there, sir! There's Mr. Levy, my wireless man, selling the tom-tom to those American tourists!"

"Ah," mused the expert, "Glencannon, did you say? And Levy? Well, captain—er—I mean to say, perhaps, after all, you'll have to charge it to experience. Have a chair, won't you, and clap your handsh for ice?"

THE LITTLE FELLOW IN WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 7)

and while I modestly blushed, he read from an article written in 1928, substantially as follows:

Sold-out bulls would be an element of strength, were it not for the well-known fact that the desire to buy disappears when the market begins to break. When everybody is selling, the bottom looks miles away. . . . The public is bound to lose its money; and the greater the boom, the greater the wallop. . . . When a stock rises 300 points, and it breaks, the collapse must carry it beyond the limits of what was once considered a salutary readjustment of values. I have no hesitation in asserting my belief that the bigger the margin, the greater the loss, when the slump comes. Warn your customers about the real *coup de grâce*—in 1929.

In the Fur Business

A customers' man in the same office, a little later, told me of the different ways in which people take a licking:

"A little chap had been trading here with moderate success for several months; then somebody gave him a red-hot one on one of the new flotations, and he plunged. A few weeks later the slump came. He was pretty well margined—we saw to that—but the break was so much worse than anybody expected, that we had to call for more margins. The little trader responded promptly with a check for a little less than we asked him. I thought he was being normally businesslike by holding out on his broker, but he assured me: 'That is every cent I've got in the bank.'

"'Hasn't your wife got a bank account?'

"'No,' he said. 'She's the old-fashioned kind. Everything is still in my name.'

"On the second break the little fellow's stock was one of the leaders of the drop. It looked as if nobody wanted it at any price. I asked him if he didn't want to let it go. He looked at me and remarked:

"'I don't know as much about Wall Street as I thought I did, but I know that the time to sell is not when nobody wants to buy. I guess I'll hold on.'

"'Then you will have to put up more margin.'

"'I told you I gave you every cent I had in the world already.'

"'Don't you own the house where you live?'

"'I don't live in a house. I exist in a flat, and I pay rent—too much rent, if you ask me.'

"'You must have some assets of some kind. Don't you own your shop?'

"'Sure.'

"'Well, we don't want to sell you out. Put up anything you've got.'

"He looked at me for a moment. Presently he smiled, held out his hand, shook mine warmly and, in a congratulating voice, said: 'Mister, you got a fur business!'

"There was another case. I wish it hadn't happened in this office. On that fatal Tuesday when the market broke wide open, this chap saw me coming toward him, and he said: 'Don't ask me. I haven't anything to give you. Everything I had in the world is gone!'

"He tried to smile, and it was tough, for he was a pleasant chap with a lovely wife and a couple of kids. I know that his one desire had been to make money for them.

"He shook hands with me and said: 'Let the stock go! I only hope it won't show you fellows a loss, because I don't think I'd be able to pay you, ever'—and he walked out of the office. The next morning somebody from his home called up to tell us that the poor devil had committed suicide. He left a note in which he begged his wife's pardon for doing what he did. His brother, who also has an account here, told me about it. No, he couldn't blame us, because he heard me beg his brother more than once to take his profit. He was nearly $7000 ahead of the game at one time, at that—more than twice his original stake—but like most of those chaps, he had fixed his mind on a certain sum. It beats the Dutch how many people think that it is just as easy to make $1,000,000 with fifty shares as with 50,000. They don't think that there is any limit to a rise. That chap couldn't stand the gaff. The same day that cleaned him out also wiped out the little trader. After he got his report, what do you think he said?"

Brokers' Losses

"'Twenty-seven years ago I started business in a basement,' he said. 'I had nothing but health. Now I got to start business with nothing but health. For twenty-seven years I eat and drink and I make money and save money and lose money. And all the time I was saving money I really was a sucker. I could have spent it having a good time.'

"'You've still got your fur business,' I reminded him.

"'I tell you the truth; it ain't worth the mortgage you fellows took on it. Who the devil is going to buy furs this year?' Then he brightened up and said: 'But I'll run it for this firm on a salary! Ask the boss if he wants me to!'"

"Are you going to let him?" I asked out of curiosity.

"Oh, no. We'll take the loss and let him keep the business. He may pay us sometime. Do you know how much this firm has lost through impaired margins as well as through errors and mistakes due to the hellish rush? More than $500,000 to date. You hear a great deal about brokers' profits. On October twenty-ninth we did more than 1,000,000 shares, but we don't know yet how much we really made in commissions, because the machine broke down. I can't tell you how many orders we received, executed, and then reported to the customer. Later, we could not find who bought the stock from us. Lost in the shuffle! We found ourselves technically short of stocks that had rallied, and we had to cover at a loss. The number and character of mistakes that could not be avoided are beyond computing. Nobody can make plain to outsiders the strain under which everybody in Wall Street worked for weeks. For instance, take the day the official records showed sales transactions of more than 16,000,000 shares. You know, odd lots do not appear on the tape. Also, in the terrific excitement of such trading, a large percentage of the sales are not given out to the official reporters. It is safe to say that the actual transactions that day were nearer 25,000,000 shares than 16,000,000. That means commissions for buying and selling—in other words, commissions on 50,000,000 shares in one day. On paper the Stock Exchange houses made many millions in commissions, but it will be months before any of us will know what the panic cost us. The telegraph operators handling our out-of-town business went without sleep for thirty and thirty-five hours, time and again. Trays with sandwiches and coffee were passed around every two hours. None of our clerks went home at all during the worst. My brother didn't sleep a wink in twenty-seven hours. He had been working eighteen hours a day for weeks, and he was only one of hundreds of clerks. Girls at the adding machines and typewriters fainted at their work. In one odd-lot house thirty-four keeled over in one afternoon from sheer exhaustion. In another, nineteen had to be sent home.

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INTRODUCING THE *DYNAMIC NEW* ERS

IT'S a *big* car—full 114-inch wheelbase. It's a *powerful* car—its 70 horsepower delivers more power per pound of weight than any other car under $1000. It's a *fast* car—your daring dictates the speed you travel. It's a *comfortable* car—with hydraulic shock absorbers, long springs, deep cushions and generous head and leg room. It's a *safe* car—with never-failing four-wheel brakes, rugged double-drop frame, cam and lever steering and a steering wheel with an unbreakable steel core.

A significant car, first of its type and price—built by Studebaker to its 78-year standards of quality. Those who can command the best will drive no smarter looking cars than this. Its design is as modern as the dynamic new skyscraper architecture of the day.

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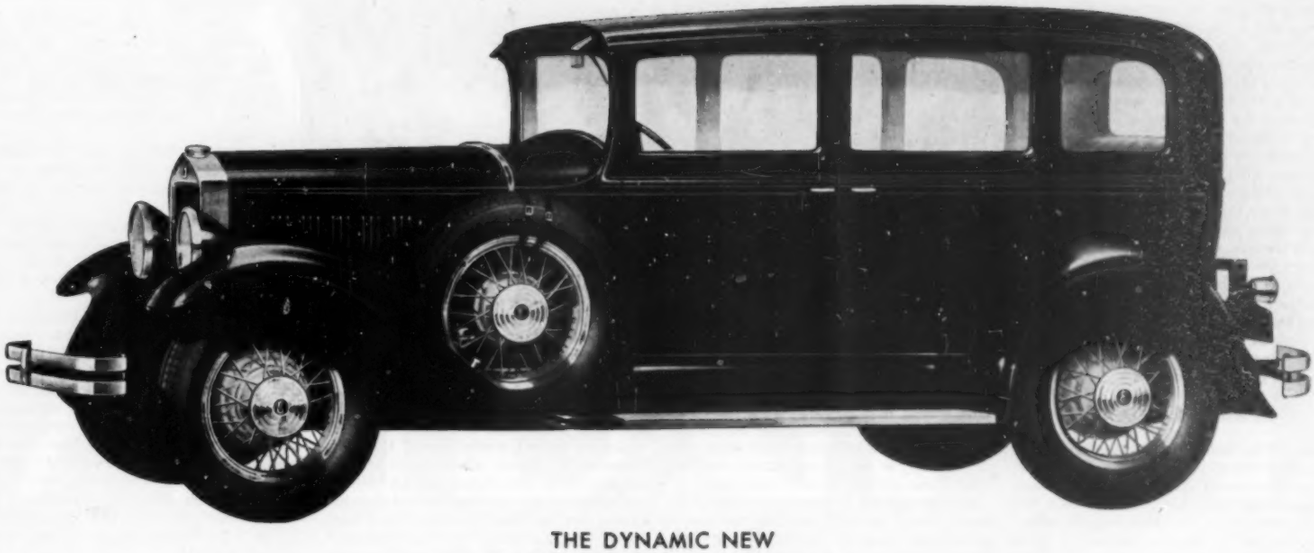

THE DYNAMIC NEW

ERSKINE REGAL SEDAN

SIX WIRE WHEELS AND FOLDING
LUGGAGE GRID STANDARD EQUIPMENT

7 MODELS—$895 TO $1095, AT THE FACTORY

PER POUND THAN ANY CAR UNDER $1000

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"Our worst trouble was answering customers who asked for reports on their orders. With the tape hours behind the market, nobody knew where he stood. I know we didn't at times. Neither did the banks. A chap from a broker's office downstairs told me that a clergyman telephoned for a report, and the broker told him: 'I'm sorry, but we will not be able to give you a report for some time. It may be this evening, or it may not be until tomorrow sometime. We will telegraph you. You have no idea what we are up against. The specialists simply refuse to listen, leave alone answer questions. . . . You ask me what I think you ought to do? I'll tell you the only thing you can do: Wait—wait and pray!'

"That story may not be true, but I can tell you this: If that man is praying, he is not praying for the broker."

For at least two years, wherever one went one met people who told of their stock-market winnings. At dinner tables, at bridge, on golf links, on trolley cars, in country post offices, in barber shops, in factories and shops of all kinds. If I went into a hospital, within five minutes after hearing that the patient I called to see was inconsiderately getting well, I learned that the nurses, the internes, the doorkeeper, the elevator man, the other patients, and every doctor on the staff, were making fortunes. A few had cashed in. The rest were all waiting for a stake big enough to retire on, and all told me how moderate they were! It was the same thing in hotels, in clubs, in your friends' offices, even in the vestry rooms of churches.

The ticker's advertising was successful beyond expectations. Never before had such sensational advances been scored by so many stocks, and, naturally, never such fortunes made overnight by so many people. It taxes belief to hear reputable bankers and brokers tell about this or that man, unknown to fame, who, starting with $100,000 or at the most, $500,000, had run his stake up to twenty or thirty millions of dollars. A man came down from the north with a little less than $1,000,000, and began to trade with such success that within three months he had to hire an office and three clerks. Before the end came he had nineteen brokers' telephones, and kept them busy. One of his most intimate friends told me that this man made fully $30,000,000 within eight months. All gone now—every cent! A very well-known broker, whose exploits in a market favorite, time and again, were picturesquely exploited by the papers, made $21,000,000 for his customers in one year. The fact that even before the sad November days the $21,000,000 plus had become about $6,000,000 minus did not detract from the advertising value of the winnings during the bull market, when such advertising did the most good.

A Rich Man's Panic

One of the best known of the great bull operators, who did as much as any one man to boost stocks in 1927 and 1928, was not exaggerating when he admitted that his profits were in excess of $100,000,000 before the end of 1928. How he lost most of that $100,000,000 will be told later. Another man, whose name is a household word to newspaper readers, was philanthropically eased of his burden in March, when a syndicate took over from him 300,000 shares of one stock alone. I am told that the average loss on his line was about thirty dollars a share. The syndicate paid him very much less than the market and sold much of this stock at a profit in the following few months, but in the hectic fall days when everybody was selling and nobody bought, some large blocks of these stocks were dumped on the market with disastrous results. A man who ought to know, told me it was the syndicate, selling, at huge losses, the stock they had taken over from the plunger and had been unable to sell. They were too late. There you have an able business man guilty of as big a sucker play as the veriest tyro, and a syndicate headed by two of the best-known security experts in Wall Street doing the same thing—that is, misjudging the time—which is another way of saying, failing to read stock-market conditions accurately. If such men do such things and lose twenty or thirty millions of dollars, what chance does Joe Smith have in the game?

About two months before the first October break, in the office of one of the very largest stock-brokerage concerns in the country, the head of the firm remarked: "It is a wonder to me that you do not write up the marvelous career of W. H. Roberts." That, of course, was not the name. "What would you say if I told you that this man Roberts has made in this bull market between $500,000,000 and $1,000,000,000? He is the head of many public-utilities corporations and the largest holder in all of them. His career reads like a romance. He is really a remarkable man, and even if his life did not abound in dramatic incidents—which, as a matter of fact, it does—no man can make $1,000,000,000 and not have a story to tell that people will listen to."

It sounded promising, but as I was about to leave, a mutual friend who was present—one of the shrewdest judges of the stock market in Wall Street—told me: "I am glad I was here to hear Jack's words. Some months ago, you wrote about running past the signal. To my mind, this talk is the reddest light of all. I am now a bear!" This was in late August. Less than two months later, the shares of the companies controlled by the billionaire were selling for 20 per cent, or less, of what they sold for when I was advised to interview him.

Another public-utilities man, whose name was synonymous with dazzling success in his promotions as well as in his individual stock-market deals, was actually reported to have placed the value of his estate at $880,000,000. . . . Don't laugh. Those figures were repeated soberly by men who should have known what they were talking about.

During the first stages of the panic, this great magnate's stocks suffered so severely that in the private office of the president of one of the largest banks in the United States a vice president remarked to his chief: "What about that $880,000,000 fortune of Hendricks?"

"Well," said the bank president, always willing to help a suffering fellow mortal, "there's no sense in taking away the man's whole fortune. Just remove one zero from it. He'll never miss it."

It was in one of the later crashes that Hendricks' stocks broke in a way that made people fear the worst. All manner of rumors circulated about the solvency of one or another syndicate that Hendricks had headed. You heard that the big bankers had advanced him $50,000,000 to tide him over. Another rumor was that his properties had been taken over by a syndicate of altruistic capitalists to be liquidated in an orderly and leisurely manner. Indeed, the gossip reached a point where it had to be officially denied.

SCENE: Same office in same bank.
PRESENT: The same president and vice president.
VICE PRESIDENT *(nervously)*: What about this Hendricks talk?
PRESIDENT *(benignantly)*: Take off another zero!

The original estimate had been $880,000,000. The president took off two zeros. The panic took off more than that in the case of thousands.

Nearly everybody in Wall Street insists that it really was a rich man's panic, and that the greatest losses were sustained by the very men who had been the biggest winners during the bull market. Of course, it was a blue-chip game that the American people sat down to in 1928 and 1929. Literally scores of brokers numbered among their customers scores of unknown and unsung men who, in an earlier day, would have been world-famous plungers. One day a broker friend and I amused ourselves trying to figure the winnings of these unknowns. My friend called up the heads of a dozen firms, and within half an hour we had obtained figures that showed that less than a hundred men had made more than $1,000,000,000 in the bull market—on paper, of course—and we didn't include the super-promoters.

After the panic, it was asserted that very few of these very rich men had cashed in. A watchful providence kept them from becoming still richer by making them think of the income tax or by believing that the hour for selling had not struck. It is easy to hear what you wish to hear. Wisdom whispers, but greed thunders, and the $1,000,000 winners had no better ears than the little chap who, with twenty shares of Wireless, hoped to make enough to pay for a house in the suburbs—not a very large house, you understand, and only a shell of a garage. The big ten did not escape any more than the little million. When the day came, they shared the same grave. A sucker play is a sucker play in summer or in winter, for high stakes or for pennies. The suckers may differ in many particulars, but the sucker play is never anything else than the sucker play. It cost the public probably $2,000,000,000 to assimilate this axiom.

The case of the individual plungers of great wealth is not so amazing as that of no end of business men who enjoyed a reputation for shrewdness and ability as heads of manufacturing enterprises or of mercantile concerns. Here were men long familiar with financial, industrial and commercial methods, as the prosperity of their companies amply proved. Nevertheless, they personally lost more in one week than they made in two years of boom. They overstayed their market like any lamb, their unearned millions proving as inflammable as the pikers' paper profits. There is no appreciable difference between the brand of hoggishness of the multi and the greed of the twenty-share man.

Too Much Inside Information

While the panic was on, you could not go into the main office of any corporation whose shares had been actively traded in without becoming aware that the ticker had played the dickens in that office. From the keeper at the gate to the president in conference, everybody showed the strain.

Never before in the history of stock speculation in these United States did so many executives of corporations not only encourage but even advise their subordinates to buy all the stock they could carry. The same fever burned in the souls of all. The honored heads of departments and their underlings alike spent half their time reading the financial pages or talking about their market operations.

Men high in the employ of great corporations have lost or will lose their jobs, just as they lost their fortunes. But of course it is the losses of the humbler employes that are often most distressing.

I met one of the high officials of a widely known concern. He volunteered the information that he had lost every penny he had in the world. From his looks, it was the only thing he had thought of in many sleepless nights.

"What did you have?" I asked.

"My own stock, of course. Would you think such a thing could happen?"

"Oh, well," I said. "You know the old adage: A big enough bankroll and inside information will break anybody. It has always been so. A pool, was it?"

"No; we were not in it in our office, excepting Cramer, the president. But of course we knew all about the pool in Celian & MacDermott's office. They are the house that Earl Seiwell trades through, and he was doing the work. Of course, we chaps in the office knew how much the company was earning, what the prospects were, and between that and what we heard of Seiwell's success in running other pools, we felt certain our stock would go skyhigh. Mr. Cramer, our president, was in touch with the pool managers, so we all loaded up without a qualm.

"You know what the stock did—went up more than 100 points—and still the top seemed as far away as ever. Then it stopped going up, because it was too high-priced to trade in with any comfort, so it was split four to one. Seiwell thought it would be a good notion to merge with North Central Products. From what had happened with other split-ups and mergers, we were sure our stock would be good for another 100.

"One day Mr. Cramer, the president, came into my office as cheerful as could be, and said: 'You chaps needn't be afraid of buying it at these prices.'

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"P. & A. PHOTO"

A Wall Street Crowd Around the Stock Exchange

There Are No GREATER VALUES

at the

Auto Shows

than the new Series

AUBURN

Sixes and
Straight Eights

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY . . . . AUBURN, INDIANA

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"'It takes a heap of margin,' I said. And he came back at me: 'Listen, rash hero; if that stock should go back to 150, you will find that the company is prepared to take every share of the capital stock at that figure. Remember that and figure your margin accordingly.'

"Of course a good many of us owned stock that we bought at the beginning of the boom, but now we all took on much more at the high level, knowing the stock was pegged at 150. The word went around the office, and I imagine every employe bought. If they had no money of their own, they borrowed it. It was perfectly safe. Weren't all the wise higher-ups doing the same thing?

"Everything was lovely—for a while. But when the slump came and the paper profits began to melt away, we were very unhappy. Still, we knew it couldn't go below 150. On the second slump we discovered that it could. We wondered why nobody seemed to want it at 150. Before it touched 125, all the little chaps were wiped out. When it broke 100 it broke me. I was one of the last. I am not only busted but in debt. Many of our help have lost the savings of a lifetime beyond all possibility of recovery; and I have to see their faces every day! I don't know whether it was inside information or not that busted me, but I have discovered that a firm may be successful promoters and make millions, and yet not know any more about the stock market than I do."

I didn't volunteer any opinions about that firm. I was thinking of the faces he had to see every day.

The vice president of one of the largest utilities corporations, the stock of which showed highly sensational advances all through the boom, told me after the third slump: "I was abroad on a big job for several months. Of course I knew that our stock had gone up beyond all rime or reason. I used to travel between Central Europe and Paris or London, and every time I went to either city I ran across compatriots who developed an amazing affection for me. More than once I wished that my wife were there to see what a husband she had, until I discovered that every one of these admirers invariably ended by asking me how much higher my stock was going. Naturally, I think well of our property, but I cannot forget that I've never had any dividends except from the preferred stock. I held my common because it cost me less than five dollars a share and I could afford to be patient. But if I couldn't very well advise people to buy it at the prevailing prices, neither could I tell them to sell out. So, after some floundering, I finally settled upon an answer. It was something like this: 'Of course you understand that I am an engineer and not a stock speculator. The stock is doing what you should expect of a stock in a bull market. As for telling you whether to hold on or buy more or sell out, I long ago reached the conviction that I am not a stock-market prophet. I am no man to get a tip from. I wish I were, for your sake.' That left them disgruntled, but not murderous."

Buying Quotations

"When I got back to New York, I found everybody in our office was loaded up. They had quintupled or decupled their original holdings. Every vice president, every head of department, every clerk, male and female—in short, every employe—had pleasing paper profits. They told me all about it. Not only was this true of our office but of the building as well. The elevator men, the barbers, the bootblack, the engineers, the porters, the news-stand man and the help in the drug store were long of our stock. Being in the same building with our company made them insiders, in the estimation of their admiring friends. I gather that hundreds of people got these inside buying tips from the building, and they in turn passed it on, so that thousands were properly advised from our office, and the real inside dope was that we were earning less than two dollars a share on the stock and the price was more than 200. Everybody knew it, but nobody cared about earnings. Their concern was with a further rise.

"Well, I am no philanthropist and I did not feel called upon to come out with an interview telling the public our stock was too high. Officials who did that were accused of being short. In all bull markets, what people buy are quotations, not securities. They are betting, not investing. However, I did my best to make our own people get out. Some of us sold out long before the top was reached; but the underemployes didn't. You see, a profit of fifty points on 1000 shares looks pretty good, but a profit of 100 points on ten shares does not seem so big to the clerk that has just heard how her boss cleaned up $250,000 in that same stock. Knowing that he had never been in the millionaire class, she could not see now why she might not do at least one-tenth as well. Ten to one was the proportion of his salary to hers. Logic is logic. It was logical to hold on."

Among the Casualties

"Well, many of my own subordinates sold out, but others didn't. Then came the panic. In their anxiety to stave off a worse crash, newspapers and bankers, business men and political leaders all over the United States emitted optimism through a megaphone. Every loud-speaker in the land told the public that the worst was over—always just before a fresh break.

"I can tell you that I don't want to go through again what I did in November. Girls that I had known for years—hard-working, respectable women; many of them middle-aged, and older—came out of the panic flat broke; some of them in debt; all of them wrecks. Do you know where I have just come from? From a visit to my secretary, who told me that she had sold when she hadn't. She is in a hospital uptown, suffering from a nervous breakdown. We are paying the bills and she gets her salary, but I doubt if she'll ever get over the blow.

"I was talking to the doctor at the hospital. He told me that there were thousands of cases of nervous collapse among men and women who lost everything in the stock market—not only well-to-do people but school-teachers, bookkeepers, wage earners of all degrees.

"The day of the panic I happened to get into a Subway car full of Jewish women. They were rocking from side to side, moaning, red-eyed, wan, sickly—stock-market losers on their way to the Wailing Place in Williamsburg. I asked the doctor who was looking after my secretary whether many of his patients had been hit by the panic.

"'All of them!' he said. 'That is, all that I have seen in the past two weeks. One of them is a man of sixty who retired from business six years ago. He lives in Westchester County, has a nice home, two fine girls and a lovely wife. They lived comfortably on the income from his investments. I don't know whose fault it was, but he decided to increase his principal; so, instead of putting up his stocks as margin with his brokers, he borrowed $150,000 on them from the local bank, because he got the money cheaper there than in Wall Street. He used the cash as margin. Well, he was sold out. Now he cannot pay off the bank, and the interest of the $150,000 takes $9000 from his income, so that he and his family cannot live on what they get from their investments. He is a pretty old man to go back to work, and I don't know what they are going to do.'

"You know, we have thousands of stockholders, for we were among the pioneers in the stockholder-customer plan. We are getting reports from our superintendents in various towns and cities all over the United States. Everybody lost money! Probably everybody had some to lose, but I tell you it is going to make a big difference in the lives and careers of thousands of boys and girls. In our own office I know of seven men whose sons will not go to college next year as a result of the panic. The first vice president of our company—a widower—has a daughter in a girls' boarding school in Connecticut. It is a rather fashionable school and the girls all come from well-to-do families. My friend's daughter, ever since her mother died, has been writing daily to her father, knowing how lonesome he was. He read me the letter that she wrote him on October twenty-ninth: 'Nothing happened today except that all day long girls were busy with long-distance calls, telephoning home to find out whether they would be able to finish school or whether they must curtail their expenses or cancel orders for fur coats and other expensive articles.' Think of what the panic has done to the careers of thousands of the next generation. I do not like to think of the responsibility of certain men and cliques.

"Then, take the case of the people who raised money in various ways to stave off losses which they eventually had to take. Of course, to some extent, this was due to the fact that in this panic there was not one terrific smash, but a series of panics, a succession of liquidating movements with alternations of hope and despair, which was like dying by slow inches. Millionaires followed pikers. Then syndicates and great plungers, and then the surviving little fellow let go. Bear markets have lasted months and years, but a panic on such a scale, of that violence and duration, was never known before. That is why the mortality was so great.

"People survived the first slump, and the second, only to go under on the third and fourth. But it gave them all time to raise money through pawning of jewels, or borrowing on insurance policies, or mortgaging homes—methods that should never have been resorted to. It would have been far better for the panic to have been sharp and sudden, so that there would not have been time in which to negotiate such loans. In nine out of ten cases they meant greater losses."

It struck me as remarkable at the time that so little notice was taken by the daily newspapers of the extent to which losing speculators made use of their life-insurance policies for margin purposes. All the companies in New York reported that never in their history had they experienced anything that remotely resembled the rush in late October and early November, by holders wishing to cash in or to borrow on their policies. The applications ran into the tens of thousands, and practically every applicant wanted the money for margin purposes.

Similar reports came from all the country. Friends in Vermont and Indiana, in Massachusetts and Illinois, in New Jersey and on the Pacific Coast, have either told me or written to me that in the insurance offices in their cities crowds of men clamored for more money to give to brokers who were clamoring for more margin. One agent told me that he thought more than 100,000 policyholders throughout the country had been forced to fall back on that last resort of the considerate father and loving husband, and used their policies to bolster up their Wall Street accounts.

Borrowing on Insurance

Much of the money thus obtained was lost in the crash. But, of course, more than the mere money loss is involved. It means the loss of that comfort that a right-thinking man feels when he provides for his family.

That was one way in which the new-style panic of 1929 did much damage to the morale of millions. Giving up a life-insurance policy is one degree worse than taking money out of a savings bank for the brokers' benefit. After all, a savings-bank deposit is merely your particular reserve fund for use in dire need. When letters and telegrams calling for more margins come, the need seems dire.

I went into a stationery shop the other day to buy the paper on which I am writing this article. The proprietor was an old friend, a good-natured, philosophical sort of chap who shared some of my literary prejudices, or said he did. We had been friendly for years. He didn't look very well that morning, and I asked him what the trouble was.

"You ought to know." He spoke in such an accusing voice that I said:

"I don't know what you've got, but I'm sure I didn't give it to you. What's the matter?"

"What's the matter with everybody these days?" he retorted impatiently.

"You mean the market?"

"What else? Talk to any man and what do you get?"

"You mean you feel the effect of the panic on your business already?"

"No, I mean I'm busted!"

"What? Again?" And I recalled how, in the deflation slump of 1921, he was picked so clean that we both feared he must lose his business.

He sighed and nodded.

"Yes. I'll tell you what you can do: Write a piece about the biggest fool in the world. I'll give you my photograph."

"But I remember distinctly your telling me that they wouldn't catch you again."

"Yes! Yes!" he said angrily. "That was the whole trouble. Three years ago I knew this was a bull market. I told everybody this would be the biggest ever. No easy money for me any more, because I had learned my lesson. But I told them what stock to buy. Those who bought when I told them to are all rich."

"Are they?"

Down for the Third Time

"Well, they were up to this week. I don't know now how they are; but anyhow, I didn't buy any stocks myself. Instead of remembering that 1921 was an exception, I only remembered that I had lost everything, first in 1907, because who knew that Northern Pacific was going to be cornered? And later, because we had to deflate. And then I remembered, too, that I had to work hard for fifteen years and save every penny, before I had enough money to lose in another bull market. So I said to myself: 'You are not as young as you were. If you lose what little you've got now, it is good-by forever!' Every time people told me how much money they were making on my tips, I remembered how Larry Livingston said nobody could beat the stock market; and if he, with all his money and all his knowledge, went broke more than once, what chance did I have? So I kept out of the market and stocks kept going up. I passed up some wonderful tips. Now, there was Consolidated Wireless that I got from a customer ——"

"I know!" I said. "And finally what did you do?"

"Do? I fell for the old bull. Got in. At first I made money, but for months I held stocks at a loss, waiting for a rally. I didn't know enough to get out with a small loss. No, sir, I held on. I put in $8700 cash. It all went. That's the third time I've lost everything I owned in the world!"

"Well," I said asininely, trying to comfort him, "you certainly have plenty of company."

"Say, listen! I ain't the kind that finds comfort because my neighbor has a toothache. That don't cure my neuritis. I'd be all right if it wasn't for my customers. They come in here and I see on their faces what they are going to tell me. But before they can open their mouths I say, 'No, please! Nobody lost any more than I did in that panic. Nobody can lose more than everything they've got. And that's what I lost!' But they all go away mad because I beat them to the tale of woe. But I don't want to think about my trouble, and if I talk about it I couldn't forget it, could I?"

"No, of course not. . . . Did many of your customers get caught?"

"Say, if there is one chap on my newspaper route that didn't lose money, I would like to hire him to stand in this shop

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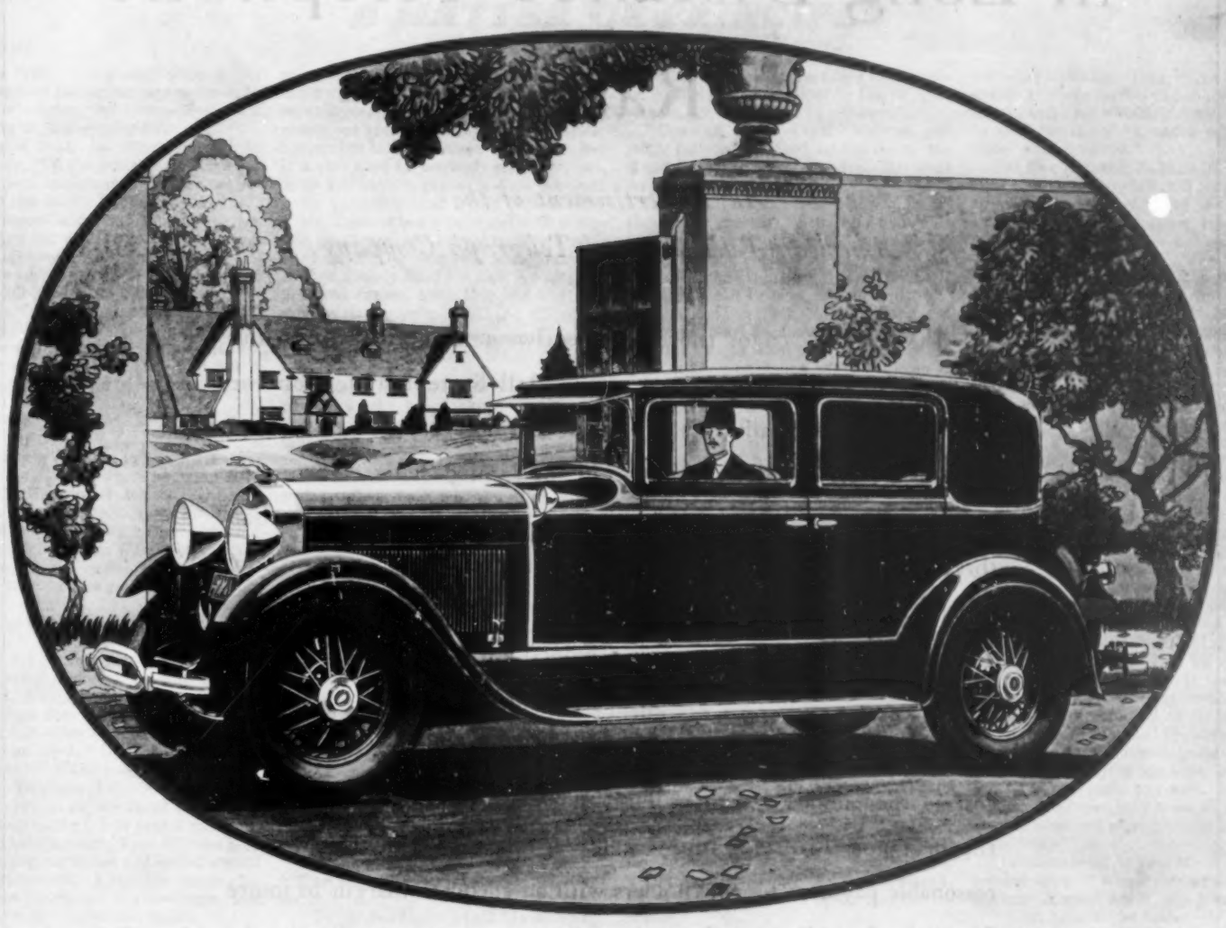
A HOUSE lifting its clean lines above terrace and lawn . . . rooms beautifully appointed . . . a distinguished motor car drawn up at the door . . . these make a fitting and consistent background for the man who has established his claim to the good things of existence. ♦ People who demand excellence in their living, naturally demand it in their motor cars ♦ And in the Lincoln they find a car of the uncompromising quality that marks their other possessions ♦ Throughout motor, chassis and body, it is an automobile created with unsurpassed engineering and designing skill ♦ It is built with deliberate accuracy from materials of the highest basic quality ♦ It is made carefully, without haste, in one of the famous precision plants of the world ♦ As a result, its performance and beauty are authentic . . . and enduring ♦ In every way it is a motor car that takes its natural place in the environment of people who live well.



THE LINCOLN

THE TWO-WINDOW TOWN SEDAN ♦ A splendidly balanced motor car, with body designed by Willoughby . . . powerful, luxurious, smart ♦ Its quiet elegance and adaptability to owner-driven use are enhanced by unusual comfort and fleetness ♦ Lincoln body types are made after the designs of the country's foremost custom coachmakers—LeBaron, Locke, Dietrich, Willoughby, Derham, Judkins and Brunn ♦ And they are made not only with beauty, but with extraordinary strength ♦ From the original laying of the body frame to the tailoring of the upholstery, every step is taken with tested materials and the utmost care for stability and smartness of effect ♦ All the luxurious niceties of the finest coachwork are present ♦ And beneath this exterior beauty, lending enduring power and strength, are the precision-built motor and chassis of the Lincoln—"as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce."

A Reduction in Long Distance Telephone Rates

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

On January 1, 1930, there is effective a reduction in various long distance telephone rates in the Bell System which on the present volume of calls means a saving of more than $5,000,000 a year to the telephone-using public in the United States. This is the fourth reduction in long distance rates within a little more than three years. On October 1, 1926, they were reduced by $3,000,000. On December 1, 1927, a reduction of $1,500,000 went into effect. On February 1, 1929, there was a reduction of $5,000,000.

These reductions are in accordance with the aim of the Bell System to continue to furnish the best possible telephone service at the least cost to the public. Earnings must, of course, be sufficient to permit the best possible telephone service at all times and to provide a reasonable payment to stockholders with an adequate margin to insure financial safety. Earnings in excess of these requirements will either be spent for the enlargement and improvement of the service, or the rates for the service will be reduced. This is fundamental in the policy of the management.

(Continued from Page 102)

with a sign on his chest: I DIDN'T LOSE ANYTHING IN THE STOCK MARKET. People would come around from all over to see that bird. But there is no excuse for me. The third time!"

He looked at me meditatively for a moment, nodded slowly and said: "Three strikes and out!"

He walked back to the rear of his shop, and when his back was to me he blew his nose so loudly that I am sure his brokers downtown could have heard him.

As I left the shop I remembered what a brilliant operator once told me. He had a picturesque and at times highly successful career as a tipster and as a promoter of worthless mining stocks and divers get-rich-quick schemes. He is now enjoying Uncle Sam's hospitality at a Federal hostelry where he will remain a few years, but in his prosperous bucketeering days he told me:

"Listen! You ask me where all the suckers come from and how long they last. Well, they come from everywhere and they last a darn sight longer than people think. These here brokers all tell you that their business is hazardous because people might get into them on slumps, and that, anyhow, when the customers go broke, the firm has to hustle to find a new crop. They say it's worse than the subscription business of a children's magazine where the life of the average subscription is only about three years.

"Say, those birds don't know their own business. They call themselves stockbrokers, but they are really saps. I don't consider I've lost a customer just because I've taken all his money away from him. Hell, no! I've had to scold many of my smart salesmen for talking so rough to a customer who was cleaned out, that it was a cinch that he would never come back to the place.

"'But that bozo is done for keeps,' they say. 'He ain't got nothing left. He's deader than Christopher Columbus.' And then I'd have to show them wise Willies where they were all wrong. I'd tell them: 'I've been in this business longer than any of you, and anybody who kills a sucker after you've cleaned him out is a fool. My experience is that a sucker always comes back three times. Don't ever forget that! He is good for three pluckings. Don't let me catch any of you acting as if you thought the first time would be the last.'"

The story of my friend, the stationery-shop proprietor, corroborated the assertion of the old bucketeer. There seem to have been a great many stationers in the market!

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

(Continued from Page 19)

"Well, Fred," I argued, "what is the matter with us taking our money down to Wall Street, before the contractors get it away from us, and getting built up?"

"None of that, Joe MacMasters," he said sternly. "We're business men and not crap shooters, understand? We are not going to do like Baldy Immelman—not us."

"You mean Baldy Immelman that just finished the big flat in the Dyckman and can't get his loan? Well, Fred, compared to Baldy, we are sitting pretty. I hear he has grown a full head of gray hair."

"I didn't notice that when I seen him yesterday; he had so much money he was holding some in his hands. He assigned his rents for ten thousand dollars and put it down on Hebe-GB preferred and cleaned up big."

"Hebe-GB preferred—what is that, Fred?"

"Baldy says they are in the Miscellaneous business—that is where he found it on the board. He thinks it is probably a new 5-10-and-25-cent store. Never mind; we will stick to the building business and not worry. Look here what Whoosis says in the newspaper about business being fundamentally fine; he just got off the ship from Europe."

"Just got off the ship? Who is this immigrant?"

"He is not an immigrant but a big man in an essential industry in Wall Street," said Fred, diving back into the financial section. Just then the plumber came in to chisel us, but when he looked over Fred's shoulder, he cried, "Up 2⅛! Can I use your phone?" While he was talking to his broker on the phone, I slid out so that Fred could tell him to see me about a payment.

I went up to the job to hear if any prospects had been sighted. I ran off some boys that were pegging stones and looked around for the watchman. I saw him coming up our street with his nose in a newspaper, and reading it with his lips and finger.

"Morning, Mr. MacMasters," he said, bumping into me. "I just stepped over to get the opening prices. Mr. MacMasters, what do you think of Anchor Rope for a long pull? What I hear, it is in a pool. And there was a party here just now gave me American Bathtub at 6½, but he said to get in and out before they pull the plug."

"What I think I will give you," I said, "is Grand Bounce at half-past five! What do you mean, going off the job? . . . Any lookers been around?"

"Just this party that wanted to put me into American Bathtub, Mr. MacMasters. They don't generally come around here till the market closes. Here is the party's card, and he said you could give him a ring and quote him on a house."

"He really wants to buy a house?" I asked, unwilling to raise false hopes. "Did he look as if he was home last night? By George, give me that card!"

I turned around and grabbed the Subway and jumped downtown again. I got Fred and we went right over to the address, and that is how we first came into Lamb & Dyer's place.

We found this party coiled around his ticker in a private room. Lamb & Dyer has many of these private rooms for people who don't want to be seen out front, and a ticker in each one. They pay thirty dollars a month each for these tickers, and a regular broker that belongs can get all he wants, but it is very hard for anybody else to get one, as he will have to prove he does not want it for gambling—and who'll believe him?

Mr. Taproot had a table and chair alongside the ticker, and he was reading it with one hand and figuring away with the other. He had already filled five sheets with symbols and figures, something like this, but more of it:

PGA-2	JNX-7	HG-1	NACL-3	SOS-5
MMS-2	VIZ-3	OK-8	HO-12	BBS-1

He was a long and narrow man, with a pointed brown beard like a professor or chiropodist, and a long and pointed nose that he kept very close to the place where the ticker ticked. I did not understand about tickers then and I thought he was trying to look back into the machine and get some advance information.

When I said, "About that house, Mr. Taproot!" he looked up at us with two faded blue eyes.

"Oh, yes," he said, going right on with his figuring. "What did they open at this morning?"

"Nine," I said.

"Your market's oversold," he said, "according to my information. There'll be profit-taking."

"He means the price, Joe," said Fred. "Between ourselves, Mr. Taproot, if you want one of those houses this morning, you can have one for seven flat."

"Seven offered," said Mr. Taproot. "And what's the bid?"

"Make us a bid," said I. "Go on and insult us."

"Nothing bid?" said Mr. Taproot. "Then I'll make you a bid—2⅛! I might get it."

"Two and an eighth what?" I said loudly.

And Fred said, "Now, Joe."

"Come, gentlemen," said Mr. Taproot, "you have a long line of houses there and I know you want to unload. What's your stop? Cut your losses and let your profits run, is my advice to you, and I'm an old trader. Will you take 4¼?"

"Mr. Taproot," said Fred, beginning to sweat, "you're a busy man and we won't detain you. If you're talking money, we'll take six thousand dollars this morning for one of those houses."

"Good today only?"

"You bet."

"Six thousand, G. T. O.," said Mr. Taproot, making a special note. "Well, gentlemen, my bid is four thousand,two hundred and fifty, G. T. O. I might get it. My information on the real-estate market is it is no time to bid for houses, because if you put in well under the market they will come down to you. This could be between ourselves, over the counter, and so it wouldn't break your market. What margin do you require?"

"We're talking all cash, Mr. Taproot," said Fred.

"Cash!" exclaimed Mr. Taproot, starting as if he had heard a serpent. "Why, with that cash I can swing a forty-thousand-dollar line on the Big Board. Oh, no, gentlemen, I will give you 10 per cent."

"Come on, Fred," I said. We were perfectly furious, but Fred said to me on the street, "Well, Joe, it is an offer. But what do you make of that bird?"

"He might be your man that just got off the ship," I guessed. "Some kind of blamed foreigner: I couldn't half understand what he was talking about."

"I think he's a Belgian," said Fred. "If you ever heard Belgian, it sounds just like English, and you think you understand, but when you start to answer back, you find you don't know what the man said at all. Well, it is an offer, and we better keep in touch. . . . Joe, you didn't notice what Steel was, did you?"

Keeping in touch with our buyer kept one or both of us in Lamb & Dyer's a lot. We would walk in there in the morning before ten o'clock, when the market opened, and we would say, "Good morning, Mr. Taproot, and how does she look for today?"

"It will open up," Mr. Taproot would say. "They are going to put the blue chips up an average of 3 points. The market will be broad and strong. They will not change time accommodations unless the demand picks up sharply. But what with bulls whose accounts are too tight and bears who want to average, they will let the market slacken off about noon, but one wants to use caution and judgment in taking the short side for the long pull."

At first we would listen to all this and wink the other eye, but after going out front and watching all the blue chips go up a few times, we began to take notice.

"For instance," I would say to Fred, "if we got aboard Gas when Mr. Taproot told us this morning, we would have 3½ points. On a thousand shares, for instance, we would have a winning of three thousand, five hundred dollars. I mean, just for instance."

"And if it went down 3½ points," said Fred, "we would be out just three thousand, five hundred dollars."

"But it didn't go down, did it? It done just what he said it would. Let me tell you, Mr. Taproot knows something; he don't sit in there all day and figure for nothing. He got his fingers on the pulse of the market."

"But supposing he told us wrong."

"But he didn't tell us wrong, did he? You're always arguing about what might happen and I'm arguing about what did happen."

"Never mind, Joe. You and I are not gamblers."

"Who wants us to gamble? Am I wanting us to gamble? All I'm saying is, for instance!"

And the next day I would walk in on Mr. Taproot, and I would say, "Good morning, Mr. Taproot. Give me a good one for today, will you?" And he would look over his pages and calculate and say, "Here's one, MacMasters. They are going to put up Banana Oil 1½ points. Get in and get out for a few hundred shares and don't get gummed up. They may decide to halt the advance and shake out the longs that are following them up. They might decide to shake the whole market and shake the public out, and I am watching closely for them to send out the word, and I will let you know when it comes."

And I would watch Banana Oil that day, and, sure enough, up it would go, and I had as good as lost money. Fred had the same experience with Mr. Taproot, too, any day he went there, until we had as good as thrown away a fortune.

I went in to him one day to give him a final battle for five thousand dollars for the house. The contractors had chiseled our bank roll down to thirty-six thousand dollars and were beginning to talk about liening our houses. Well, you know how it is in the building business: If you got no money you can't go ahead, and you got to sit down and wait to sell and lose maybe a whole year, but if you got cash you can always start a new job and promise your creditors the new work if they will carry you along; and so you keep going and you get into a new season and the mortgage market opens up and the buyers come out of hiding, and you borrow and sell and pay off your two years' debts and take your profits. That is what is called shoestringing, and any builder will tell you it is very bad practice, but he will not tell you how often he had to start a new job to get the handling of money and pay for the last one. So we were ready to begin selling right down to cost to keep the bank roll plump, so we could grab any good job that would let us touch money, and we would sell one of the houses to Mr. Taproot for five thousand dollars. He was talking about buying our house on margin, but I knew he could pay cash; it stood to reason. Any man that knew all about the stock market and what it would do must be quite filthy.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Taproot," I greeted him. "Wonderful weather we're having. A great day to buy a house."

"What house?" he said.

"Why, the one you offered us four and a quarter for—ha-ha!"

"Did I get it?"

"Not at four and a quarter, but I will tell you what I will do."

"Good," he said. "Cancel the order. My wife's gone to live with her sister and I don't want a house."

He was certainly a good dealer. He smelled I was coming to sell him a house and he was starting dickering by withdrawing his offer.

Anyway, that's how I figured him, so I hung around and said, "How's she look today, Mr. Taproot?"

"They are going to scramble AA and TP," he said, tapping his dope sheets—"American Auto and Telegraph Pole! That will boost Telegraph Pole about 10 points."

"Then AA and TP is a good buy, Mr. Taproot?"

"Oh, no," he said. "Telegraph Pole will not go up till the merger is announced, so the first thing they will do, they will drive Telegraph Pole down into the ground and take it off the public. The thing to do today is to sell TP, because it is going to take a dive. Only one thing—they are going to be

(Continued on Page 109)

PRESENTING · THE 133

Four years ago, the Hupp Motor Car Corporation predicted that the Straight-Eight motor was destined to *dominate* the fine car field. Ending the reign of the Six in the field above $1500.

1930 witnesses the fulfillment of this prediction. Nearly all important makers—and many of them for the first time—are now sponsoring the Straight-Eight principle in their finer cars.

But Hupmobile meets this era of the Straight-Eight as a seasoned Straight-Eight pioneer. With two new Eights, perfected by more than a decade of eight-cylinder research and experience.

In October came the first of these new Eights . . . the 100 horsepower Hupmobile . . . revising all standards of motor-car value in the $1600 field. Now Hupmobile presents its second new Eight . . . the 133 horsepower Hupmobile . . . with a speed of 90 miles an hour.

In this new 133 horsepower Hupmobile, the Straight-Eight motor has been developed to its ultimate. It is a car for the motorist who wants complete and incontestable mastery of the roads. With nothing left to be desired . . . in range and flexibility of speed and performance . . . in riding and driving comfort . . . in beauty of line and appointments.

Hupmobile has made good the promise implied in its prediction of four years ago. It has set a new low cost for the utmost in luxurious and masterful motor-car transportation.

BASIC · ENGINEERING · ADVANCEMENTS

RADIATOR-COOLED LUBRICATION: All oil circulated through a separate section of the radiator. Constantly cooled and kept at the most efficient and even temperatures. The most definite advance in lubrication since the pressure feed.

DOUBLE DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETION: The first car with *double* down-draft carburetor. Delivers absolute maximum fuel charge to every cylinder, at any speed. Increases power and intensity of every explosion 12 to 18%.

REFINEMENTS: . . . Improved crankcase ventilation . . . New type covered and protected universal joint . . . New air purifier attached to carburetor . . . Automatic acceleration pump . . . Fuel pump operated from camshaft . . . Instant cold weather starting by fumer device attached to carburetor . . . Heavy duty tires . . . Improved two way shock absorbers.

BODY · TYPES

5-passenger, 4-door Sedan . . . $1985. Town Sedan, Custom Equipped (with 6 disc wheels) . . . $2145. Standard Coupe, with rumble seat . . . $1985. Cabriolet (collapsible top) with rumble seat . . . $2060.

. . .

SEVEN-PASSENGER MODELS . . . with 137-inch wheel base; in Limousines and Salon Sedans, at attractive prices . . . All prices quoted "at factory." Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

$1985 AT · FACTORY

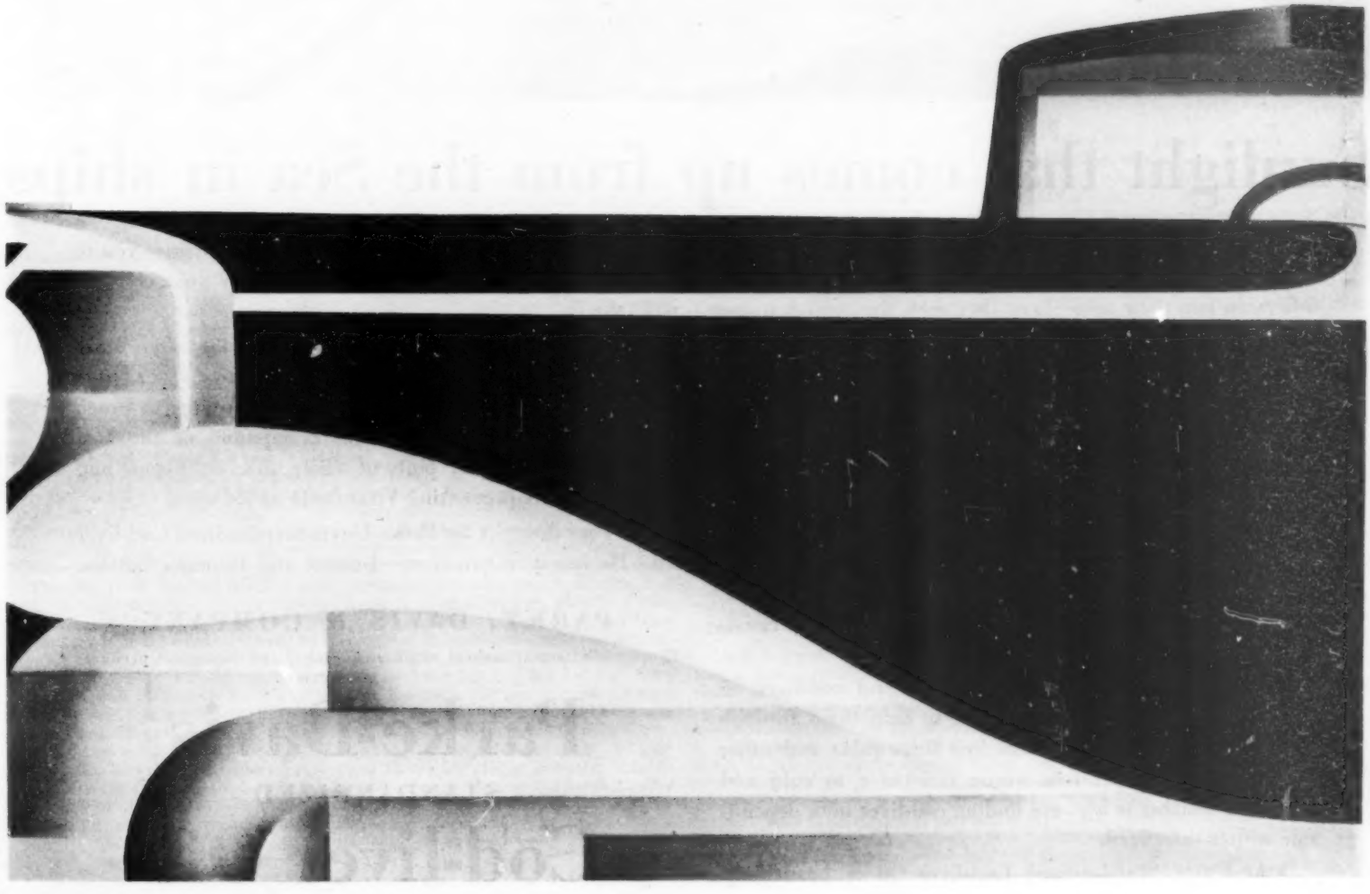
HORSEPOWER

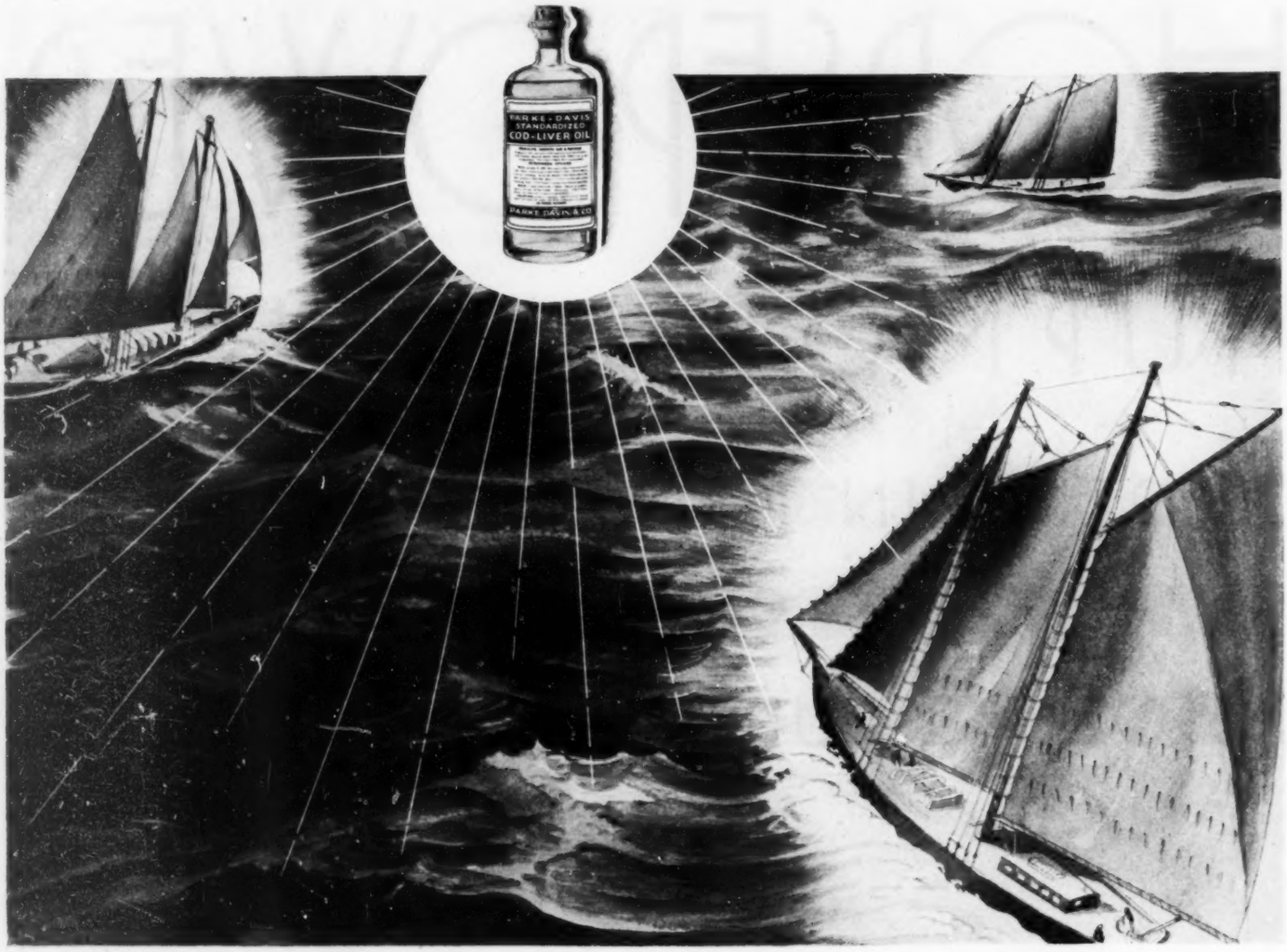
HUPMOBILE · EIGHT

SUPREME IN POWER

90 MILES AN HOUR

ABSOLUTE RULERSHIP OF THE ROAD





Sunlight that comes up from the Sea in ships

Who would think of finding summer sunshine deep in the icy waters of the northern seas? Yet here it is that hardy fishermen run their nets—here they seek the codfish whose livers yield the precious oil which brings to us in winter many of the benefits of the warm summer sun.

Physicians say that next to summer sunshine, pure cod-liver oil best promotes the normal development of strong bones and sound teeth in babies and growing children. This is because cod-liver oil is rich in the rickets-preventing Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin.

But cod-liver oil is doubly important because it contains *two* vitamins—not only Vitamin D, but also Vitamin A, which promotes general body growth and builds up resistance to disease.

That is why physicians often recommend cod-liver oil for children at this time of the year to help them through the winter—to help keep them free from colds and other illnesses. Grown-ups, too, whose resistance to cold and inclement weather is low, are finding cod-liver oil a dependable winter safeguard.

Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil is beautifully clear, highly refined, fresh and pure. It may surprise you to find how easy it is to take—also how readily your children will take it.

And here's another fact worth remembering: *In Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil the quantity of vitamins is definitely measured.* Each teaspoonful contains as much resistance-building Vitamin A as one pound of the best creamery butter, or 11 pints of whole milk, or 9 eggs; and as much rickets-preventing Vitamin D as 7½ eggs.

Ask your druggist for Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. He has it in two sizes—4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles.

PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Parke-Davis

STANDARDIZED

Cod-liver Oil

(Continued from Page 105)

watching like wolves to see if anybody sells TP short. If anybody does, they will buy him in and shoot the market up on him and demand delivery. They are not in business to make money for the public—oh, no!"

"Then it is best to leave TP alone?"

"Leave TP alone, but look around for a stock that moves in sympathy with it, MacMasters. To show you how that is, a molasses stock will move with corn products, steel stocks with motors, and so on. Now, so they will not notice what you are doing, go off the Big Board and sell a Curb stock. Sell Howe-Goode! It moves in sympathy with TP. Howe-Goode is now around 50. Get aboard and ride it down."

"Much obliged for the tip, Mr. Taproot," I said. "And now, to quit fooling, how about that house?"

But he was already putting his nose into the ticker and trying to look around the corner and cheat a little, and he waved me away. I went outside to watch the investors and listen to advice. As the fellow says, you can get oodles of advice in that Wall Street game for nothing, and it is worth it. But just to see how much money we were losing on account of Fred's stubbornness, I went over to the Curb ticker and began to pull tape, and the first handful I got was:

HG	DF	JINX	HG
49¼	27	32	47¼

There it was again. Mr. Taproot tells me to sell Howe-Goode, and already it is down 2 points. If we would take Mr. Taproot's advice and not think we were so blamed wise, we would have maybe a thousand dollars or more clean profit; we would have the profit on building a house. It made me feel sick, and I walked away from the ticker and back to the office and had a growl with Fred; but not about investing our money in the stock market, because Fred is very set in his ways, and I am just as much against gambling as he is any day. But was this gambling? Coming right down to it, where was our thirty-six thousand dollars anyway? Lent to Wall Street, likely as not, and fighting us by helping to strangle the mortgage market. Getting our bank 10 per cent, but if we would come in, turning our hats around in our horny hands and ask for mortgage money the bank would say, "No commitments at present."

I went up to the job and hung around till I felt lonely, and I went back to the office on Forty-second Street, and Fred said to me, "A friend of yours just called you up."

"A friend?" I said. "I didn't know I had one left. What did he want—to borrow money?"

"It was Mr. Taproot," said Fred, hiding behind the financial page. "I talked to him."

"What did he want?"

"Nothing much." And that was all I could get out of him. Having nothing better to do, I went over to see Mr. Taproot, and I found him engaged in his solitary pastime of filling pads with symbols and figures. ". . . 8, 9, 10," he muttered; and he put down: "BLP-10." The market was beginning to bubble, and he let me have an eighth of a glance and said, "Did you sell that Howe-Goode, MacMasters? Cover—cover quick! It's at 45, and they're going to move it fast."

"Cover?" I said.

"Cover," he said.

"Cover, eh, Mr. Taproot?"

"Yes, yes, cover yourself quick if you want to make money. . . . Don't bother me, MacMasters."

Well, I made up my mind all of a sudden. After all, half of that money in the bank belonged to me, and if I would lose it I was good for it, and Fred knew it. We were hooked anyway, and just bleeding away our money; it would mean sacrificing equities if we lost any big part of it—no denying that. I went outside to the order window and I said to the clerk with the little brown mustache, "I want to cover! How much HG can I sell for eighteen thousand dollars?"

"For eighteen thousand dollars we'll sell short four hundred shares for you. And, mind, Mr. MacMasters, we're not asking for the business. If you want to sell a stock short, sell a stock like Steel or Gas that you can always borrow, but a little hole-and-corner stock like Howe-Goode with only a small floating supply ——"

"What are you doing in there working for coffee and cakes, if you know so much?" I argued. "You ought to be out here with the investors."

"I was out there," he said, "and that's why I am in here! All right, Mr. MacMasters, go ahead and sell that stock short. I can move over. Eighteen thousand dollars, please."

He got the check, though I will admit I got a bad cramp in my hand at the last minute and could hardly make it open up and let go. Eighteen thousand dollars I had worked and slaved for since I had my tools, and now I had to go and pull tape and see if I would ever get it back.

"You want to cancel the order, Mr. MacMasters?" asked the clerk, watching me struggle. And he hollered down his phone, "Hold that Howe-Goode, Billy! . . . It's a bad market, Mr. MacMasters."

"Let it ride," I said, walking away. Nothing risk, nothing have. What if I did lose a couple of points?

And that's how Mr. Taproot put me into Howe-Goode; and now your patience is rewarded, for you are caught up to October twenty-ninth, which will long be a red-letter day in Wall Street, because it put so many good guys in the red. But not me! I wouldn't deceive you if I could. I gave that bad bear market a clawing that would do credit to Jesse Livermore himself; if him or anybody else ever sold short at 45 and bought in at 1, let him please write Joseph Aloysius MacMasters, care of Spurgeon & MacMasters, builders and contractors. Joseph Aloysius may not be up on the lingo of Wall Street, but when it comes to betting his money—meaning investing—he's a bear!

Seventeen thousand, six hundred dollars in American money, minus the fifty-dollar bribe to the clerk with the dinky mustache and the little he could chisel off for commissions, taxes and police protection. Wait till I look it up and I'll give it to you exactly right; I put it down in a little book to show Fred now and then when he gets gay; though I am not a man to cast up to a partner.

Yes, here it is: Lamb & Dyer charged me fifteen cents a share for selling that stock at 45, or sixty dollars in all, and four cents a share for the tax, or sixteen more, nicking me on the sale for a grand total of seventy-six dollars; and here is my copy of what they sent me when they bought back:

LAMB & DYER

M Joseph MacMasters New York, Oct. 29.

WE have this day BOUGHT for your account and risk

SHARES	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	NAME	COMM.	TOTAL
400	Howe-G.	1	Cox	$30.00	$430.00

Add the seventy-six to the four thirty and take it off my original eighteen thousand, and what do you get? Well, I'll tell you—I figured it out by arithmetic, algebra, rule of thumb and then with all ten fingers, and I got it pretty nigh right. It's seventeen thousand, four hundred and ninety-four dollars. And that's the check that Lamb & Dyer sent me; and besides, they gave me my money back like gentlemen. You can't talk to me about Wall Street, brother; it's a great institution, and a man is doing useful work when he invests what he can afford to lose and helps to make a market so business men can sell their securities, but, of course, he wants to get his info from the feed box and not from some tout alongside the grand stand. I take people the way I find them and I'm here to say that Wall Street treated me like a gentleman. Brother, it's the sport of kings, and there's no greater sensation than to play a stock on the nose and watch it gallop down the tape—at the half, at the quarter—another eighth!—come on, you Howe-Goode! It certainly beats gambling four ways from the jack.

"Joe," said Fred, very solemn, "the question is not if you won or if you lost; it is a matter of principle, Joe. We agreed in our partnership we would not gamble, didn't we? If that is the way you are going to look at it, then we can't be partners any more. Now, Joe, I want to be perfectly fair with you. You broke up the party when you made that big bet, so I don't want any part of your winnings. You can keep them all for yourself. You took your eighteen thousand dollars out, and you can keep it out. We will cash the houses out at auction and settle up."

"Fred, old pal," I said, taking him by the shoulders, "I will do no such thing. The money I bet was partnership money and the winnings are going into the partnership. I wasn't investing for myself, Fred, but for us."

"Oh, no, you weren't, Joe," he said. "You were betting your own money, so you can keep it all. Because you said you would make good if you lost. If I was not to stand half of the losings, I should not get half of the winnings. The principle is the same both ways, Joe."

"Well, Fred," I said, humoring the old son of a gun, "what I would do if I lost, I would come to you like a man and I would say, 'Fred, I seen a chance to make a winning and I went down on it with our money, and I lost. So, Fred, what do you want me to do?' And what you would say, Fred, you would say, 'Joe, you done wrong but you done for the best, and being that I would be entitled to half your winnings if you won, I will take half your losings if you lost.'"

"You think I would, Joe?" said Fred, brooding.

"Absolutely! Why, look at, Fred, when you bought them Pelham lots last spring; did you ask me? I was fishing up in Dutchess County that week, and you didn't ask me, but planked down our money."

"But that wasn't gambling, Joe."

"And this wasn't gambling! Investing in Wall Street ain't gambling, Fred—not when you got an inside tip. I'm telling you Mr. Taproot knows all about the market, and he never misses. You know that yourself, Fred. Now I tell you what we will do. We will take our bank roll and we will cash out the houses and we will go into Wall Street good and proper, and become an essential industry. We will train with Mr. Taproot and we will get built up big. What's the use of trying to stay in the building business when there isn't any building business; when all the building money is down in Wall Street?"

"We're stopped anyway; that's right," he admitted. "Well, we will go and have a talk with Mr. Taproot. There is one thing I want to clear up in my mind."

So we went over to Lamb & Dyer's place. This was now about half-past four and the tickers were gasping out bad news with their dying breath. Mr. Weller was calling up a military goods store and telling them to send around cots so him and his help could stay with their phones and send out margin calls in their sleep. The customers' men were crying with one voice, "and bring it with you!" The customers looked flat and wrinkled, except one bird who had been bracing himself with a little Dutch courage and who was singing to himself, to the tune of an old Dutch ballad entitled Hi-Lee, Hi-Lo:

"Buy high, sell low; buy high, sell low;
Sober and busted, and sick and disgusted!
Buy high, sell low; buy high, sell low,
Mein Gelt und alles ist weck!"

I said to the clerk in the window, "And how is Howe-Goode? I guess I got out right—ha-ha!"

"Well," he said, "you did not need to be in such a sweat about it. It is stabilized at 1, and I guess that is normal for that dog. What do you like for the opening tomorrow? You are going to have company, whatever you play, but so much the better for you. Some of the customers got another shirt home, and they will get aboard with you for the opening, whatever you like."

"First I will have a conference," I said, "and let you know."

We went in to Mr. Taproot. He had worn out a dozen pencils and had four pads full of his cunning calculations. "Afternoon, Mr. Taproot," I said. "And how does she look for tomorrow?"

"The technical position," said Mr. Taproot, "is fundamentally sound. They have been accumulating heavily today, and now they got to restore public confidence before they can distribute. They suspect, however, that the public still got some good stocks; so, after the minor swing, they will put on a secondary reaction. If you will watch for the double bottoms and double tops, you can swing between; but don't let them catch you at it or they will send out word. They are on the alert, and from how they double-crossed me today, I am a little afraid they know I am listening in, and then they would send out false orders."

"Mr. Taproot," said Fred, "who are you talking about?"

"Why, my boy, the people who put the market up and down," said Mr. Taproot, lowering his voice.

"Mr. Taproot," said Fred, "you called up our office yesterday with a message for Joe here, and I couldn't get him and I took the message. Maybe I got it wrong, so what was that message?"

"I told him to buy Howe-Goode," said Mr. Taproot.

"Oh, no," I said smilingly. "Give yourself credit, Mr. Taproot. You told me to sell Howe-Goode. Don't you remember you told me to sell Howe-Goode that day before, and when I came in yesterday you asked me if I had sold, and said that I better hurry up and cover? Well, the fact is I had not sold as you told me, and I was not covered, but when I seen the market was going down like you promised, I went right out and covered. I went out and sold four hundred shares of Howe-Goode at 45."

"But I thought you had sold like I told you," Mr. Taproot gasped at me, "and I was telling you yesterday ——"

"You were telling him to buy, weren't you?" said Fred, getting quite red.

"Certainly," said Mr. Taproot. "I understood he was short on Howe-Goode, and I was telling him to cover. Well, they fooled me there, gentlemen, but I read their message right to the extent that they were going to move the stocks, and move them big."

"And when you told me to cover," I said, "you meant I was to buy?"

"And you called up our office and got me and said to buy?" exclaimed Fred.

"One at a time, gentlemen, please," said Mr. Taproot. "I might make a mistake as to what way they were going to move the market, but it didn't do you any harm this time, did it?"

"Didn't it?" said Fred. "Would you mind telling us, Mr. Taproot, where you get your dope? I see you doing a lot of figuring there."

"Yes, Mr. Taproot," I said. "You made a little mistake today, but never mind that, since it was the first and only. I got over seventeen thousand winnings and I will take another chance."

"I will tell you," said Mr. Taproot, "being that it is for your own interest to keep it quiet, and maybe you will declare me in for a percentage, as I am not in very good funds. Shut the door."

And he pulled tape out of the basket under the ticker and showed us something like this:

GB	GTW	LEM	OHO
.14	32⅛	8⅛	10

"You see those dots between the quotations?" said Mr. Taproot in strict confidence. "Well, people think they do not mean anything; if you will ask anybody outside he will tell you that is just to keep the ticker moving. But what I discovered is that those dots are their code."

"Their code," we said, looking.

"Code," said Mr. Taproot. "I take it all down and then I study it out at night and compare it with what the market did in

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active stocks. That is how they send out their orders to their brokers, understand, gentlemen? I am getting so I can read it pretty good, but they are very cunning, and sometimes they change the code a little to shake out anybody who might be reading it, and that's what they done today. They sent out the order for the big move, but instead of saying 'down,' they said 'advance.'"

He frowned at the strip of tape, shaking his head.

We looked at him; I looked at Fred and Fred looked at me, and we walked out and closed the door quietly.

"Dots," I said.

"Dotty," said Fred. "Well, Joe, we are lucky we didn't get hurt. But I feel better about it now, since I got Mr. Taproot's message right and you got it wrong."

"Hurt?" I said. "Why, Fred, we have cleaned up big! And when it comes right down to it, I bet Mr. Taproot's tips are just as good as anybody else got, since everybody took such a licking today. But I'm cured. The building business is good enough for me. With this extra cash we got, we will pick up some cheap lots in this market and we will sit on them till things get right, and ——"

"Wait up," said Fred. And he stepped to the window and said, "Let me have my statement, please."

"Your statement, Fred?" said I.

"Here you are, Mr. Spurgeon," said the clerk.

And this is what Fred handed me:

LAMB & DYER

M Fred Spurgeon New York, Oct. 29
WE have this day SOLD for your account and risk

SHARES	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	NAME	TAX	COMM.	TOTAL
400	Howe-G	1	Barnes	$16.	$30.	$354.

"I took Mr. Taproot's tip—you not being around," said Fred—"and took half of our cash and bought four hundred shares of Howe-Goode at 45. I lose over seventeen thousand dollars and I'm willing to stand it myself. So what do you say?"

"Am I the only man's got a fool for a partner?" I said, taking him by the hand. "What about yourself, Fred, old-timer? This way out of Wall Street for Spurgeon & MacMasters. Back to the job!"

The Poets' Corner

Beyond the Gales

GOD grant me this one gift,
And nothing more:
Deep in the night before the shadows lift,
On through the fogs before the gray mists shift,
The heart to say, "I know the light's ahead;
Why should a lonely rover be afraid
Of ghosts and shadows and of crimson scars,
When he has set his vision on the stars
That beckon still to each true-fighting soul,
All set to cut through hell to reach the goal?"

Grant me but this one dream:
To face defeat,
And see beyond blue skies that glow and gleam,
Brave stars through some far twilight that will stream
For one who says, "I've fought through all the gales
Where surf and storm have swept away my sails,
But still far off, beyond the tempest's roar,
I see the dock lights shining on the shore,
And on by reef and rock and surf-lashed straits,
I'll come to anchor where the harbor waits."

—*Grantland Rice.*

High Trails

DO YOU remember the splendid ride
On the cliffs of New Mexico,
Where the eagles soared in their golden pride
While the lightnings flashed below?

Do you remember the leafy place,
And our halt at the jutting crag
In breathless wonder, face to face
With the glorious antlered stag?

Do you remember the path that ran
Through the glen of the shaded lairs,
Where we spied on the camp of the grizzly clan
And the feast of the grumbling bears?

Do you remember the mountain roof,
And the sting of the frosty gale
When the bowlder, spurned by the white goat's hoof,
Came bounding across our trail?

We hold them still in our waking dreams,
We'll have them till we die—
The woods, the tarns, the foaming streams,
The peaks against the sky!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Lesson

MOLLY had a goldfish.
While it gayly swished,
Molly would not practice,
Simply could not practice,
As her mother wished.

Molly had a lesson—
"Sorrow" was its name.
She was bound to play it,
Sing it, hum it, say it,
Like a jolly game.

But one day, at sunset,
Molly saw with pain
That her whisking goldfish,
Funny, frisking goldfish,
Would not swish again.

Molly loved her goldfish,
Sorrowed when it died.
Then she played her lesson,
Played it with expression,
Counting while she cried.

—*Helen Baker Parker.*

Night Message

OH FAR away and where away
On some far mountain top
Or loitering by the sundown sea
Am thinking of you stop

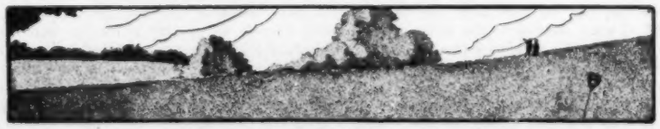
Old winter came to town tonight
With snow and slush and slop
Alone I watched the glowing fire
And saw your face there stop

I made the backlog roar again
And let the curtains drop
Oh it is summer in my heart
Am dreaming of you stop

The wires forget their foolish prate
Of stock and bond and crop
To bear my message through the night
Am waiting for you stop

Try your young wings and should they tire
And should you ever drop
Home to the old nest once again
Oh come back to me stop

—*Eugene Manlove Rhodes.*



who's who in 1930

No SPECIAL BOOK need be published for these names. During 1930 you will find them in the pages of newspapers, magazines and trade journals, proudly signed to the advertisements which present their story to the reading public.

Many of these names will be old, familiar ones. Many will be new. But all will claim attention because they stand for commodities in which millions are interested.

There will be names of necessities and luxuries. Food products. Textiles. Household appliances. Cosmetics. Cigars and cigarettes. Radios. Pianos. Wearing apparel. Automobiles and their accessories. Soaps and cleansers. Building materials. Transportation lines. Airplanes!

Daily, weekly and monthly these names will appear on the printed page. Every minute of the day they will make their impressions on the minds of readers. Readers in the homes. Readers in business houses. Readers in cities, towns, villages and farms.

Even children will see these names and begin to register them in their minds. And countless couples whose wedding anniversaries date from 1930 will look for these names as they start their homes and add to their possessions.

Who is there in 1930 wishing to sell his product in a city—a trading area—a state—or a nation—that can afford to allow his name to be kept from these constantly studied pages? Surely not those who have worked for generations to establish a demand for their commodities. And certainly not those who are entering the field for the first time with their products. Without advertising a familiar name can be forgotten and a new one hidden forever. This was true in 1929 . . . it will be true in 1930.

This Who's Who of 1930 American Business is indeed an honor roll of those true leaders who *will* lead, and of those younger ones who are determined to win and hold the approval of the American consumer.

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A PLUMBER IN PARADISE

(Continued from Page 5)

his young muscles tighten in the joyousness of a new effort. He was going to make the poor dubs over so as they wouldn't know themselves. He was going to shake 'em up, transform their lives.

Then suddenly he forgot them. His heart missed a beat. And he stood up, calling her by name.

III

MIGUELA didn't know why she had come out. Mateo would be angry with her, and Grandmother Francesca had chuckled in that horrible way of hers. But she couldn't help herself. Ever since that morning she had been under a sort of enchantment. The strange American cousin had looked at her as no man had ever looked at her. He had looked her straight in the eyes. And yet she had not been offended. She liked him to look at her. He made her want to laugh at his broken, faltering Catalan. Yet she found herself listening for his voice. He frightened her. And yet, when he had kissed Aunt Catalina she had been as sorry for him as for a charming stupid little boy. She couldn't bear him to sit out there alone in his disgrace. She wanted to comfort him. And then again her heart was beating with excitement. Once before she had felt that way, when they had gone to Barcelona to a circus. There had been fierce wild animals and beautiful, gorgeously dressed men and women who rode bareback as easily as she walked, and bright lights and bands playing a strange, fierce music. Cousin Jaime was like that.

And there he was. He came toward her. He slipped his arm through hers. He made her walk with him down the shore to Mateo's boat and sit beside him. Mateo wouldn't speak to her for days. She was behaving like one of the bold-eyed girls who walked arm in arm along the Rampa in Palma and laughed at the passing soldiers. But it was of no use. She was trembling too. He knew that she was trembling. She could not hide from him.

"Miguela, what's the matter? Why should you be frightened?"

"But I'm not frightened, cousin."

"Aren't you?" He laughed. "Well, I am. Just a little."

"Are you? Why should you ——"

"When a dream comes true it is frightening," he said. "I have dreamed of you for years. Only, you are so much more beautiful."

"Cousin Jaime, you must not say such things."

"Why not, if they are true?"

"A man must not talk like that to a girl—only, perhaps, when they are betrothed."

"Let's be betrothed, Miguela."

She pulled her hand free.

"It's not kind to make fun of me, cousin. One doesn't joke about such things."

"I'm not joking."

"If anyone heard you ——"

"I don't care who hears me, Miguela. But it's you I want to talk to."

"You must not."

"Why not?"

"It's not right."

He made a gay, impatient gesture. "It's right where I come from."

"I must go in."

"Why must you? You're free. You don't have to do anything you don't want ——"

She stiffened against him. She was wicked even to listen. And yet, when he took her hand again she was as helpless as a trapped bird. "Please stay a while, won't you? I'm lonesome here. You're the only one who understands. You see, where I come from, we know what we want and we go straight for it. But I'll be reasonable. I'll talk about anything you like. I'll tell you about New York. And you can tell me"—he paused slyly—"why I shouldn't kiss Aunt Catalina."

She turned her head away.

"Aunt Catalina is a widow, cousin."

"Doesn't that," he inquired, "remove the last possible objection?"

"Oh, no." She spoke now with a childlike gravity and confidence. "A widow must live alone for a whole year. Of course Aunt Catalina may eat with us and go to Mass ——"

"That must be a great comfort to her," Obregon agreed earnestly.

But she didn't laugh. Now that he came to think of it, nobody laughed much. Maybe it was the language. Difficult to joke in Catalan. Sort of cramped one's style.

"When I do things that are not right, you must tell me, Miguela," he said.

She softened eagerly.

"Oh, but I understand. We all do. You're a foreigner. And foreigners don't know better."

There was a chill and empty silence. Obregon stared out to sea. Stupid to be annoyed. One day when they were both back home he'd make her see how funny it had all been.

"Good night, cousin."

She was gone. And he had let her go, just because he had been a touchy fool. And she hadn't wanted to go. He had heard the note of reproach and disappointment in her soft voice. Well, it was too late now. The mountains had folded their black wings over the drowsing village. The sea had become the floor of some enchanted palace with courtiers of stars and bodyguards of tall stern cliffs that awaited silently the rising moon. Obregon could feel the tension of her coming. And while they waited, the tideless sea murmured earnestly at his feet. It was like an old friend telling him a secret. But he couldn't quite hear. The language had become strange to him.

He smoked on, listening. He didn't want to go in. The little room under the steep roof looked clean, but he wouldn't bet on it. The people had such queer and rather awful notions. He was safer where he was. Besides, the moon had just shown her silver brow over the sea's edge. Invisible hands had spread a shining carpet for her feet.

And Obregon's heart swelled. It was as his mother had said—a fragment of paradise set by God apart from all the world. Only, his father had been right too—darned right. The water supply gave you the willies. With fifty yards of piping and his own hands he could make the whole place over.

And now the moon had risen in full glory. Miguela! It was going to be all right. She was just sort of shy and puzzled. Maybe they didn't have love at first sight. There were a whole lot of good things they didn't have. Well, she'd learn. Then he'd take her home and give her everything in the world—everything she wanted, and even the things, poor sweetheart, that she didn't know she wanted.

But for the moment it was no end lonely. He wished Cecilia Donne were sitting next him—someone to talk to about this strange intoxicating moon, about his love, about New York. You could talk to English and American girls. They understood. Too much, perhaps. It took the magic out of things.

The sand at his feet gave out a small, plaintive sound and something warm and furry brushed against his hand. And he remembered the stray kitten, so forlorn and young and weak that it could hardly totter, that Mateo had chased out of the kitchen at suppertime. Mateo hadn't been brutal. Only reasonable. The kitten belonged to no one. Its mother was dead, and in a little while it would be dead too. And Obregon had known that his own impulse had not been reasonable at all. Now he didn't care. He gathered the small creature in his arms. It was a mere handful of bones, the fur matted with dirt, and certainly alive with fleas—an unlovely, disreputable scarecrow of a kitten. Yet now, against Obregon's heart, it began to purr, and that incredibly gallant and trusting sound sent an odd comfort to his own heart. And he knew definitely that with the best will in the world to love everybody he would never really love Mateo.

"Well, you belong to me now," he said, "and you're not going to die either. Mateo or no Mateo, we're going to find some milk."

But as he turned up the slope of the beach he saw that the village had fallen suddenly asleep.

The Obregons' house was closed. Only one light showed faintly in an upper window, and by the quick leap of his pulses he recognized the woman's shadow. He smiled to himself. So she had been watching the moon too. Maybe she, too, had been dreaming, wondering. He wanted to go to her now and tell her. Well, if you couldn't joke in Catalan, it was a first-rate language to make love in, with a bit of practice.

Then he heard her voice, and a man's answer from beneath in the deep shadow of the wall.

He stood stock-still. It was as though someone had hit him over the heart. Mateo again—Mateo making love like some fellow out of an opera. It didn't matter, of course. Given time, he, Jim Obregon, could do better than that. But for the moment the joy and loveliness had gone clear out of things. He knew that they had seen him. And they were watching politely for him to quit. At least, Mateo wasn't polite. The way he waited did something queer to Obregon's temper. He set his shoulders. No use getting all hot and bothered over a fellow who wouldn't know what to do with a bathtub if he saw one. And Miguela hadn't had a chance.

He turned sharply on his heel. The lee of the boat would shelter him and the sands would be warm all night. He grinned down wryly at his minute, loud-purring companion.

"I guess you'll have to keep me company again, Miss Donne. And that milk's a washout. But tomorrow we'll start right in and give our Cousin Mateo hell."

All of which he translated painstakingly into Catalan in case the kitten hadn't understood.

IV

OBREGON thrust Cecilia Donne into his pocket. The sight made his blood boil. Grandmother Francesca must be eighty if she was a day. And there she went up the steep, cobbled path between the houses with two buckets slung from her bent shoulders. Obregon ran. It wasn't easy to run. He was stiff from a romantic night under the stars; and the sand was not only in his shoes. It was in his hair, in his eyes, and had gone down his shirt in handfuls. But he achieved a sprint.

"You can't do that," he said. "It's stupid. It's not right. You're not strong enough. And anyway, it's not a woman's job."

All of which seemed obvious. But Grandmother Francesca was deaf. Possibly for that reason she did not understand. She fought for her buckets. She was very angry. She said things in Catalan that Obregon had forgotten. And she was, after all, astonishingly vigorous. To put an end to an undignified scuffle, Obregon had to use more force than was compatible with the ideals of a chivalrously minded grandson. But then, everything he tried to do went blooey somewhere.

With a bucket in either hand, he regained his equanimity.

"You go and sit in the sun and rest, grandmother," he told her.

"For sixty years," she shrieked at him, "I have fetched water!"

"Well, you're not going to any more," he retorted grimly—"not while I'm here."

It was a good quarter of a mile from the stream to the water butt in the Obregons' kitchen, and at the end of Obregon's third journey the May sun had risen well above the crest of the mountains. Evidently speed, in some countries, was a mistake. Or he was hopelessly out of condition. The sweat ran down his unwashed, unshaven face. The water splashed over his once-immaculate trousers. But he was happy again. He was doing what any decent man would do, and he only hoped Miguela would see him do it.

At any rate, the villagers saw him. They came out of their tumble-down houses to watch. He called "Good morning" to them and they responded with the noncommittal nods of people greeting a dubious relative. True, young Cousin Estaban offered to help. But then, Cousin Estaban was lame and not quite right in the head. He limped devotedly at Obregon's heels with the second bucket, and behind them both rose a faint sound like a gust of malicious wind. They were laughing.

Obregon poured out the last bucketful and unclenched his teeth with difficulty. Anyway, he hadn't let himself be rattled by a bunch with their notions of hygiene. And he had proved conclusively that Mateo, leaning against the sunbrowned wall of the house with a cigarette hanging negligently between his lips, was a good-for-nothing bum.

Still, there was no reason for the whole outfit to stand round and stare. Even the doorway was blocked with twittering children. And he had done nothing unusual—merely helped an irascible old lady who happened to be his grandmother.

And anyhow, when you came to think of it, the laugh was on them. Only they didn't know it.

"What you want," he said, "is hot and cold running water. You've got the water. Now, with twenty-five yards of piping ——"

Somehow, the thought of pipes steadied him. He drew plans on a sheet of paper. But the language bothered him. Cecilia Donne was right. Every language had its own point of view and Catalan had no use for plumbing. Still, the Obregons listened. Even Grandmother Francesca had stopped her indignant chattering. He knew what he was talking about, and they knew that he knew. Only Aunt Catalina went on boiling goats' milk over the fire. Maybe, being a widow, she wasn't allowed to listen. But once he caught her looking wistfully at him, as though she were sorry about something.

"—— and then, of course, with a modern central furnace ——"

He broke off. He forgot furnaces. For Miguela had come in. And it was as though all the beauty of the summer's day came with her. She carried a dish piled high with white, curly, sweet-smelling *ensaimadas*. The sleeves of her bodice were rolled back from her golden arms and she was flushed and laughing. But at sight of him her eyes dropped. And she set the *ensaimadas* right down in the middle of his plans.

"*Eso es!*" Grandmother Francesca declared shrilly and acidly. "That's as it should be! The young windbag!"

But Obregon didn't care.

"Well, furnaces can wait." He laughed.

He wanted her to know what it was that wouldn't wait. But Cecilia Secunda made a sudden and sharp claim on his attention. She was starving and had endured patiently. Now her patience was at an end. Obregon removed her hurriedly from his pocket. He saw at once that she had grown neither cleaner nor more beautiful. Yet her voice was plaintive and rather touching, and the round, blind-looking blue eyes might, under happier circumstances, develop charm. At least, she belonged to him. There was no need for anyone to be angry. And yet he saw Miguela's color

(Continued on Page 117)

THE FAMOUS MICHIGAN BOULEVARD ON A WINTRY DAY

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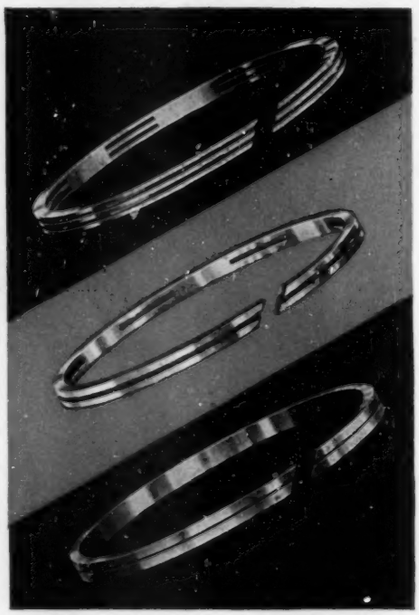

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(Continued from Page 112)

deepen. Her own dark eyes were full of a reproach he did not understand.

"*Por amor de Dios*, that horrid little thing! It should be dead!"

"But it isn't. And it doesn't want to be. It likes being alive."

"It's dirty."

"So am I. Anybody would be. We're friends in misfortune. We spent the night on the sands together, didn't we, Cecilia? And we're very unhappy."

She poured out bowls of hot milk with an unsteady hand.

"Why should you be unhappy, Cousin Jaime?"

"Cousin Miguela, you know quite well."

"How should I know?"

"We were hungry. Cecilia here wanted milk. And I wanted—well, I'll tell you another time. And we had an enemy who circumvented us." He pulled the kitten's ear gently. "After we've had a bath and some of Aunt Catalina's breakfast, we're going to settle with him."

Miguela stood quite still. Her hands had fallen to her sides, and she was looking at him helplessly, almost piteously.

It was as though he frightened her and she liked being frightened and was ashamed of her happiness. She didn't know what had happened. But Obregon knew. It had happened to him too.

"Miguela!"

Mateo lounged in through the open door. He stood negligently between them. At least, you couldn't deny the fellow's looks. And he belonged. His patched and ancient clothes were right. Even the dark stubble on his chin became him.

A suit, Obregon reflected grimly, had to be clean and a New Yorker had to be shaved to cut ice effectively. It wasn't all jam being civilized.

And Mateo had manners—princely manners, suave and annihilating.

"We are poor people, cousin," he said. "What we have is yours. But when it comes to stray cats, it is another matter."

"And it has fleas," Uncle Pedro boomed out of his bowl of milk, "and the mange."

The facts were undeniable. Jim Obregon held Cecilia closer. He didn't want to lose his temper. He wanted to be friends, even with Mateo. He would have done anything that was reasonable and decent. But this wasn't decent. Queer that once you took anyone under your wing, so to speak, you just had to keep 'em there. You couldn't let 'em down—not even a kitten. The roughest sort of New York tough knew that much. But here folk didn't. And he realized with a sinking of the heart that they never would. And there was more to it than that. The kitten had become a gage, a challenge, a symbol. As a knight of old, Obregon must have worn her favor in his helmet.

"I suppose," he said quietly, "I can do what I like with my own breakfast?"

No one answered. He set his bowl down on the stone floor, and in hot, oppressive silence the Obregons stood round and watched the unlovely intruder creep close, trembling in every limb with kitten ecstasy. Cecilia was a noisy feeder. The sound of her convulsive lapping was like a spell that held them petrified until, with the last drop hanging on one whisker, she sat back and attempted for the first time the solemn cleansing ritual of her race. Then Mateo sighed and stretched himself.

"*Que fastidio!*" he muttered easily. "I should have knocked its brains out last night. What does it matter? Another time will do."

Obregon snatched the kitten up. If Mateo was going to carry out his threat, there would be a fight right then and there. A first-class fight. And about a kitten. It was all crazy. Or perhaps it wasn't just the kitten. Or, at any rate, a kitten might become a point of honor.

Slowly the kitchen emptied. In enigmatic silence the Obregons strolled out into the sunlight. Jim Obregon watched them wistfully, his anger sinking to a bewildered regret. He hadn't wanted to quarrel. He wasn't that sort. Everyone who knew him in New York knew that Jim Obregon was a friendly, kindly fellow. Even now he wanted to run after Mateo, explain, put things right somehow. They just didn't understand. One had to have an awful lot of patience.

Only Miguela had stayed. She pretended to be busy with the midday soup. But he knew better. He scratched Cecilia's ear till she purred. It was a comfort to have someone happy.

"What have I done, Miguela?"

She bent her head over her work. "You do things people don't do, Cousin Jaime."

"They do where I come from."

"Do people pick up dirty kittens and carry them in their pockets and give them Christian names and Christian food?"

"Of course. And then, if the kitten becomes a friend ——"

"One isn't friends with animals."

"But one is. Why, in New York, I have a bull terrier—her name's Susan. She's one of the best friends I have. As to Cecilia here, of course, we hardly know each other."

"Why do you give her that absurd name?"

"I don't know. At least I do. You see, coming over on the boat, there was that English girl. I was feeling excited and lonesome. Anyway, we got talking. It was fine to have someone to talk to in one's own language. She came and sat in my car. We actually fell asleep. Her name was Cecilia—Cecilia Donne. And then, you see, last night ——"

He stopped. That wasn't right either. She was peeling her potatoes as though she hated them.

"You had better take your kitten away," she said. "For if Mateo sees it he will surely kill it."

"He is a brute," Obregon said hotly.

"He is not a brute. He is reasonable. It is not reasonable to keep ugly, useless things alive."

Obregon choked back an answer. It wasn't a good answer anyway. Not in Catalan. One day Miguela and he'd talk American together. Then it'd be all right. Meanwhile he couldn't explain a mangy kitten's value in his scheme of things. But he was dead sure of it.

"Don't let's quarrel, Miguela. It's such a little kitten."

She laid down her work.

"Please," she pleaded gently, "let the horrid little kitten go."

"I can't," he said.

"For my sake."

"I can't," he repeated stubbornly.

She went on working. "I shall ask Mateo to kill it."

"Miguela!"

"Mateo does what he says."

"Perhaps he won't always, now that I'm here. I'm going to take Cecilia home with me to America. In fact, whether Mateo likes it or not, I'm going to take a lot of things."

"What is there you could want to take?" she demanded passionately. "You have everything. You tell us so all the time."

"There's one thing I haven't got," he retorted, "and that I mean to have."

It was rough sort of talk. And he was ashamed of the tears that he saw spill over onto her warm brown cheeks. But she had challenged him. And maybe it was true, anyway, about love and war. The only thing that mattered was the winning. And he had won, all right. Very timidly and simply, like a little girl, she came over to him. With a shy finger she touched Cecilia's tattered ear. And Cecilia's stentorian purring rose between them like a song of peace.

"I didn't really want it killed," she whispered.

He laid his hand over hers. "Miguela, see here; we've begun all wrong. It's been my fault. But let's begin again. Dear, I've so many things to tell you. Don't you want to know them—about my home, my people?"

"I thought we were your people?"

"You are. You don't know what it's meant to me—coming back. But it's been a long time. I'd forgotten almost everything but you." She was silent, and he added gently, "You don't, by any chance, remember a little boy who used to play with you and who went away?"

"Yes." She nodded.

"How do you remember?"

"Because I cried."

"Miguela!"

"You are like that little boy still. You are not like a grown man at all." She drew back. She was smiling to herself. "But now tell me things, Cousin Jaime. For I am listening."

"What shall I tell you?"

"Tell me—oh, about your home, about the women ——"

"I used to think they were the loveliest in the world."

"Like the English girl?"

"A little." Yes, he reflected, Cecilia Donne was like them. Not a matter of loveliness, though. But something upstanding, friendly and clear-eyed. Something you couldn't explain. Better not try, perhaps. For already Miguela's face was turned away.

"The English girl is strange, too," she said.

"Why is she strange?"

"She is not like a woman. She does things only men do."

It was tiresome, at that particular moment, to have to come to Cecilia Donne's defense.

"After all, your women do things that aren't right either."

"What things?"

"Grandmother Francesca carrying water, for instance, and Mateo standing round."

"Don't your women work?"

"Not that way. Thank heaven, they don't have to."

He couldn't keep the indignation out of his voice. And her silence made him hot round the collar. Queer how rasped you could be, even when you were in love—maybe because you were in love. Obregon put the kitten down. He took Miguela gently by the shoulder, so that she had to face him.

"One day you'll get to know our women and love them too."

"Do you love them?"

"I've never loved anyone before."

"I could never be like them."

"I don't want you to be," he added with passionate conviction. "I want you as you are. I want you."

On their enchanted silence a motor horn sounded like an urgent reminder of another world. It was Monty's faithful voice, but Obregon had no immediate use for Monty. At any moment the whole Obregon clan might be on his neck, and he had no time to waste. He was holding Miguela's hands. Her flying color was all he needed. "Miguela, you know, don't you? You're coming away with me. You're going to marry me. I'm going to show you. . . . No, don't tell me about Mateo. You've been betrothed. Well, you're not now—not if I know it; not if you love me. And you do, don't you?"

Her eyes had a dazed, pleading look. And somehow they made him sorry, and then so triumphantly happy that Mateo's shadow, falling across the open door, didn't matter a bean.

"The English lady has come, Cousin Jaime. She is waiting for you." The lazy voice took on a sudden edge. "Better go, cousin."

It was a sort of threat. And no one who knew what he was up to tried threats with Jim Obregon. He got his block knocked off, figuratively or actually. But then, there was Miguela. With a sudden chill, Obregon felt how she had drawn back. The soft, tear-filled eyes had grown dry and hard. It was as though she had said aloud, "If you go, you don't love me and I shan't love you." Which was absurd. Plain silly. For of course he had to go. The English girl had been decent to him. She was a friend. Besides, she had brought Monty. If Mateo hadn't been there he could have explained it all. But Mateo hung there like a lowering young panther.

Obregon turned grimly to the door. Then he remembered. There was no doubt that the two Cecilias were not making his life easier. But he was taking no chances. He came back and, sighing, tucked the kitten safely under one arm.

V

IT WAS typical of the whole outfit, Obregon thought, that the road didn't come down to the village at all. You had to climb a steep pathway to get to it. And when you did get to it, it wasn't really a road. Monty, sleek, shining, and purring with restrained power, obviously despised it, and Obregon felt sure that the haughty headlights passed with a look of equal contempt over his own disreputable person. They disowned him. On the other hand, Cecilia Donne, in her white sports suit with a white béret fitting gayly on her fair head, completed a picture that would have delighted the heart of Monty's manufacturer. She and Monty belonged to each other. Obregon noted the fact. It pleased, but, under the circumstances, it could not thrill him.

"I had Monty cleaned for you," Cecilia Donne remarked. "He asked me to. He said he had never been so dusty in his life. And I thought you'd like your relatives to see him at his best."

"Fine of you. Not that they'll know the difference." He remembered to shake hands, and his hands reminded him painfully that he wasn't very clean himself. "You see," he said ruefully, "I've gone sort of native."

"Quick work, Mr. Obregon."

"Too quick. And the joke is, the natives don't even recognize me."

"What happened?"

Obregon evaded a story that was much too long and much too complicated.

"Oh, well, it was such a lovely night. I slept out. Ghastly what the great outdoors can do to a fellow's looks."

"Your second night, too," Miss Donne commented. "And the lady?"

"*Ecco!*" Obregon produced his companion dubiously from under one arm.

But it appeared that Miss Donne liked kittens, mangy or otherwise, and Obregon sighed with relief.

"My rival. What's her name, Mr. Obregon?"

"Cecilia." Mr. Obregon blushed under the dirt—"Cecilia Secunda. I christened her, her parents being absent. The name just naturally jumped into my head."

"Thank you."

"In time," Obregon insisted, "she will be very beautiful."

"If you had added 'likewise' the situation would have been improved," Miss Donne pointed out to him.

They laughed. It was fine, Obregon thought, to have someone who laughed with you, who saw that you were funny in the right way.

"When I've shaved," he assured her, "I'll be able to think faster."

"Don't. You'll get yourself into worse trouble. And do you have to carry the lady round with you all the time? I'm not jealous; only interested."

"For the rest of my life. You see, she has an enemy; in fact, several." Obregon explained about Mateo. "It nearly ended in a fight," he added.

"Aren't you rather drastic, Mr. Obregon?"

"He would have knocked her brains out if I hadn't been. He's that sort. I couldn't help myself."

"Of course not. No man of honor could have done otherwise."

"But I didn't want to quarrel," Obregon expostulated. "I told 'em that you couldn't behave that way. They just didn't get my point of view."

"Give them time. You only landed yesterday."

"Now you're stringing me again."

"And Cousin Miguela?"

"It's O. K.," said Obregon. "We're going to understand each other."

"The universal language," Miss Donne murmured.

Obregon floundered. He felt as he had done on the boat. He wanted to talk to someone, and he was afraid that in a minute she would be gone.

"I guess you think I'm a sentimental idiot, Miss Donne. I'm not really—not in New York, anyway. It's this climate."

"It does upset people," Miss Donne admitted.

"And even you must believe that it happens once in a while."

"What happens?"

"Oh, well—love at first sight—that sort of thing."

"Why even me?"

"I just didn't think you did. Do you?"

"Of course I do. As a reader of all the latest fiction ——"

"And besides," Obregon interrupted earnestly, "I guess it wasn't first sight at all. We'd been kids together. Neither of us had forgotten. Anyway, I hadn't. She was at the bottom of everything—like all this"—he made a sweeping gesture toward the sea and the drowsing brown village—"and now it's sort of come to the surface."

"So it's all just as you'd dreamed it?"

He shook his head. "I wouldn't say that. After all, they'd forgotten; even Grandmother Francesca. We'd gone too far away. And there's that precious Cousin Mateo who seems to think he and Miguela are sort of engaged."

"Take care. An engagement in these parts counts."

"A lot of darned silly things seem to count. But they don't count with me." He became conscious of her gravity. "I don't mean," he said, "that I don't get them. They're poor. They haven't had a dog's chance. Fine people, of course; picturesque and all that. But they don't know what's the matter with them. That's where I come in."

"You mean ——"

"Oh, well—show 'em what is the matter. After all, they are my people," he added shyly, but stubbornly. "And they'll be my wife's people."

"You move fast, don't you?"

"Sure. I have to. I'm not going to be here forever. And I've got to straighten things out for her own sake. She won't be happy, living the way we do, and thinking about them."

"Perhaps ——" Miss Donne began thoughtfully.

"Besides, it's a cinch. I can get the backing. And I've got the ideas. Last night out there on the sands I just seethed with them. Why, I guess this little bay must be the loveliest spot on earth."

"I didn't know you thought so. Do you?"

"Well, barring my little shack up Westchester way. But that's different. That's real life. This is off the earth. A sort of baby paradise. And who knows about it? And if they did, what could they do? Not a road. Not a hotel. Now, a hotel—I can just see it—Californian fashion—patios and all that—a decent road, with perhaps a branch from what they call their railway."

"And a notice in ten languages: Welcome to Our City."

Obregon glanced round eagerly.

"Say, you know where I came from?"

"Sure, I do"—with a faint, provocative accent.

"Well, you English do move round, don't you?"

"We have that reputation."

"And you liked it?"

"America? Rather. Father was in the New York consulate. Then his health broke down and we came here. It's lovely. A paradise, just as you said. But sometimes, when I think of Broadway and the lights, I'm almost homesick."

He felt oddly moved. For the first time she was something more than his audience. She was a friend who, perhaps, in spite of her gallantry, wasn't so happy as she seemed. He said gently, almost shyly, "Now I feel fine. I wish I knew England. I will one day. I guess I'd love her too."

"I'd like to make it easy for you."

"You have already."

"Remember, you haven't shaved yet, Mr. Obregon."

He almost felt as though he had—happy, sure of himself, playing the game according to familiar rules.

"But I'm waking up fast. If Cecilia Secunda hadn't had my breakfast ——"

Miss Donne groped in Monty's pockets and produced a neat grease-proof paper parcel. "Aware that even you couldn't build a hotel overnight, I came prepared," she said. "Let's share."

"Gee, but those look good! Do you like macaroni, Miss Donne?"

"I have to."

"Well, I don't have to. Not after this trip. The thought of corn-beef hash just makes me weep."

"I could shed a tear myself," she said.

They sat together on the step of the car. There was even a vacuum bottle with honest-to-goodness coffee. And Cecilia Secunda sat between them and devoured the best fragments passionately.

"She's starved, poor mite."

"Well, they just don't understand kittens. Not even Miguela. But she's got the best heart in the world. And she's lovely. Say, I wish you girls knew each other." He became aware that Miss Donne had all kinds of silences—kindly silences, understanding silences, and amused silences. This one was faintly ironical. He stumbled. "I'd ask you along now, but they're hard at work. Maybe they'd be sort of embarrassed."

"Maybe they would, Mr. Obregon."

"If I motored her over one day —— May I?"

"Do. We'd love it. And you'll bring Grandmother Francesca?"

"I will not."

"I think, somehow, that you will."

Obregon winced.

"I don't have to live with the old lady when I'm married, do I?"

"Not if you get out quick." She stood up. "It's late, Mr. Obregon. If you don't motor me over to the next village, I'll miss the diligence."

"Monty and I are taking you all the way. At least"—he went suddenly hot and red—"we want to."

"Better not, Mr. Obregon. In Rome, you know ——"

"Darn Rome!"

"Quite. But not Miguela. And believe me, even if we had twenty grandmothers between us, Miguela wouldn't understand."

He marveled at her. He could have kissed her in his gratitude.

"I guess not. But she will though."

"Go slow, Mr. Obregon."

"Sure. I am going slow."

He made her drive. Cecilia Secunda, replete with milk and scraps, was displaying a natural kittenishness and had to be held firmly. Cecilia Prima regarded her namesake with a thoughtful kindliness.

"I'm not denying her charm, Mr. Obregon. Let us say, her potential charm. But if you have to carry her round all your life, isn't she going to be something of a social menace?"

"If I don't Mateo will get her and then I shall get Mateo. After which I'll be hung or garroted or whatever they do to murderers in this country."

Miss Donne scratched the kitten's ear with a sun-browned and, as Obregon noted, very lovely hand.

"I suppose you wouldn't trust me?"

"With her? Sure I would. You'd save all three of us."

"I'd like to do that."

"Until I sail? You see, I'd like to take her along, somehow, just to remind me ——"

"Of her rival, I hope."

"Of our friend."

She smiled to herself. She seemed pleased, he thought. And she drove like an angel. She and Monty took the twists and bumps of the cart track as though they had known them and each other all their lives. Obregon, holding the kitten by the scruff of the neck, sat back contentedly. Efficiency did him good. It smoothed him out. But it didn't set his heart going like Miguela's eyes.

It was midday before he brought Monty to a standstill at the road's end. After all, they'd missed the diligence. Talking about New York had done it. They'd found restaurants and even friends in common. So he'd gone all the way to Palma. But it was all right. Everything was going to be all right. He felt fine; ready for anything—even Mateo. He'd have a talk with Mateo—a straight man-to-man talk—about Miguela and about the village. He smiled to himself. It was a great world, all right. And there wasn't anything lovelier than this little corner of it. All it wanted was waking up. And he was going to do the waking, like the prince in the fairy tale. Two months—two months before the boat took Miguela and himself back to real life. Time enough. He'd always been a quick worker. He'd start things, anyway; set 'em right; get everyone going. The poor, good-looking dubs just didn't know how.

He could almost see that hotel, white and shining in the embrace of the quiet, sunlit bay. Patios. Spanish costumes. A bath to every room. The white cement road. He'd make Mateo manager. Of course, some other fellow'd have to do the managing. But he'd go down fine with the women; especially the old ladies.

Obregon stood up, joyously.

"Miguela!"

But there was no answer. The village remained placidly, immovably asleep.

VI

"WHY are you angry, Miguela?"

"I am not angry."

"But you are."

"Even if I were, what does it matter?"

"It matters everything."

"You and that English girl are betrothed."

"We are not. That's just silly."

"You are going with her tomorrow to the fiesta."

"I am not. I'm not going to the fiesta."

"Not even with me?"

"I told you I've got work to do."

"What work?"

"You'll know when you come back."

"You love your work better than anything."

"I do not."

"You drove her in your car," Miguela declared with inconsequence.

"Of course I did."

"One doesn't ——"

"One does. Listen, Miguela; I've got to talk to you. You've got to understand ——"

Grandmother Francesca began one of her interminable stories. It was about the great May fiesta at Soller. Hundreds of years ago, she said, Soller had been attacked from the sea by Moors, but, thanks to the bravery of the villagers and even to a band of outlaws, they had been driven off. Every year Soller celebrated the event with a mimic battle. Some of the villagers, disguised as Moors, came in from the sea in boats, and there was a sham fight and a grand taking of prisoners and a final thanksgiving in the church. It was like them, Obregon thought, to fuss over something that had happened four hundred years ago.

Being deaf, Grandmother Francesca screamed. But probably she would have screamed anyway. Obregon sat back in despair. For three days he had been trying to explain about the two Cecilias. But he had had no chance. Partly it was Miguela's fault. She avoided him. But worst of all was the family itself. The Obregons were everywhere. They talked loudly and incessantly. And it was impossible to plan a marriage—or, possibly, an elopement—at the top of your voice.

Obregon suppressed a yawn. It was wonderful sitting there in the moonlight with Miguela. But he couldn't deny that he wished everyone would go to bed. The Obregons never went to bed, or at least never at the right time. At midday, just when normal life was at full steam, the whole village sank into a stupor that lasted until the normal dinner hour. Not that Obregon got his dinner then. Soup and macaroni might appear any time between nine and midnight. The simple life, in fact, was proving complicated. That afternoon Obregon had motored into Palma and, regardless of that city's determined somnolence, had bribed, bullied and cajoled it into doing business with him. It had cost a prodigious effort. He had come back hot and exasperated.

Altogether he didn't feel happy. His unhappiness bothered him. The others were happy. For the life of him, he couldn't see why. They had nothing to make them happy. They seemed not to want anything, and their wanting nothing made it difficult to know where to start with them. Not that the notion that you had to teach people to want things was new. That was just plain advertising. But Obregon defied all the New York, high-powered salesmen to put anything over on this bunch. He found himself wondering when Miguela would begin to ask him for clothes and her own car. He hoped soon. A woman who didn't, just sent the natural order of things side-slipping.

Mateo was happy. Mateo had the clothes he stood up in, enough to eat and a roof over his head. Not even his own roof. If he had married Miguela he would have gone on living with Grandmother Francesca, Aunt Catalina, Uncle Pedro, Cousin Estaban, and any more of the family that happened to be lying round. Anyway, he wasn't going to marry Miguela. And yet he sat there with his handsome face lifted to the moonlight and sang. Which was a lot more than Obregon felt inclined to do.

"Sing with me, Miguela!"

Mateo turned to her, grave, authoritative. And she put her hands obediently in her lap. It made Obregon mad, the way she did things Mateo told her. She seemed to like it. If she did everything he, Jim Obregon, told her, he'd go plumb crazy. Maybe it was just one of their rotten customs. She'd grow out of it.

Miguela and Mateo sang together, and their voices were harsh and not beautiful at all. Yet they blended so that against that enchanted background of sea and mountain they sounded beautiful. And it was a foolish, sentimental little song at that. Only Obregon had heard it long ago. He sat forward with his face buried in his hands. It hurt, somehow. It was as though he were a little boy again and his father and mother were singing. His mother was dead, and the picture of dad singing was just funny. And he himself had grown up and grown away. It was as dad had said—you couldn't really come back. But Miguela was coming with him. She'd be the link between them all—between himself and that funny little barefooted kid he had once been.

Grandmother Francesca was a witch. She knew things no one wanted her to know.

"Miguela is not for you," she hissed at him. "Since childhood she and Mateo have been promised to each other."

"I don't care," Obregon said. He sat up and shouted at her deafness: "I don't care! We love each other!"

"And what has love to do with it?" Grandmother Francesca demanded shrilly.

Obregon did not answer the incredible question. He didn't have to. For Cousin Estaban had crept up to him and was tugging urgently at his sleeve.

"Cousin, the men have come, as you said. They are up at the fall. They are waiting for you."

Obregon put his hand over Cousin Estaban's large and foolish mouth. He got up and stretched himself. Thank heaven he didn't have to sit round any more wrestling with intangibilities and impossible grandmothers. There was a man's work to do, and he could do it. And when they saw

(Continued on Page 121)

Rewarded *with a* Raise–

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IRRITATION *or* COMFORT?

it all depends on the pipe...

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Pipes clogged with rust can now be replaced economically.

Plenty of clean, fresh water through pipes of shining copper.

Chase Copper Water Tubing comes in a coil, bends around corners, and is 99.9% pure copper. Chase Compression Fittings are boxed and guaranteed.

Until now, water pipes have been made only in short, rigid lengths, easy enough to install in new houses while the walls were open, but difficult and destructive to take out later.

Tiled walls had to be ripped open.

Plaster, paint and wall-paper were damaged, never to look as well again. It was slow and expensive work to cut out old pipes and install new, rigid lengths of pipe.

Now your plumber can work efficiently and quickly with flexible Chase Copper Water Tubing.

Because it comes in 60-ft. coils, it saves all useless cutting into walls and floors. Usually the old pipe can be left in the walls, and the shining new copper tubing can be worked alongside of it, bending around the corners and eliminating many costly fittings. And because it is 99.9% pure Chase copper, it can never rust.

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Telephone your plumber. Ask him to give you an estimate on replacing your old plumbing with Chase Copper Water Tubing, and Chase compression fittings.

CHASE

The mark that identifies good brass and copper products.

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

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what he had done they'd know where they got off.

Silently, with Estaban trailing at his heels, he stepped from Miguela's side into the shadow of the village.

VII

OBREGON came up to the veranda through a pathway of Madonna lilies. He walked with a great leisureliness, but he felt like an express engine being kept down to fifteen miles an hour.

"Somehow, I guessed I'd find you in," he said.

"And somehow, I guessed you'd come," she retorted. "In fact, I came back for you."

Tea was laid charmingly for two, and there was a tennis racket and a white sweater on a near-by chair to bear her witness. Obregon considered the evidence wistfully and shook his head.

"I'd like to believe you," he said. "I'm an unpopular fellow these days. I sort of feel there must be a snag somewhere."

"There isn't. I had what you call a hunch. I was sure that you were in some sort of trouble." Her eyes were penetrating, but warm and friendly. "You are, aren't you?"

He looked himself over. For some not very obvious reason he'd taken elaborate care to wipe out all traces of having recently gone native. His suit was impeccable and the best barber in Palma had done what he could to efface the devastation inflicted by the simple life on a modern, civilized man. Only his hands were beyond repair. They were torn and roughened, and a strenuous half hour with a nail brush and all the running hot water in Palma hadn't eradicated the grime. But it was evident that she wasn't considering these details.

"How did you get that?" he asked. "And what's wrong with me, anyway?"

"You look," she said, "fighting mad. Are you?"

He let go an explosive breath. "I am. And I'm just looking for someone to wipe the floor with."

"And so you thought of me?"

"I did not—at least, I mean I did." He chuckled ruefully. "Now you've made me laugh. And I thought I'd never laugh again. Sure, it's funny—darned funny. But I'm just beginning to notice it."

"Won't you," she asked, "tell me what happened?"

She made him sit down. She gave him an eggshell cup of tea. She lit his cigarette and her own. It was all very soothing and companionable. And of course beautiful. From the consul's low white house you could look over the roofs of El Terreno, across the blue bay to the cathedral lying like a medieval jewel at the water's edge. One of the loveliest views in Europe. The guidebook said so. But Obregon had had enough of views—more than enough. He turned his back on it. But Cecilia Donne was another matter. He liked to look at her. She made him feel at home. Even if she had a queer accent. She had the slim, agile figure and the clear, straight-looking eyes of his kind. Nothing mysterious or tantalizing. But, on the other hand, you knew where you were. And that, when you came to think it over, was exceedingly important.

"You may not know it," he said, "but you're a sight for sore eyes. You've saved me from making a disgraceful spectacle of myself. I believe, if you hadn't been in, I'd have sat down on your doorstep and howled like a lost dog."

"Won't you tell me?"

"I'm homesick," he persisted. "And I'm going home. The worst home cooking and the most synthetic ice-cream soda ever made would make my heart melt. I want Broadway. I want someone to curse out who'll know what I'm cursing about. I want ——"

"Listen," she interrupted solemnly, "I haven't been home for ten years. And the thought of Piccadilly at theatertime makes me cry."

That checked him. He met her eyes and for a full minute continued to meet them.

"I'm a yellow cur," he said. "Thinking of nobody but myself. I guess it's been stiff going. Just this little bit of a place. No one to play round with and nowhere to go, anyway. You know, I imagined you once, all dolled up, going to parties and theaters like other girls." He blushed. "In fact, I went with you. We had a grand time together."

"Delightful but not helpful, Mr. Obregon, to a complete understanding."

"I'm out," he explained lucidly. "Thrown out on my ear for keeps. If I set foot again in that dear little home town by the sea, my simple-hearted relatives would have my blood. But I won't. I don't want to. I'm through. I've quit and they can all rot in their pipeless paradise."

"We English are awfully slow, Mr. Obregon. Somehow, I still don't know what it's all about."

"Twenty yards of good lead piping and a reservoir," he said, "installed with my own fair hands in the dark hours of the night and during some blessed fiesta. It was the first step, you know, leading 'em on gently to higher things—to the bathtub, and so forth. Well, you get the idea."

"Quite," she assented meditatively.

"Primitive, of course. I had a couple of bum workmen from Palma who thought I was crazy anyhow. But I got it done, and not a soul knowing. Not a bad job either. Running water right at their doors."

She murmured "Quite" again, and he shook his head at her. "When you say 'Quite' like that, I don't know what you mean," he complained.

"You're not meant to," she retorted.

For a moment he brooded over her. All women were illusive somewhere. And this one wasn't an exception. But he went on painstakingly.

"You see, it was meant to be a surprise. Only Estaban knew. He's not right in his head. But he was friendly from the start—seemed to feel there was something in common between us. Well, when the tribe came back last evening, I stowed myself behind a wall, just to see their faces. Wanted to step out at the right moment and gather up the bouquets. It was to have been a real party. Oh, they came all right, and they saw and they said ——"

"What did they say, Mr. Obregon?"

"It was Grandmother Francesca most of the time. And I couldn't repeat half of it. She's had long practice with the language."

"Go on; what happened?"

"In ten minutes," he said, not very steadily, "twenty yards of piping and a stone reservoir were at the bottom of the deep blue Mediterranean. That's what happened."

There was a silence. Jim Obregon was staring hard at the tip of his cigarette. She almost fancied that there might be angry, boyish tears in his eyes and in his voice.

"It made me so sore," he went on, "I bounced out and told 'em what I thought of the whole bunch. I told 'em in Catalan and in good New Yorkese. Anyway, I guess they knew what I meant. Then they let in. That Mateo fellow had a pretty good line of talk himself. Called me a thief and general polluter of public morals. Said I'd insulted 'em and assaulted the virtue of a pure young Catalonian maiden who had the honor to be his future wife. Well, a nice little family chat, as you might say. And the end of it was Monty and I lit out—forty miles an hour."

"And Miguela ——"

He looked at her with faint puzzlement.

"I left that out. Queer, isn't it? I forgot the most important point. Of course, you can guess what I thought. Not a chance left in the world. But you can't tell with women—not these women, anyhow. I'd asked her to marry me, run away with me, and she wouldn't. Afraid of that young bandit Mateo or her grandmother or the family jinx or something. Well, sure enough she comes hotfoot after me—said she was so darned sorry for me. Can you beat it? Now, what should anyone be sorry for me about?"

Miss Donne shook her head. "I can't think ——"

"Anyway, the upshot of it was she burst into sympathetic tears and fell into my arms. And it's all O. K. We're making a bolt for it at that darned Soller Fiesta. They'll keep her shut up till then, she said. And if they saw me—well, they will and they won't. I'm going to be there all fixed up as a Moorish brigand, so's my own dad wouldn't know me. But I'll give Miguela the high sign ——"

"And then?"

"Monty will be waiting up a side street. I've got passages on the Jaime II the same night. The American consul at Barcelona 'll fix us up with a marriage license, and then the first boat home."

He broke off. Suddenly the exaltation of battle dropped from his spirits and he felt tired and miserable. And he was aware, too, that Miss Donne was seeking desperately for some adequate remark. So that the appearance of Cecilia Secunda came as a merciful diversion. Cecilia Secunda, lured by the sounds of tea, rubbed herself ecstatically against everything available. She had changed greatly. And besides cleanliness, she had acquired the air of insolent condescension typical of her race.

"Say, she's beautiful already," Obregon muttered.

"I think she has remote Persian ancestry," Miss Donne said in the same muffled tone, "and it's wearing through."

Obregon took the kitten on his knee. The warm, thick purr reminded him of that first night and of that moon. Somehow, he was through with moons. He didn't quite know why. After all, that particular moon had done well by him. Anyway, he'd got what he wanted. He was going to take Miguela home; just as his father had taken his mother into a new life. Only, it would be all right. He'd win her over to it. He'd make her happy. He'd darn well have to. And be happy himself, of course. And the moon'd turn blue before either of 'em would ever set foot in this particular paradise again. And at that thought he remembered Cecilia Donne and stroked Cecilia Secunda so vigorously that she bit him.

"Sort of good friends, aren't we?" he asked of no one in particular.

Miss Donne nodded at the sea.

"Rather."

"I sort of counted on you."

"You can."

"You see, I want to do the right thing in the right way. I wondered—well, if you'd stand by—see us through till we were married."

She laughed to herself, as though at some secret little joke.

"A chaperon."

"That's right."

"Of course, I'll go all the way. I'll drag father along too."

They were careful not to look at each other. He said haltingly, "You see, it isn't easy—Miguela—fact is she can't read very well. And then her clothes—I mean, they're lovely and all that, but ——"

He stopped. He had had a sudden and clear vision. Miguela—her robust peasant beauty, the full skirts, the ample waist, the bare feet tied in the loose *espadrillos*. And as suddenly he saw Fifth Avenue—high heels, sheer stockings, the slim, elegant outline of the New York woman. Well, you didn't love a girl for her ankles. And if she was stout in ten years like his mother—what did it matter? You loved a girl for her soul—or whatever you did love people for.

"We'll make that all right, anyway," Miss Donne said.

Obregon stood up. He most definitely did not want to go, but felt most definitely that he had to.

"You're a sight too good to me. I don't know what I—what we'd have done. I'll—we'll miss you no end. I'll sort of hate leaving you behind. Maybe in New York some day ——"

"Maybe, Mr. Obregon."

"Couldn't you," he said, "under the circumstances, call me Jim?"

He was holding her hand. She withdrew it. "Better not, Mr. Obregon." And then she added, "*Vaya con Dios, señor!*" very gently and warmly, as though she meant it.

VIII

JIM OBREGON sat in the prow of the boat with a child's sword across his knees. The rest of his costume was as Moorish as Cecilia had been able to make it—certainly as Moorish as that of his Majorcan companions, whose frilled white pants suggested a domestic origin. It didn't seem to matter much. Everyone was as contented as they always were, whether they were doing things right or whether they weren't. The motorboat itself, chugging through the still waters of the mountain-guarded bay and filled with sooty-faced invaders, was a cheerful anachronism. And it had a rotten engine at that. Fortunately, they were near the shore. Already Obregon could see the defending forces straggling down the dusty highroad from Soller. There were bursts of rifle firing, drum beating, bell ringing and yelling, to which Obregon's boatload retorted with taunts and the popping of weapons whose rusty antiquity made Obregon nervous. Men about to be married always were. And in twenty-four hours, unless there was a slip-up, he'd be married all right. Miguela and he would be alone at last.

He rehearsed the details anxiously. The pantomimic battle was a pretty tame affair, Cecilia had said. Just a friendly scramble. Captors and captives made a procession to the church, and after the Te Deum, the jollifications set in. Then Obregon was to give Miguela the high sign. She'd follow to where Cecilia and Monty waited. Cecilia would cross with them to the mainland and see them married. She'd set them on the road to Paris. Obregon could imagine how she'd do it. She'd give him a last comradely handshake and Monty a friendly pat, and be as fine and gallant as though she didn't care a whoop. Well, of course, she didn't. Why should she?

They'd make Perpignan the first night. They'd have dinner together—Jim Obregon and his young wife. She'd be tired and frightened. Motors frightened her anyway. And there'd be the strangeness of it all. But he'd be very gentle. He'd talk quietly to her about their home—about New York, about his life and his friends who were going to be hers.

The May sun was intolerably hot. But Obregon shivered. Maybe he was getting fever. Of course, it would be all right. Everyone would help—dear old Mack, who was in the business and a great fellow, Mack's wife, all the bunch. But he'd have to warn Mack not to kiss her—not right off the bat, as the precious old donkey was sure to do.

Obregon mopped himself. And the cork stains from his Moorish disguise came off unpleasantly on his handkerchief. Probably he looked sillier than ever. He hoped no one at the office would ever know. When he got back he wouldn't believe himself. He started uneasily. The office. Miguela in the Fifth Avenue apartment, ordering meals. Macaroni. Dinner at 9:30. Well, the servants wouldn't stand for it anyway. Besides, the language. Of course, she'd learn. He'd teach her in the evenings. It would be great fun, bring them closer to each other, and all that. He'd be no end patient, showing her the ropes.

But suppose she didn't—couldn't; like his mother?

He went cold again. Well, they were in for it, anyway—both of them. She loved him desperately. He could see her now as she had come after him that disastrous evening—so frightened and trusting—the way she had dropped into his arms and clung to him, crying her heart out. It was wonderful. Enough to make a man go crazy. And it did him good, too, to think of Mateo's face when he found out about it.

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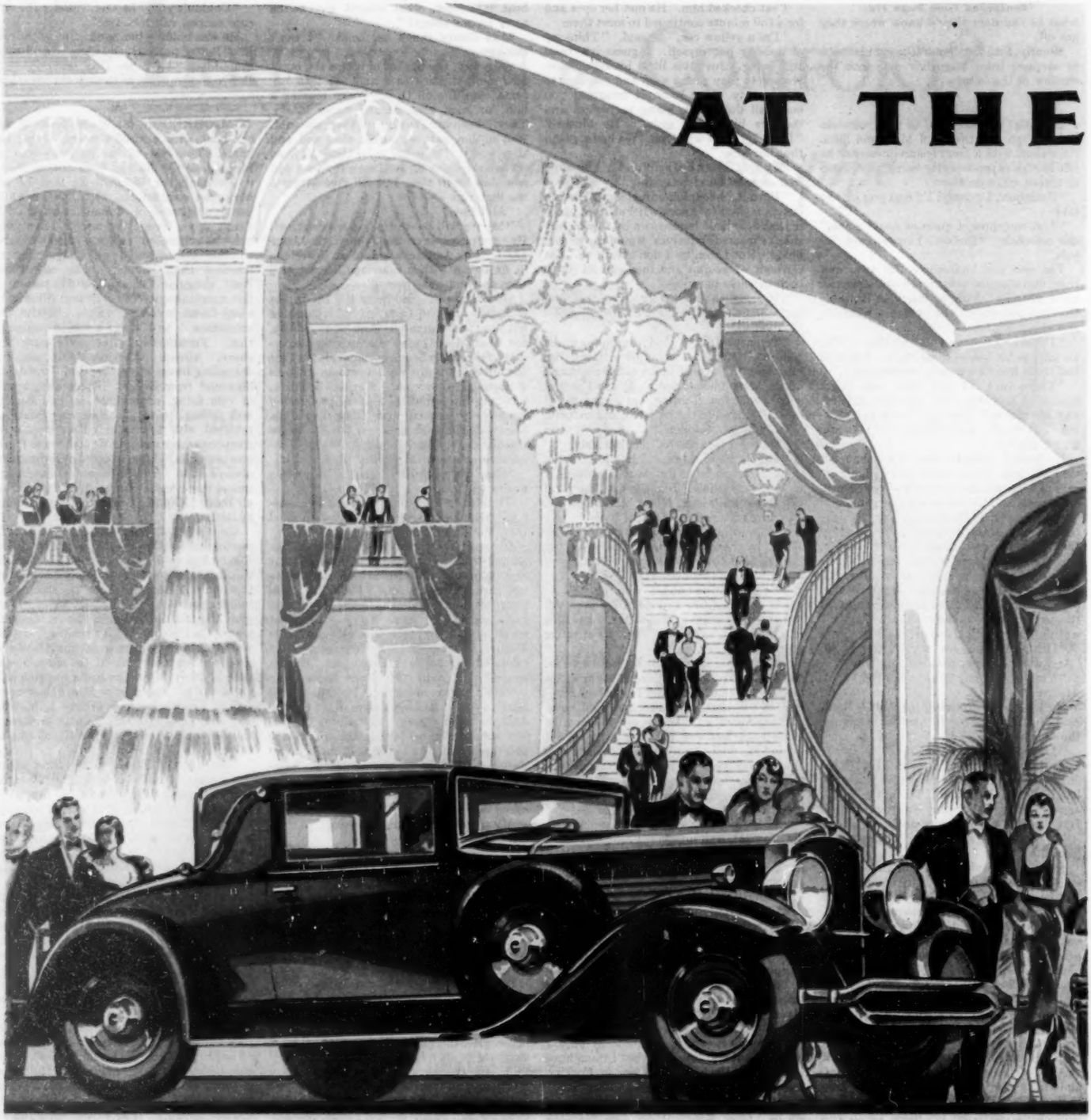

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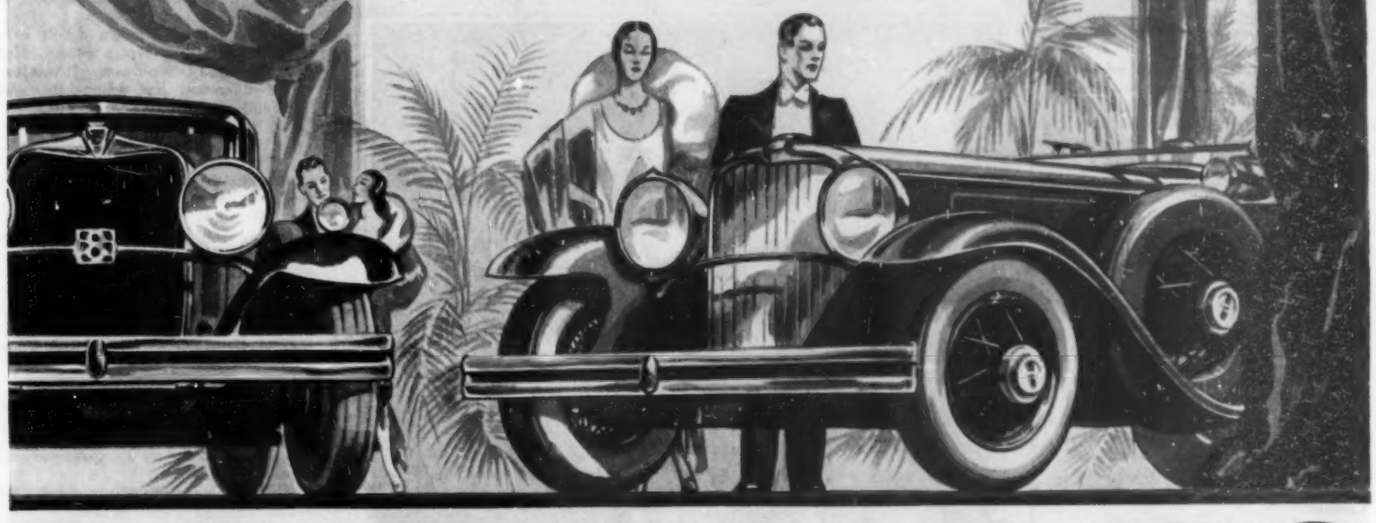

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What a pal Cecilia had been! He called her Cecilia to himself, anyway. But maybe she was right. Miguela wouldn't understand. She wouldn't understand his calling the other girls back home by their first names. He'd have to give up playing with the crowd—the hiking parties, bridge, golf, those innocent riotous evenings at the country club.

The boat's keel ground against the beach. Most of the invaders had spent their ammunition and contented themselves with hurling amiable insults at the lazily advancing hordes of the defenders. Obregon drew his sword. He had been deputed leader of his party on account of it; and if you had to make a fool of yourself, you might as well do the job thoroughly. Anyway, it was a shame there wasn't to be a real fight. The blazing sun had given him a headache. If he could only hit someone good and hard he might feel happy—happier. For, of course, he was happy.

A crowd of American and English tourists stood on the quay to watch the performance, and their airs of superior amusement added to Obregon's exasperation. He wasn't there to amuse them. And he wasn't going to be mauled about by anyone. So that the first Majorcan defender advancing languidly to his capture received a rough, impetuous thrust at the shoulder that sent him flying. Obregon hadn't meant it. The fellow simply lost his balance. But then something queer happened. The hot, lazy good-humor snapped over into angry astonishment. The outraged defenders tumbled over their fallen comrade. And the invaders, pushed to the sea's edge, pushed back resentfully. Somebody punched Obregon over the ear and hurt him. And that was all he needed. If Soller hadn't known a fight for four hundred years, it was going to have one now. He brandished his sword. He had never been to college, but he knew at least one college yell that could curdle the blood of the bravest. His assailant, winded by a sword thrust, reeled into Mateo's arms.

Mateo dropped him. He pushed the swirling, undirected and bewildered mob out of his path. He was like a lean cruiser thrusting through a dirty sea. Obregon couldn't have believed that he could move so fast. And the red brigand's handkerchief tied over his dark head added danger to his air of lordly authority.

"Give up your sword, infidel!"

"I'll be darned ——"

Infidel on the top of everything else. He'd stood a lot from Cousin Mateo. Give up his sword he would not. It was a toy sword. But, like the kitten, it stood for something. And he'd be darned; in fact ——

The crowd fell back. It was still resentful, but growing lazy again. The leaders could fight it out. It was like them, Obregon had time to think, to leave all the dirty work to someone else. And he was aware of Miguela on the fringe of the crowd, desperate, terrified.

Some fight, anyway. Not orthodox at all. Mateo's arms had a grip of steel, crushing the breath out of you. If Obregon hadn't known a trick or two himself; if he hadn't laid pipes with his own hands ——The dust rose in suffocating clouds under their trampling feet. And for minutes together they stood still, locked in an iron immobility. Once Mateo had him off his feet he was done for. And he couldn't lose. Not in front of Miguela—not in front of that grinning bunch of his own people. He'd got to win. If his breath failed, if his ribs caved in, he'd got to win. But he knew, with a sick, furious despair, that he was weakening. This lazy bum who let his aged grandmother fetch and carry for him, who had never done a hand's turn of honest-to-goodness work in his life, had the strength of a panther.

But Mateo ought to have fought clean. For his own sake he shouldn't have bitten Obregon's ear. That sort of thing might be Southern and warm-hearted, and all that, but it was dirty. It wasn't fighting. And the stinging pain ached like a spur, jabbing Obregon to a superb effort. He tore himself free. The sweat running down his face, washed away the last traces of his Moorishness. For a breathless moment he faced Mateo's recognition. But the warning shout to the clan never reached his cousin's lips. Obregon acted. It was for Miguela's sake—Miguela who trusted him, who waited in anguish for him to save her from this brute and from this life of primitive misery. He could not fail her. With one bound he covered the intervening space. And behind that straight right to the chin lay years of honest American plumbing.

The Anglo-American audience cheered. And Obregon stood back from his prostrate, senseless relative. No one interfered. Sheer bewilderment at the enormity of his methods kept the mob momentarily paralyzed. It was his chance. He called to Miguela. And she came. She pushed past him. She knelt down and took Mateo's bleeding, dusty head against her breast. For one moment she and Obregon looked at each other across the body of that graceful, graceless good-for-nothing. And what Obregon read in her dark, flaming eyes astonished him so much that when two Guardia Civil touched him on the shoulder, he turned and went with them meekly and without a word.

IX

AT THE first bend of the winding road that leads over the mountains from Soller to Palma, Cecilia and Monty waited for him. Cecilia held open Monty's door. She said nothing. She lighted his cigarette, and she was careful not to look at him. Not that, under the stars and the deep shadow of the rock-bound road, she could have seen much.

"I'm glad it's dark," he said. "You can't guess what I look like. And I don't want you to."

"I know what you're feeling."

"Do you?"

"Sore," she suggested.

"About the ribs. Nowhere else."

"Sure?"

"Dead sure."

She switched on the engine. "Anyway, that was a glorious knock-out."

"You were there?"

"Rather. In the crowd. Awfully frightened. I thought he was going to be too much for you."

"Did you care?"

"Of course I cared."

"Well, it's a mistake to bite people," Obregon commented. "It's too stimulating."

"What are they going to do about it?" she said.

"Not much. Just a fine for breaking the peace or something. They were quite decent about it. Said I was a foreigner and didn't know better." He waited. But she did not protest, and he went on: "I guess they're right. I've been a darned fool, and you know it, don't you? You've known it all the time."

"Perhaps I have."

"But you didn't tell me."

"I couldn't. I had to take a chance that you'd find out yourself."

He chuckled. "Queer how nice it is to be told you're a fool in the right way by the right people."

"I like you for admitting it."

"I'm glad you like me for any old reason."

The road was steep and dangerous. For a few minutes she gave it her grave attention. They seemed to be climbing together over the crests of the mountains to the stars. Obregon sat back luxuriously. His shoulder touched her warm arm and neither of them moved. Somehow, it was as natural as though they had been together all their lives. Nothing mysterious. But you knew where you were. Well, that, after all, was the best thing that could happen to you. And very lovely.

"You know," he said, "dad was right. You can't come back to what you've left behind you. He didn't want me to try. But he wouldn't stop me either. He's a good scout."

"I think I'd like your dad."

"I hope you will."

She missed a rocky curve of the road by inches.

"I'll have to watch out. We don't want Monty's paint knocked off too ——"

"Better stop a minute and get our breath," Obregon suggested.

They had reached the summit of the pass. Beneath them under the calm stars were the shimmering bay and the clustered lights of Palma. Miss Donne drew Monty to the side, and there was no sound but the faint, contented purring of his engine. Obregon sat up a little.

"Not a bad little island. Maybe I'll get to love it again. But I guess I'd better try loving it in its own way. After all, it's happy. And if it doesn't want bathtubs, it doesn't have to have them."

"There are so many ways of being happy," Miss Donne commented. "And so many reasons ——"

"Sure there are." He handed her his cigarette case. "Take Cecilia Secunda. She'll be no end pleased, won't she? Somehow, she and Miguela never really cared about each other. I'd have had to leave her behind."

"Now you can take her with you."

"I couldn't go alone." He lit her cigarette with Monty's patent lighter, and the glow warmed her face with a friendly radiance. She looked happy, too, he thought, in a quiet whimsical sort of way.

"You know, Miguela didn't care about me either. Not a whoop. Not really. And I didn't care. It was just the difference, the strangeness, and being young and foolish."

"It's all right."

"It's going to be all right," he said.

The silence spread about them. It was like drifting together on a quiet sea.

"Reminds me of that first night, coming from Barcelona. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad there's no moon. Somehow, I'm sick of moons. They're mistakes."

"Perhaps you'll love your own when you get back to it."

"Maybe I'll take it with me."

He knew now that she was smiling to herself.

"I always said you were romantic."

"And I told you I'd got some sound, practical ideas."

Gently and meditatively she slipped into first. "It's getting late."

"Not in these parts. And it's never too late anywhere. Listen. There'll be dancing at the Excelsior. And they've got a jazzy little band. I wanted to ask you before, but I couldn't. But now, if I washed my face, maybe you'd have dinner with me. And then ——"

"I haven't danced for years—not with anyone who could."

"I'm the world's best. Will you?"

"I'd love it, Mr. Obregon."

Regardless of curves and precipices, he laid his hand on hers.

"Couldn't you—under the circumstances—call me Jim?"

She waited for the road to straighten to a smooth downward sweep. Then she turned her head. In the starlight their eyes met. And suddenly, joyously, they laughed.

PHOTO. FROM H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Port Louis, Guadeloupe, West Indies

The Fuller Man's New Gift to You

Be Our Guest, Too
Every Sunday evening over the radio the Fuller Man brings an entertaining musical program into your home. W J Z and associated stations 9:45 to 10:15 E. S. T.

A new brush built on the steel-gript principle. Handy for many uses about the kitchen, including the cleaning of meats, fish, vegetables, pots and pans.

Ten Other Reasons *Why* the Fuller Man is welcome in ten million homes

1 He is always courteous, sincere and actually helpful with his housecleaning suggestions.

2 He is a man of excellent standing in the community where he lives and works.

3 He represents a company selling a quarter of a million dollars worth of brushes a week—the biggest and best known of its kind in the world.

4 His company has a first-hand knowledge of the housecleaning problems of a nation.

5 The products he sells have been suggested by the homekeepers for whom they are intended.

6 Fuller Products have been advertised in national magazines and in newspapers for twelve years.

7 He shows by actual demonstration in your home just how certain Fuller Products fit your specific needs.

8 The devices he brings lighten the task of housecleaning in every room in the house.

9 He is always up-to-date with new products for new needs.

10 He is the only means through which you can get the Fuller Service or the Fuller Products.

You will receive this brush from your Fuller Man. If he does not call soon, telephone The Fuller Branch Office in your city. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3558 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. In Great Britain, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Morley House, 322 Regent Street, London, W. 1)

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

FULLER BRUSHES

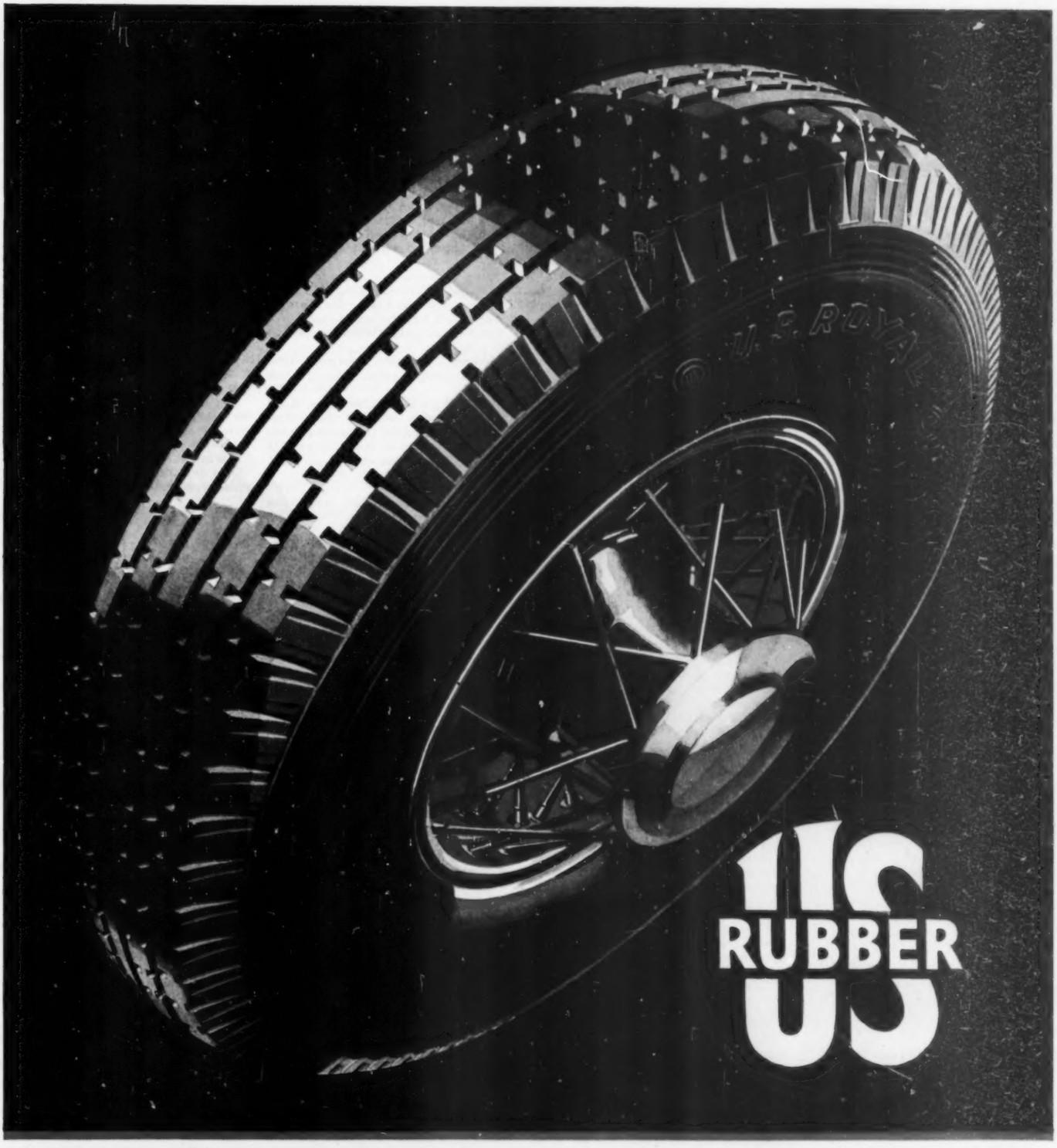
45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

BE SURE YOUR NEW CAR IS EQUIPPED WITH U.S. ROYALS

828

When you buy that new motor car, look to the tires! You can very definitely increase your mileage, your safety and your steering ease, by specifying the new U. S. Royals. And your car will be outstandingly more beautiful—for here is one tire whose appearance is worthy of today's automobiles.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY


U. S. ROYAL
U.S.
RUBBER

I'll love you twice as much
when they hand out
S.B.'s with the programs
FANNY BRICE
Brilliant headliner of songs, scenes, revue

"DEAR AUDIENCE: I love you very much. Of course, I do. But when you start to cough I'd like to wring your necks. How can I be funny on the stage to the accompaniment of loud barks?? . . . I ask you!

"That's why I'd love to see theatre managers hand out Smith Brothers' Cough Drops with the programs. I'll guarantee Smith Brothers' will keep you quiet and coughless. I'll guarantee that with S. B.'s, you will enjoy the show twice as much."

Smith Brothers' Cough Drops soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, relieve cigarette-dryness, and they *stop coughs*. For restful sleep put one in your mouth at bed-time!

5¢ *Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.*

THE GEORGIANS

(Continued from Page 13)

to be careful, but on The World is Waiting for the Sunrise—a surprise number played by Leo on the xylophone—the injustice of it all overcame him again, and he almost enjoyed the sad picture of himself as the abused drummer and Benny Wolfe as his Simon Legree. It was when the stage was darkened for a moment and he stooped to don his false beard for the comedy number that his heart really broke. Here he was doin' comedy and the girl he loved as good as lost to him. It was like something in a play. When he bungled his fall he did not care. Just let Benny say a word. He would tell him. All he wanted was a chance to quit.

But he did not get the coveted chance to quit. At the conclusion of their second encore—All Around the World With Jazz—in which Curly, in a paper hat and a Japanese robe, did his best to represent Japan, Benny made the announcement that added the final touch of irony to his tragic situation.

"We don't lay off, boys," he announced, "and we're not playing the rest of the route you have down. We got twenty weeks ahead of us without a lay-off. We're jumping on to the Orpheum, Milwaukee, tonight, to join a unit. They had some trouble and we're changing spots with Earl Hanlon."

Orpheum, Milwaukee, Earl Hanlon, unit! Curly looked at the last page of June's letter with its next week's address on it. Yeh, there it was—Orpheum, Milwaukee. Curly gave up. What was the use? It was all he needed to cheer him up. No chance now to pull himself outa the hole without her knowin'. And he didn't even have an excuse. He couldn't say he had to buy himself a new overcoat, for he was still ashamed of the one she had scolded him for wearing last season. He didn't even have a new suit to show for his thirteen weeks. All he had was a buncha debts and a coupla rings under his eyes from stayin' out late nights. Well, it was his own fault. His old man had warned him. He had had his chance to go in a real business. But who wants to hang around a gas station all day? He woulda gone bats. And suppose he had stuck it out? He never woulda met June. But maybe it woulda been better. Then his hes wouldna been broke and she wouldna found out what a heel he was. Gee, twenty-four more hours and she would know. Maybe, if he wore Red's other suit, he could get his own cleaned in time to meet her. But he was a foot taller than Red. It wouldn't fit.

He accepted indifferently the fifty dollars Benny grudgingly proffered. It would be gone before it was warm in his pocket, so what was the use?

"Well, how about my fifteen, Curly?" Leo had already started his Saturday-afternoon collections.

"Why, sure, Leo; here's your fifteen." Curly was bitter. "And here's your five, Al, and Dave's ten, and Red's seven." He threw the money at them and walked away, disgusted. If he ever got outa this, he'd have some sense the next time.

"What's the matter with Curly? He acks like he didn't owe us the money." Leo, pocketing his fifteen, was not at all sorry for Curly's sad plight.

Red followed him anxiously to the dressing room while the boys began their Saturday afternoon game of matching pennies.

"Listen, Curly; you shouldn't 'a' handed out all your money like that. What about your share of the hotel bill?"

"Don't worry about my share a the hotel bill. I'll pay it. I always do, don't I?" He took out the remaining thirteen dollars and gave Red eleven. "There. My share's ten-fifty and the other fifty for phones."

Red looked at the money doubtfully.

"Yeh, but what about money to eat on?"

"What about it?"

"Well, I'll only have fifteen left myself."

"I didn't ast you for any of it, did I? And didn't I pay you back all I owed you?" Curly looked like he was going to cry.

"I didn't mean that, Curly." Red was offended.

"Well, what did you mean?"

"You didn't have to pay back Leo's fifteen all at once."

"Listen. I'm sicka that guy remindin' me every day I owe him money."

Red understood this. He had had experience with Leo himself.

"Well, here, take ten back. I'll settle the bill and ——"

"I don't want it."

"You gotta have something to live on."

"Listen. The way I feel I don't care if I live or die. It's all the same to me."

Red was alarmed. "What's the matter with you, Curly?"

"Nothin'." Curly threw the green velvet coat indifferently on a chair, refusing to look at Red.

"Something's the matter. You didn't talk like this before the show." Curly chose not to answer, enjoying the concern he was causing and setting his mouth in what he imagined was a cynical smile.

"Did Benny fire you?"

"Swell chance."

"Then June said something in her letter that made you sore."

"Nope."

"Well, don't tell me then." Red gave up, offended, and started removing his own velvet coat.

But Curly was too eager for sympathy to pass up the opportunity.

"If you had horse sense," he said doggedly, "you'd know what was the matter. Didn't you hear Benny say we jumped on to Milwaukee next week? Well, read that and weep." He laid June's letter before Red.

Red finished the letter and handed it back, subdued.

"Gee, whadda you gonna do, Curly?"

Curly shook his head despondently. "I'll take the air, I guess, when she finds out what a flat tire I turned out to be."

"Maybe she won't find out. You don't have to tell her. And with her to go around with every night, you won't blow all your money. You can save some."

"Swell chance I gotta savin' three-fifty."

"Well, she don't need to know you haven't got it."

Curly was sarcastic: "Yeh, I look like I got three-fifty, don't I? And anyway, she'll want to see the money, won't she? And when I can't show it to her, she'll know I been lyin'."

"What'd you want to lie to her for, anyway?"

"Yeh. Whadda you want to eat for, fathead?"

"Well, I'd tell her the truth, if I was you. Any girl that would turn a fella down just because a money can't be so much."

"Listen, Red. If June gives me the air, it won't be because a money, see? Get her right. June don't care how much money a fellow hasn't got. She's willing to take the breaks with me, if I'm tryin'. That's all June asts. When we got engaged, she said to me, 'Curly, honey, I don't care if you haven't got a penny. All I want you to do is try.' Try and be something worth while, and not ack like a bum, was what she meant."

"What's the big idea—ack like a bum? Who said you ack like a bum?" Red was willing to stick up for his pal.

"Well, you know how us fellas carried on last year, Red."

"No worse 'n we do this year."

"Sure, that's just it," Curly agreed sadly. "Here I made a lotta promises to June about the swell guy I was gonna be for her sake and all the money I was gonna save, and look at me."

Red looked at him. "Gee, you oughta get that suit pressed once in a while, Curly," was his unwilling concession.

"I haven't even got a decent suita clothes to be seen with her." Curly was sunk. "Not even the price to take her to dinner. She'll think I haven't tried at all."

"Well ——"

"Yeh, go ahead, say it," Curly interrupted him bitterly. "I know what you're gonna say. I haven't tried, huh? Well, little you know about it. Well, I'd like to see the guy that could save travelin' with this buncha bums."

"You didn't take your make-up off, Curly. You can't go out like that."

"Who says I can't?" He had no intention of going out, but he was willing to add a little drama to the situation. But he wasn't goin' to sit around and listen to a lotta kiddin' when his heart was breakin'. He collided with the bunch of bums he was trying to avoid in the doorway.

"Wire for you, Curly."

He opened the wire and read it, handing it silently to Red, his pink face grim and set.

The Georgians watched him curiously as he shrugged his shoulders and made his climactic exit, turning to Red the moment the door was closed.

"Wha's it, Red? Somebody croaked?"

Red mumbled the contents of the telegram, trying to figure it out:

HONEY BOY HAVE JUST HEARD THE NEWS STOP ISN'T IT GLORIOUS STOP ILL BE WAITING FOR YOU BABY STOP JUNE

Al was amused. "I don't see anything sad to that. It looks like Curly's in luck to me."

"Me too. I wish someone was waitin' for this baby."

"Yeh, you fellows would kid on the way to the morgue." Red was disgusted. "A fella's heart is breakin' and that's all it means to you."

The Georgians were willing to take Curly's broken heart seriously. They waited while Red gave them the sad details, proud to be the only one in on Curly's troubles. But they failed to see the tragedy of his predicament.

"Well, that ain't so bad. A girl oughta know how it is with a fella. She oughta marry him first and save his money for him. What kinda girl is she, anyway?"

"Sure, and look who she is too. The Marmon sisters must 'a' socked away a fortune. They been working ever since I been in the business, and Lord knows they don't spend any."

"Sure, and Curly only makin' seventy-five berries a week. Whad does she expect, anyway?"

"Listen, fellas; you got June wrong. June is willin' to marry Curly whether he's got a cent or not. But her old lady thinks Curly's a bum."

"Listen. If that old mamma knew what I thoughta her ——"

"Sure, what does she care what her old lady thinks? As long as she knows he's not a bum."

"If you ast me, she's lucky to get a fella like Curly. She's not such a lulu herself."

"Yeh, but when she knows he's been out all this time and hasn't kep' his word to her, she'll think her old lady is right an' he is a bum. Why, he hasn't even got a decent suita clothes to meet her in."

"That's too bad." The Georgians, being in the same plight themselves, could appreciate this.

"An' besides, he's been writin' her about all the money he's saved an' everything. Three hunderd 'n' fifty he's supposed to have."

This brought a united howl of laughter from the Georgians.

"Well, he could marry her first and tell her afterwards he lost it or something."

"Yeh, some sense a honor you got. That's the kinda bums you are. Curly's the first one you go to when you're in trouble, and this is the way you appreciate it."

(Continued on Page 130)

Advertisers who SELL known quality.. *now can buy it*

A woman never asks a merchant, "Is this Old Dutch Cleanser as good as that I bought last week?" . . . "Is this O-Cedar Polish the same as the down-town stores sell?" . . . "Will this package of Beech-Nut Bacon taste as good as the package I'm using now?"

Hundreds of items of merchandise are so uniform, so carefully kept to established standards, that their quality is unquestioned. No one investigates. No one compares. But when their makers come to advertise, how many newspapers can deliver circulations that match these products in their uniformity of quality? . . . In their nation-wide distribution of quality? . . . In their national coverage of quick-action quality markets?

To such national advertisers, Scripps-Howard offers an advantage unique in the newspaper world . . . 25 newspapers, covering 25 buying centers, with a nation-wide uniformity of circulation. For SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers have a common honesty of purpose. They are alike in their unquestioned devotion to the best interests of their communities. They are alike in their freedom from dictation and outside control, in their completeness of resources, in their quick and brilliant coverage of news. Naturally, they are alike in the quality of circulation, automatically selected, which each delivers to the advertiser . . . *Circulations whose values are as known, as uniform, as unvarying as the values in the national advertiser's own package.*

SCRIPPS HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS OF THE UNITED PRESS AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

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AKRON . . . *Times-Press*	YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram*	EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
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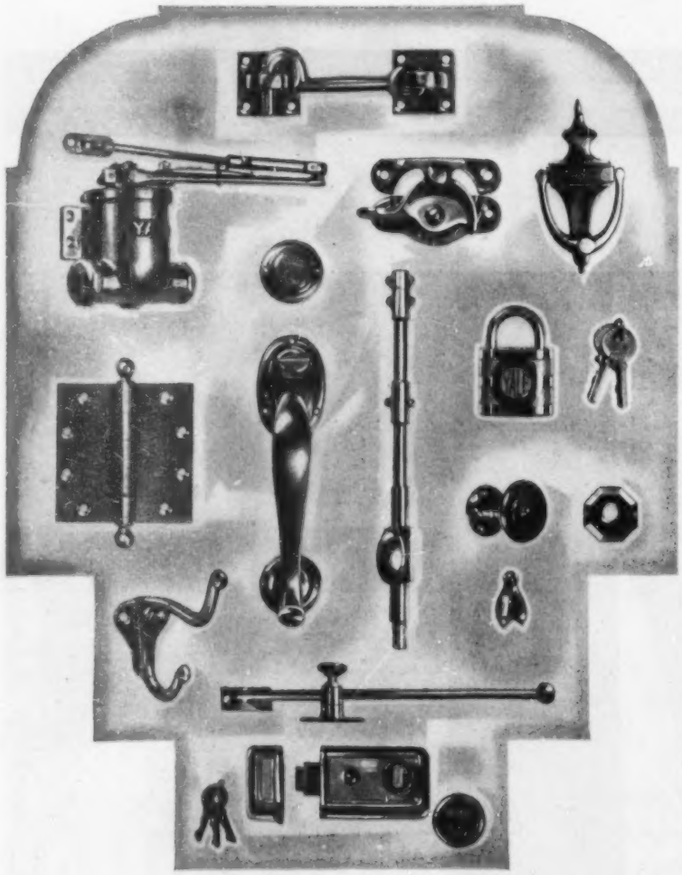
NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPT., *Stuart S. Schuyler*, DIRECTOR, 230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA · BUFFALO · DALLAS

TRADE YALE MARK

FINE BUILDERS' HARDWARE
THE COMPLETE QUALITY LINE



THE Yale line is complete, so that home and structure can be equipped throughout with Yale Locks, Hardware and Miscellaneous Trim . . . For entrance door handle, coat hook, cremone bolt, sash fastener and on down the line, go to the Yale dealer . . . Know that all your locks and hardware for the modest home or monumental structure bear the most significant name in lock and hardware history. Yale is the largest organization of its kind in the world, with a leadership of more than sixty years.

Yale Locks and Hardware are sold by Hardware Dealers

THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO., STAMFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ontario

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

(Continued from Page 128)

"Who ever went to Curly in trouble?" Dave, who had tried unsuccessfully to lift a fiver off Curly every week since the tour started, questioned this.

"Well, you know Curly would give you his shirt if you ast him for it."

"Curly hasn't got a shirt," was the hard-boiled response to this.

"Oh, all right, if that's all you thinka Curly." Red started removing his make-up on the towel he had used for thirteen weeks.

"Well, Red, what can we do?" Lou liked Curly, but could he help it if he lied to his girl?

"We could take up a collection, couldn't we?"

This generous suggestion fell on barren ground.

"Listen: I gotta take up a collection to eat on. I only got fifteen dollars left myself, after payin' my hotel bill. And besides, if we took up a collection for Curly, how much could we get? If the ten of us, nine countin' Curly out, give five berries apiece, it would only make forty-five."

"Well, that would buy him a new suit. And he wouldn't look like such a bum when he meets June."

But the prospect of buying Curly a new suit did not appeal to the Georgians. They were silent. After a moment, Red had a better idea:

"Listen, fellas: I know how we can fix Curly up. How does this strike you? We can all let Curly have what money we got—all of it ——"

"Yeh? Who said so?" Leo was not at all struck by this idea.

"I don't mean to keep. I mean just for a coupla days, till he can see June and show her he's made good. Then he could give it back to us, see?"

"Yeh, but ——"

Red interrupted the doubtful response happily: "After that something could happen to it; if she ast him about it, he could get a letter from home or it could be swiped and she'd just feel sorry for him."

But the Georgians were not so enthused over the prospect of turning over all they had to Curly, even for a day.

"Well, he can have mine, if he'll give it back the same night," Dave promised doubtfully.

"I may not have any if we play poker tonight. I always lose."

"Well, if you don't have it, one a the other fellas will. How about it; can I tell Curly?"

Silence again fell over the Georgians.

"Well, all right then; don't do it." Red was disgusted. "A fine buncha punks you are. You'd sit by and see a fella's life ruined and not bat an eyelash. Well, wait'll Curly commits suicide or something."

The pitiful picture of Curly committing suicide completed the argument.

"He can borrow mine, Red. I got twenty-seven after I paid my hotel and I got to keep a coupla dollars to eat on."

"Well, that's twenty-five, and he can have my fifteen; that makes forty."

"I'll let 'im have thirty, but he's gotta gimme an I O U."

"If we can't make it all, Leo can let him have the rest." The Georgian who contributed this suggestion looked mischievously at the others. Leo looked up quickly.

"Is zat so?" he asked sharply.

"Aw, it's only for a day, Leo."

"Sure, Leo, Curly's a good scout. You wouldn't want to see him lose his girl, would you?"

"Listen," Leo objected: "It's my opinion he'd be better off. I never thought mucha those Marmon girls. They're the ritz."

But when Curly entered a few minutes later, still looking the sad picture of dejection, he had capitulated to the extent of sixty dollars, which, though it did not complete the missing three-fifty, raised the total to two seventy-five, which the Georgians were satisfied was sufficient to prove beyond doubt that a fellow was not a bum.

Curly, by this time worked up to an emotional pitch, was touched by the loyalty of his pals.

"Fellas, it sure is swella you," he said gratefully. "I'll give it back as soon as she's seen it."

"Yeh. Be sure that you do." Leo was sore at himself for having given in. But Curly was quick on the trigger.

"Well, hell, if you're afraid to trust me with your money for a day, you can take it back."

The stony glances of the Georgians overrode Leo's discretion.

"Aw, I was only kiddin', Curly. Can't you take a joke?" he said amicably.

So they forced Curly's savings upon him.

In his shiny blue serge, pressed while he waited, he displayed his wealth to June. She leaned over the marble-topped table of the soda fountain, which was as far away from mamma and the girls as she could dare, and looked tenderly at the worn money which had so lately left the pockets of the Georgians. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I can't help it, honey boy," she apologized brokenly. "Because I know what you've been through to save it."

Curly, flushing darkly, indicated with a careless gesture that what he had been through was nothing at all. But June would have none of his generosity.

"Don't you suppose I know you're wearing the same old coat you wore last year?" She touched its frayed brown front lovingly and Curly was embarrassed. He had forgotten what a bum he looked.

"I guess it does look terrible," he said, crestfallen.

"It doesn't at all. It looks fine." She defended the disgraceful garment loyally. "But just the same, we're gonna take some of the money you've saved and buy you a new one."

"No, we're not." Curly's hand went toward his breast pocket protectively. "This is good enough for the road," he explained. "I don't care as long as you don't."

"It isn't that I care, honey boy," June protested sweetly; "I wouldn't care if you were in rags. I'd love you just the same. But it's because of mamma and the girls," she explained sweetly. "I want them to see you looking your best. And if they saw you going around in the same old coat you wore last year, they'd think you didn't have money to buy a new one." Curly looked up startled, and she went on quickly: "Not that it matters to me what they think, Curly, but it isn't going to hurt for you to make a good impression. Now we're going to take the money you've saved and buy a whole new outfit—overcoat, suit, shoes ——"

These extravagances Curly vetoed with alacrity.

"Now listen, June," he said stubbornly: "It's not your old lady and sisters I care about."

"I know it isn't, honey boy, but what's the use of letting them think you're not good enough for ——" She stopped suddenly and flushed. "Well, you know the way you boys carried on when we worked on the same bill last year, Curly," she explained, "and you missed the show and all." She leaned forward and caressed his arm. "Not that I blame you, honey," she said tolerantly. "I know how it is when you're lonesome and blue. You do things you don't even want to, just to pass the time away. But they don't understand, because they don't love you as I do. And that's why I want you to make a good impression, honey boy; so they'll see you've changed and settled down. After all, they're my family, Curly, and when I leave, it's gonna break up the act, so I want them to realize how wonderful you are."

"I'm not wonderful," Curly said stubbornly. "And they're right. I am a bum and not good enough for you."

"You hush." She laid her finger on his lips. "Wait till they see you in the new clothes I've picked out for you."

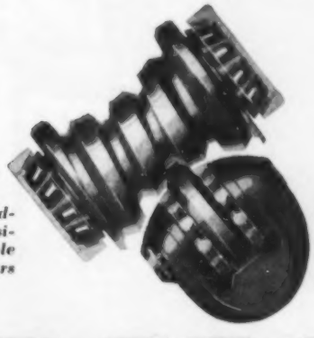
"You picked out for me?" Curly's face paled.

"The loveliest coat you ever saw, Curly—nice, soft camel's-hair, and only eighty-nine

(Continued on Page 133)

CONTROL IS NINETY EIGHT PERCENT STEERING

AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOWS NOTE THAT THE MOST POPULAR ... FASTEST SELLING ... EASIEST STEERING CARS ARE EQUIPPED WITH STEERING *by* GEMMER



Drivers say that Gemmer worm-and-roller steering is the finest and easiest in the world. It is available on many of the most luxurious cars at the shows.

With each succeeding year, worm-and-roller steering grows in popularity. More cars are adopting it in preference to any other steering gear made.

GEMMER

MANUFACTURING COMPANY...DETROIT

Pioneers in Steering Gears

Largest Manufacturers Since 1907

SMOOTHER STEERED WHEN GEMMER GEARED

"Well darling, can't you *stop staring?*"

"I DIDN'T get reckless and spend a lot of money. All I did was change the old color scheme and use a little paint and varnish . . . that's all."

That's all—but when a man goes away on a business trip and comes back to a home transformed (and transformed by a certain little lady within her own budget) well—if that isn't cause for staring, and for feeling mighty proud of her, what is?

If she had all the money in the world, it wouldn't be clever. But when she has the brains, merely by changing the surface, to change the entire room—then it is clever.

Especially when she achieves this with a few dollars—simply by repainting the walls and woodwork a smart new tint, by re-varnishing the floor, and by transforming the stuffy old furniture with some gay fresh chintz, enamels and lacquers.

Surely a man with such a wife has a jewel without price.

Save the Surface Campaign, 18 East 41st St., New York

The primary object of this co-operative movement is to awaken the public to the economic need for paint and varnish products. The slogan "Save the Surface and You Save All"—which belongs to the Paint and Varnish Industry—is not a mark of quality for any brand or product. *Your guide to quality is the reliability of the individual manufacturer, dealer or painter.*

Send for "The Guide Book of Painting and Varnishing"

Tells when, where and how to use paint, varnish, enamel and lacquer—indoors and out. Includes simple, clear instructions on color harmony in decoration. Dozens of valuable money and time-saving suggestions. Lavishly illustrated in color. Only 25c postpaid. Mail this coupon—it saves you time.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, Dept. P-10, 18 East 41st St., New York
Enclosed find 25c (stamps) (coin) for "The Guide Book of Painting and Varnishing."

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

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BEAUTY PRESERVATION

(Continued from Page 130)

dollars—and a blue serge suit with an extra pair of trousers—only sixty-five—and brown shoes ——"

"Listen, June, I gotta rehearsal. I got to go right away. This afternoon ——"

"Now, you've got time, Curly. I've got a rehearsal too. And anyway, I told the man I'd be right back." She looked impishly over her shoulder at the lagging Curly. "As a matter of fact, I paid a deposit already," she told him.

Curly followed her, dazed, out of the shop, a lamb led to the slaughter.

Curly was late again. The Georgians, concealing last night's ravages with grease paint, became anxious.

"You better phone him, Red."

"I phoned him twice already, and he wasn't there. He went out this morning early and hasn't been back."

"Maybe the shocka the morning air killed him."

"Ast June, somebody. She's been on already."

"You ast her, Red. You're nearly ready."

"Listen." Red dropped the velvet béret he was adjusting to the rakish angle over his ear, exasperated. "After this somebody else has gotta play nurse to that baby. I'm through." He opened the door angrily and stepped back in amazement. Curly, resplendent in two hundred and some dollars of Chilton's best haberdashery, stood, the picture of guilt, in the doorway. The Georgians stared, unable to express their fear. Curly stepped inside the door and laid the remaining two dollars and fifty cents on the shelf before them.

Red was the first to recover.

"What's the big idea, Curly?" he asked in a scared voice.

The big idea that was demonstrated in the following few minutes brought Benny Wolfe to the dressing room in haste.

"What the Sam Hill is the matter with you guys?" he yelled angrily. "Don't you know there's a show goin' on upstairs? What's goin' on down here anyway?"

"Go ahead, tell him. You can't make it any worse than it is already." Pathos broke through Curly's defiant voice.

"Whadda you think this is, anyway—an animal ack?" Benny did not stop to demand an explanation. "Here Bert Connelly is on doin' an act in one an' it sounds like a circus has broke loose down here. And the fella that started it is gonna get his right now. Now, who done it?"

Curly waited for the blow to fall, but the pink faces of the Georgians looked sulkily back at Benny through the cracked mirrors, their thoughts as one.

"Well, I'll find out." Benny stood over them threateningly. "And the next fight like this and I'm through with you all. Now that goes, fellas."

He slammed the door angrily and, fortunately, the sound of united laughter drowned the sound of the unmistakable raspberry that followed him. But the laughter was short-lived.

"Now listen, Curly," they turned toward him angrily, ready to start the fight where Benny had interrupted it. But a flash of the dressing-room lights sent them scurrying into their velvet coats and caps.

"We'll settle this after the show, fellas." They looked belligerently at Curly, who sat, lost in the disputed camel's-hair coat, the new felt hat on the back of his head, making no attempt to get ready for the act.

"Well, it's time for the ack, you big sap."

Curly remained motionless, staring disconsolately ahead.

"Here, you fathead ——" The Georgians, their animosity forgotten in their concern that he wouldn't make it, moved in a concerted effort to find his things.

"Thanks, fellas," he said huskily, not daring to look at them.

"And don't think, just because we're helping you out, you don't have to come clean."

Red lingered for a moment after the others were falling over one another up the stairs. After all, Curly was his pal.

"What was the big idea, Curly?" he asked with tragic seriousness.

A can of cold cream, thrown in his direction, stopped his search for the big idea at that moment, but after the matinée it was resumed again. While Curly lingered purposely in the wings, thinking to postpone the evil day, the Georgians were settling his fate. Red watched them ruefully as they confiscated the ill-gotten finery, piece by piece.

"Gee, fellas, you can't do that," he protested unhappily.

"Can't we?" Leo was the master of ceremonies and was rendering unto Cæsar the equivalent of the things that were his. "Here, Al, you take the shoes; they'll about cover your twenty berries."

"But Curly hasn't got anything else to wear. His old stuff ain't here."

"He can wear what he's got on." Leo, being the heavy loser, was the undisputed heir to the camel's-hair coat. He surveyed himself in it, indifferent to Curly's plight.

"He can't go out in the middle a winter in white trousers and a green velvet coat."

"That's his lookout. Here, you only let him have ten berries, Red. You can have the cane." He turned to the Georgians, disgusted. "Can y' 'magine him buyin' a cane on our dough? It's a wonder he didn't come in with Rin-Tin-Tin."

"Gee, you fellas are heartless." Red took the cane however. Curly would have one thing left anyway.

"Yeh, you can afford to be big. You only loaned him ten bucks."

"Well, gee, you could give him a chance."

"Yeh. We gotta borrow money to live on all week. Did he give us a chance?"

"Listen, fellas," Red had another idea. "You give Curly his things back and I'll make good for him."

This generous appeal was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter. Red, being Curly's roommate, stood next in rank for impecuniousness.

"Well, I didn't mean I'd pay it myself"—even Red saw the absurdity of this possibility—"but I'll get it for you, if Curly don't."

"If it's all the same to you, Red, I'll keep the shoes." Al led the procession that walked noisily, with amused glances, in front of Curly and June and out the stage door. June, wrapped in adoration, did not notice the glances or the troubled look that settled on Curly's countenance.

"Well, I'll meet you at the hotel, hon," she said brightly, "and don't be afraid, Curly. Talk right up to mamma. She'll like you better if she knows you're not afraid of her."

"Listen, June; maybe we better put it off. I don't feel much like it tonight. I feel kinda sick."

"You're all right, hon; you're just scared." June was amused. "But don't you worry. Everything's gonna be all right. Now you run along and get dressed in your new things and be over at the hotel by six."

"If I don't come by six, you go ahead ——"

But June was laughing back at him.

"Six o'clock," she called over her shoulder.

Red was waiting for him downstairs. He watched Curly dolefully as he surveyed the empty hooks.

"I tried to get 'em not to do it, Curly."

Curly sank into a chair, helpless.

"And I'm supposed to have dinner with old lady Marmon and the girls," he said glumly.

"You could wear Dave's old suit," Red suggested. "He got yours."

Curly studied Dave's cast-off suit, hanging limply over his chair. The prospect of appearing in it before the Marmons was too dismal for discussion.

Red, in spite of his sympathy, could not resist the opportunity to rub it in. He held the silver-knobbed cane toward Curly, his face sober.

"Here's your cane, Curly. It's all I got out of it."

"Yeh, you would." Curly snatched the cane from his hand. "That's the kind of a pal I've got."

Red, reproved, waited in unhappy silence.

"Well, whadda you gonna do?"

Curly, sunk in despondency, lifted his head, staring at Red, dazed.

"Do? Whadda you mean—do?" he asked dismally.

"Well, you can't sit here all night."

"Why not?" Now that his troubles had overwhelmed him, Curly found satisfaction in being perverse.

"You gotta eat. And you can't go out in that comic outfit."

Curly surveyed himself in the green velvet coat and white trousers, and agreed with Red. "Well, you can bring me in a san'wich."

"What kind?"

"Can't you even bring in a san'wich without askin' a lotta questions?" His patience with the world was fast being exhausted. "But make it two hamburgers an' a dill pickle," he called sharply. Red wavered in the doorway. "Well, whadda you waitin' for?"

"You oughta do something about June, Curly. She'll be expectin' you."

Curly thought for a moment. He couldn't go—that much was certain. If he phoned and tried to tell her, she would want to know why. Try and tell a woman you couldn't do anything. Suddenly Curly's troubles were too much for his grasp. He let them all fall from his shoulders at once.

"To hell with June," he said heartlessly. But moved by Red's horror, he modified his statement: "To hell with all women," he added.

After Red was gone he placed three chairs together and folded Dave's spurned suit into a pillow. There was one thing he could do. He could catch up on his sleep. Ten o'clock he was up. Imagine a girl gettin' up that early in the morning. How did she stand it? As he settled himself for a good four hours before it was time for him to go on again, Curly reflected guiltily that if she got up that early every morning, it might be just as well if she found out what a bum he was. The reproach that followed the guilty thought was drowned in the relief that for once in his life he would not have to worry about making the performance.

"Wire for you, Curly!" It was the third time Al had shouted it and still Curly slept, the beatific smile of the conscienceless on his still made-up face. The Georgians regarded him, disgusted.

"Can y' 'magine bein' able to sleep, in the mess he's in!"

"Give 'im a smack with that cane, somebody. That'll wake 'im up."

"Lookit, the bum's got somebody's suit under his head."

Dave snatched angrily at the makeshift pillow. Curly's head smacked the chair smartly, but he slept on.

"Well, I gotta have my chair." Dave pulled the chair from under his feet and sat on it.

Two other chairs were pulled from beneath him simultaneously. Curly hit the floor and sprang up, looking around wildly.

"How much time have I got?" was his instinctive question. The Georgians laughed in spite of themselves.

Here Curly caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and snapped out of it. His eyes fell on the telegram in front of him. He opened it indifferently, while the Georgians looked significantly at one another, expecting it to be the quick refusal of an S O S. He read the wire and threw it down angrily.

"You guys think you're smart, don't you? Well, you're not puttin' anything over on me."

Dave picked up the wire, reading it aloud.

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SIGNED PAUL WHITEMAN PARAMOUNT NEW YORK CITY

(Continued on Page 135)

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Mark Twain said that for years everybody has been complaining about the weather, but nobody has ever done anything about it! . . .

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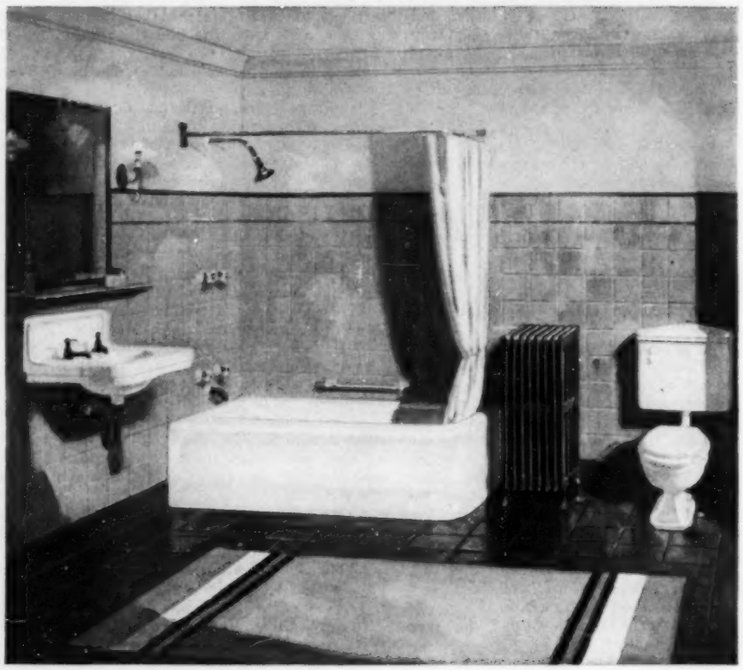

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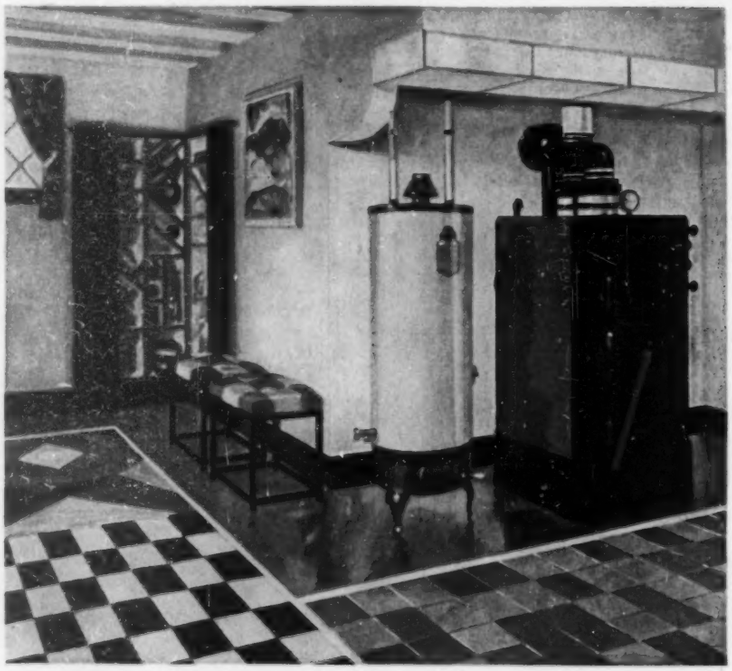
The full cost of any group you select, including your plumbing contractor's charge for installation, may be divided into small monthly payments. Ask him to explain details of this convenient time payment plan, and visit a "Standard" Showroom to see the new designs and colors.



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(Continued from Page 133)

The Georgians looked at one another in amazement. Paul Whiteman's band! Joe had been a pal of Curly's last year, before he got his chance.

"Gee, Curly, nobody's kiddin' you. How could we send a wire like that? It's from New York."

Curly began to see the absurdity of his accusation.

"Le's see that." He snatched the telegram back, rereading it while the Georgians listened enviously.

"That's what it is to be lucky," Al reflected bitterly. "Here all my life I been tryin' to get in with Paul Whiteman, and it had to be a guy like Curly."

"Whadda you mean—a guy like Curly? He's a good drummer." Leo softened toward the recreant under the magic influence of Curly's good luck.

"Well, you'll be sittin' pretty now, Curly. It won't take you long to pay back what you owe us." Al slipped the new brown shoes under Curly's shelf. After all, he was a pal a Curly's.

"Listen, Curly, if you'll get me in with Paul Whiteman, I'll give you the fifty you owe me, for commission."

But Curly was not so willing to forgive.

"Yeh, I know you, fellows. Five minutes ago you would 'a' cut my throat, and now I'm the white-headed boy, just because I gotta swell job. Well, you can all go to hell, for all I care. Red's the only one I'll get a job for."

"When will you leave, Curly?" They would take a chance on his generosity. Before he left, they could get around him. He could be sore on a fellow one day, and the next day not remember what it was all about. That was Curly.

"Listen." Curly was still disgusted. "The sooner I leave this buncha gorillas, the better. And I'll wire Whiteman for an advance to pay you off, too, before I leave."

"I wouldn't do that, Curly. He might not like it. You can pay mine when you're ready."

"Mine, too, Curly."

"Yeh, I know all about it, fellows," was Curly's discouraging response.

The news reached Benny quickly. Curly saw to that. For two years he had waited to tell him what he thought of him. And this was his chance. If he said anything ——

But Benny was not anxious to part with the best drummer he had ever had. He might have made Curly the target for his ridicule, but this altered matters completely.

"Listen, Curly." He was suddenly brotherly, drawing Curly's arm through his and leading him into a corner. "How do you know you're getting a better chance? You've only been with me two years. How do you know what I'll do for you?"

"Yeh, don't make me laugh." Curly was bitter. "Seventy-five a week was what I started on, wasn't it? That's what you done for me in two years."

"Well, I could give you a little more."

"Nothin' doin', Ben. You better get somebody else."

"Listen, Curly; I'll do you a favor."

"I don't want your favors. Paul Whiteman's givin' me a hundred a week ——"

"Well, if you won't mention it to the other fellows, I'll give you a hundred myself. You know how it is; it's hard to break in a new fellow, and it's a lotta trouble and ——"

"Can't do it, Ben." Just like him, tellin' him not to tell the other fellows. Cheapskate.

"And how about the money you owe me? You can't leave without payin' up." Ben was angry now.

"Who said I was gonna leave without payin' up? You'll get your money all right." Curly turned to go.

"Listen, Curly," Ben followed him to the doorway, and Curly saw that he was going to take it seriously. "I could queer you with Paul Whiteman, if I wanted to, by tellin' him the way you carried on in my ack, missin' shows and comin' in late ——"

Curly broke away angrily.

"All right, Ben, if you wanta be nasty, go ahead and queer me. But whether you queer me or not, I got something to tell you. I'm through with you and your lousy band. And I wouldn't work in it if you gave it to me."

He slammed Benny's door and ran across the stage and out the stage entrance, regretting that he hadn't told him more. For two cents he'd go back ——

"For two years I been waitin' for a chance to sock that little squirt," he told himself vengefully, "and I went and passed it up."

He collided with Red at the entrance to the alley. He carried a greasy paper bag with two hamburgers.

"Where you goin', Curly?" Red, noting the yellow paper in his hand, became suddenly anxious. But Curly was in a hurry.

"Don't stop me, Red. I just gotta wire from Paul Whiteman offering me a job with his Paramount band. I gotta send a answer."

Consternation was suddenly written on Red's round face.

"Did you tell Ben?"

"Did I? And how!" Red's face suddenly went blank.

"Whadda you mean, 'and how'?" he asked, clutching Curly's arm.

"He offered me more money and I told him to go to with his lousy band."

"You did?" Red was horrified.

"Yeh, and before I leave I'll tell him more."

"Listen, you sap." Red drew him into a corner to avoid Ike Robbins' midgets, entering the alley. "Go back and tell Ben you'll take it."

"What's the big idea?"

"The big idea is Paul Whiteman never hearda you in his life, because I had Joe Gordon send that wire myself. I figgered it would square you with the fellas and maybe get you a raise."

Curly, still dazed, did not fully appreciate the favor.

"Why don't you put a fellow wise, for the lova Pete? Here I nearly took a sock at Benny."

Red was not concerned over what had nearly happened. He was too joyful that his scheme had worked.

"We'll go back and tell Ben I got you to change your mind accounta June," he planned eagerly. "And listen, Curly; after you get straightened out, you got to split fifty-fifty with me on your raise. I fixed it."

"Sure I will, Red."

"And get an advance, will you? I spent my last quarter on these two hamburgers."

Curly, leaning happily over a corner table at Coffee Joe's, acquired through a ten-dollar advance from Ben, happily announced the news of his raise to June. She was all for breaking their engagement to mamma and the girls without delay.

"But I don't think it would be right for us to marry till I save some more money, June," he protested.

"Listen, honey boy," she answered sweetly. "You proved your real worth saving all you did. So we're gonna get married and start saving together."

"It's okey by me, baby," was the happy response.

A ROYAL REBEL

(Continued from Page 33)

that pleased her subjects well. She was photographed with her babies pickaback, or leading the little princes on their ponies, while the well-mannered little princesses were never far behind her. One of these, by the way, Prince Edward had named for his favorite sister, Louise.

At Sandringham the Princess of Wales was the perfect wife of the perfect country gentleman. The Prince, always fond of racing, and a magnificent rider as a young man, later became a successful owner of Thoroughbreds; three times he carried off the blue ribbon of the turf. His Princess supplemented him cleverly; she loved the rôle of royal hostess. At the Marlborough House garden parties she was always the prettiest of the pretty women assembled, and to the state balls and concerts at Buckingham Palace she lent queenly distinction and a decorative note. Outwardly, the years did not seem to touch Alexandra's cold beauty, but she must have felt their passing because her crown was so long withheld. Her royal mother-in-law still lived on, holding in her capable little hands the reins of power. The nine years that Alexandra herself was queen were too short to satisfy her. When I came to Kensington Palace, Alexandra had been seven years on the throne. Although more than sixty years old and deaf, she was still in appearance and manner the perfect queen.

Clothes she adored, and she knew them. She could take a dowdy hat that belonged to Queen Victoria and with a deft touch of her fingers turn it into a Paris model. Worth himself could not design a gown that exactly pleased her. If she did not like it—and she rarely did—she remodeled it as she dressed for dinner. Seizing a pair of scissors she would cut it from neck to hem and have the maid pin and sew it on her. To meet this emergency, on her dressing table were always needles threaded with silk to match the gown she was wearing. It was often remarked by the royal family that, if Alexandra had been a commoner, she would have been a great *couturière*.

Just as Queen Alexandra loved pretentious clothes, Princess Louise loved simple ones. And whatever she wore was artistic. Even her court gowns had a distinction and charm peculiar to her alone. Every piece of material was designed and woven expressly for her, and then the pattern was destroyed; and every such gown, worn once to a function, must be put aside and never worn again. But with that same German thrift with which her father had deplored the waste at Buckingham Palace and had done his best to curb it, even to saving candle ends, so the Princess would clip off bits of valuable trimmings before discarding these gowns—hand-painted buttons, semiprecious jewels, handsome buckles, yards of real lace.

"Cut them off and give them to someone who can use them," she would tell me. I fell heir to many of these little furbishings myself.

In her personal wardrobe she gave free play to her individuality, nor did she discard these gowns so quickly. If she took a fancy to a dress, she would wear it season after season and then have it copied in new material. I remember a tea gown she often wore when dining with the Duke alone. It was his favorite costume; she wore it six years and no one could persuade her to discard it. It was a fine quality of silk damask in a soft lovely shade of blue in which was woven a pattern of lovers' knots. It was made princess style, with a train and an Elizabethan collar wired high behind, like a frame to her head. The color intensified the blue in her eyes, the gold in her hair and the creamy softness of her skin, and made her look like an old court painting. This is another picture I carry of her—the loveliest creature I have ever seen. It is impossible to realize that at that time she was a woman sixty years old.

Easy, informal gowns like this were her favorites, for she had inherited her mother's love of comfort, but her father's artistic sense. Thus, though her own clothes were comfortable but lovely, Victoria's were comfortable but often ugly.

Queen Victoria never threw anything away, and when she died there was in her wardrobe an accumulation of almost seventy years of personal wearing apparel. Whenever certain parts of the palace were being remodeled these things were laid out on the table and each household attendant was allowed to choose one article. There they lay, those queer old garments that showed the great Queen's independence of fashion—the voluminous knitted bloomers; the corsets whose ample girth scorned the wasp waist in its heyday; the black silk dresses yards around, each with its inside pocket hidden in the folds; the ruffled nightdresses, high-necked and long-sleeved, made of the stoutest, albeit the finest muslin; the quaint old shawls and beaded capes; the baby mittens chewed off at the fingers.

Of all these priceless mementos, for which a collector today would pay any price under the sun, I chose only two handkerchiefs, because they were easy to pack and carry. No queen ever used handkerchiefs like them. They are as large as a man's, with a good inch hem, and their only decoration is the crown in one corner, exquisitely embroidered, and under it two small initials, V. R.—Victoria Regina. They are made of the finest linen floss procurable in the kingdom, sheer as chiffon, yet strong and durable, grown and woven by one woman in Ireland who grew old and eventually went blind in this service of delicate handiwork for her Queen.

Wherever one turned in Windsor or Kensington one was confronted with the fact that Victoria's spirit still lived on, a vital force among her children. Each year on the anniversary of her death the whole family went to Windsor for a memorial service that was almost a replica of her funeral. In somber splendor the royal cortège, even to the hearse, moved from the castle to the mausoleum at Frogmore, which Victoria had built for herself and her beloved Prince Consort. Here the royal chaplain held a short service and offered prayers.

Princess Louise had inherited from her mother not only her love of comfort but also her great love for Scotland. As a child she had spent her happiest holidays here, and it was here she had come as the bride of one of Scotland's oldest families, an Argyll, in 1871. Because she was so fond of the Scotch she preferred to be known as the Duchess of Argyll rather than as Princess Louise. While her husband was Governor-General of Canada she had often said jokingly:

"If you want to be popular in Canada, say you're Scotch."

The family seat of the Argylls was Inverary Castle, where Victoria, as a girl, had visited her dear friend, Elizabeth of Sutherland, who was the eighth Duchess of Argyll, mother of the man who became the Queen's own son-in-law. Shortly after this marriage Victoria visited Inverary again. In an entry in her diary at this time we read:

> Dear Louise, so kind and attentive, gave up her room to me. It was very comfortable, not large but cheerful, with a beautiful view.

But it was Rosneath Castle, not Inverary, that was the favorite Scottish home of the ninth Duke and Duchess of Argyll. It was Victoria's wedding gift to the Duke. The castle itself was centuries old, with a deep moat and a drawbridge. When they took it, the whole place was in a state of decay, but the Duchess had repaired the devastation without destroying its native wildness, and made it one of the loveliest places in Scotland. She was not only a landscape gardener but an excellent tree surgeon. Just by looking at a tree she could tell what limb should be lopped off or how a diseased, fungous growth could be cured to lengthen its life and increase its beauty. And how happy she was at this kind of work; how lithe, energetic and eager! Every morning at eight o'clock she was up and out

(Continued on Page 138)

DURANT

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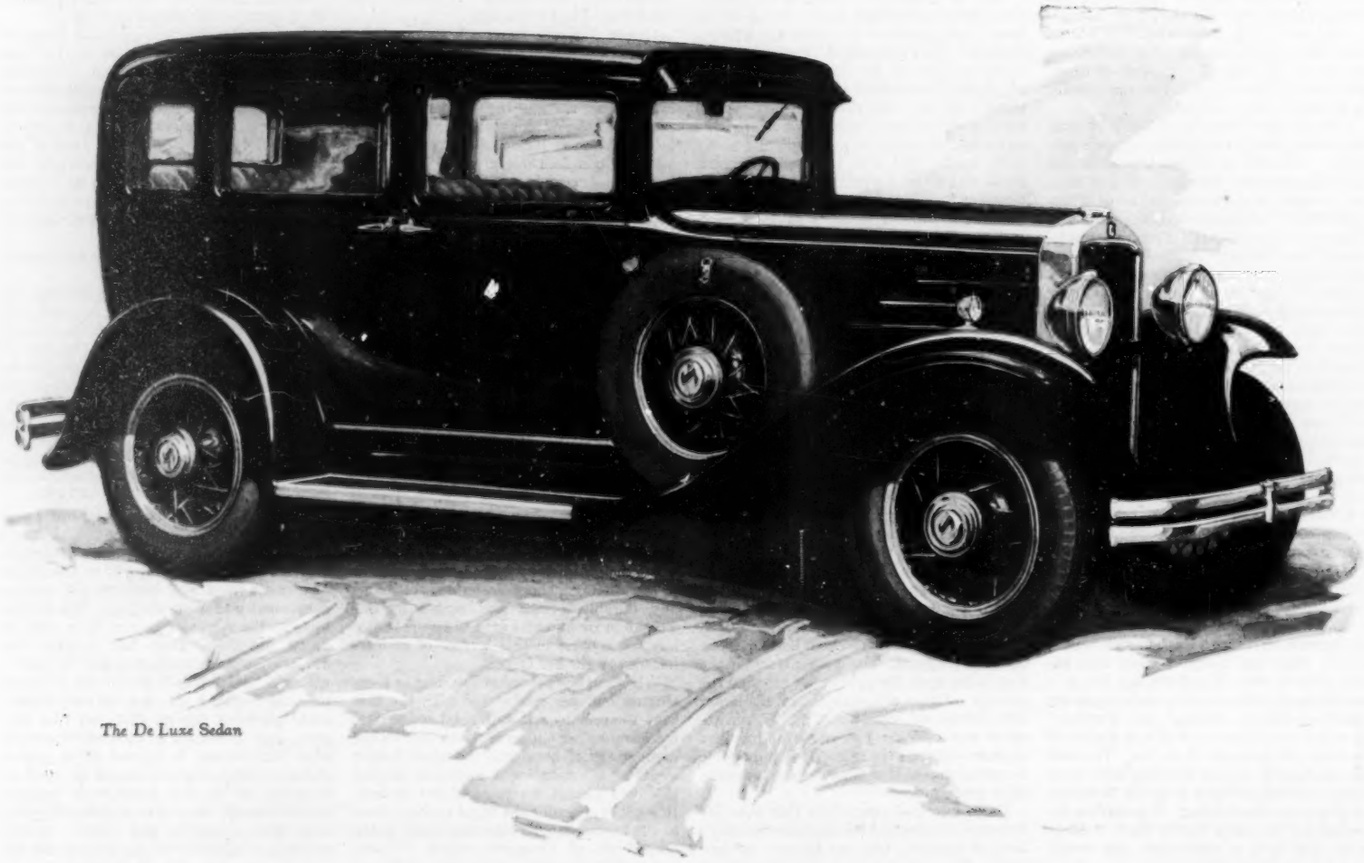
PERFORMANCE
COMFORT
VALUE



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DURANT

A GOOD CAR

(Continued from Page 135)

with the gardener in her rough tweed suit, saw or hatchet in hand.

Here she lived the life of simplicity she was denied at court; no functions, few guests, her only companion Lady McNamara, a real Irish wit and a match for the Duke in any argument. She had been lady in waiting to Her Royal Highness in Canada, and how they used to laugh, those three, about the good old days in the Dominion.

Every Sunday morning the four of us drove to church down the winding lane lined with towering rhododendrons, tall as trees—and not in a gasoline buggy, but in an old-fashioned victoria; Lady McNamara and the Princess on one seat, the Duke and I facing them. The church was always packed in her honor, and by packed I mean fifty souls, with the rest of the parish standing outside to pay her homage. The coming of the Princess to Rosneath village was the event of the year, for she was a daughter of Queen Victoria who had married their own Argyll.

The village blacksmith was the sexton, his daughter played the organ, and the choir sang in lusty discords, each in his own time and pitch. Princess Louise, by her own admission, could not even carry a tune, and she knew I could not sing a note, but feeling that the royal party should contribute its share to the medley, she would thrust the hymn book into my hands, nudge me and whisper, "Sing. Sing."

Bubble and Squeak for a Queen

As we drove home she would say, "Only fancy! The blacksmith's daughter can play and sing, and I cannot even whistle to a dog!"

She did much to beautify Rosneath village. Ugly roadside signs distressed her and she designed and executed with her own hands a beautiful wrought-iron sign for the inn. It still hangs there, the pride of the village, pointed out to American tourists as the only inn sign ever made by a princess. Even now the Princess herself sometimes passes the night at this inn, I am told.

When Queen Victoria visited her daughter at Rosneath, the two always made the rounds of the village for a call on everyone, ending up at auld Mrs. McGregor, the oldest living inhabitant. She never failed to serve her royal visitors with a wee bit o' bubble and squeak, for which the Queen had a plebeian weakness. Bubble and squeak, for the benefit of those unfamiliar with this British delicacy, is potatoes left over from yesterday, fried with cabbage in bacon.

Life at Rosneath was happy and free; even the servants loved to come here, for none need go thirsty. In the cellar was a great keg of beer to which everyone might help himself, for the Duke believed in plenty of cheer and saw to it that the keg of good old Scotch brew never ran dry. At Kensington Palace, on the other hand, the dry law was enforced. The Duchess permitted no intoxicating drink in the servants' quarters, but each one, from scullery maid to butler, had a generous allowance for beer. My own was one pound, four and six a month.

At every meal in the servants' quarters at Windsor there was much red wine, white wine, claret, port, not to mention beer and ale, ending up with sherry, in which these loyal subjects of the crown toasted first the King, then the Queen, each member of the royal family down to the newest born.

Ah, those were jolly meals, at which none needed to starve! The abundance of food was staggering. On the table stood fowls, whole hams, legs of mutton, great roasts of beef, veal, all of the very finest cuts procurable. In addition were fish, puddings, ices, pastries prepared by the finest French chefs. No restaurant in London offered such a meal as this. Three times a day, one hundred and fifty strong, the Windsor Palace attendants sat down to a feast of this kind.

Most spectacular and most popular among them were the King's special guards, fine-looking men of magnificent physique, each more than six feet tall. We called them "beef eaters"—a name handed down from the olden days when the king's personal bodyguard were allotted two pounds of beef each per day to keep them in red-hot fighting blood. Once they had been all brawn and no brains; now they are a superior type of men, well educated, informed in politics, law and court intrigue. In my day they were handsome blond giants from North Germany, very easy to fall in love with.

Class distinction was as rigidly observed in the servants' dining room as in the state banquet hall above. In fact, rank was even more jealously guarded here than among the royals themselves. At the head of the table sat attendants to the King or Queen and the royal princesses; we were the élite of the crowd. Below us sat attendants to ladies in waiting or other visitors in the palace.

If I chose to leave the table first, all those less exalted attendants—who often were my best friends—must rise while I passed. I hated all this kotowing, just as my royal mistress did.

Indeed, she hated it so much—all this false distinction—that periodically in sheer boredom she would run away from it, pretend she was not a princess at all, and travel incognito.

Oh, the scheming and planning I had to do to destroy all damaging evidence of royal labels, crests and insignia on her personal belongings! Even the wrapper round the chemist's bottle which read "by appointment to Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll," must be torn off. I must rummage the palace attic for shabby trunks and bags; search the wardrobe for the kind of clothes suitable for a lady who was respectable but not too elegant.

On these little expeditions she always took me and Miss Lucas, her younger lady in waiting, an attractive girl in her twenties. Princess Louise traveled under the name of Mrs. Grant, Miss Lucas posed as Miss Grant, her daughter, and I as their companion.

As Mrs. Grant, the Princess could mingle unknown with the crowds. Those well dressed didn't interest her, but whenever she saw a group of lower-class Englishwomen also waiting for the train, she would approach them and start conversation with some casual remark, as, "Will you kindly tell me what time the train leaves?"

Then, with the kindest and friendliest manner in the world, she would lead them on to talk about themselves—where they were going, where they lived, all about their children, until, before they realized it, they were chatting with her freely, discussing this or that subject without any self-consciousness on their part. This was what the Princess loved, and by such informal contacts she learned to know her subjects and how she could best help them.

It was well-nigh impossible to keep her identity concealed for long, whatever precautions we took toward disguise. Once, on a little boat excursion, a curious woman approached me and said in an excited undertone:

"I hear the Duchess of Argyll is on board, and I hear she swears like a trooper!" Of course, I denied it stoutly.

It was during my term of service at Kensington that King Manuel II of Portugal made his first visit to England as a reigning monarch. It was in November, 1909. Manuel was a dashing young king, just twenty years old, and the entire English court became an open marriage market in which every designing mother exposed her daughter to his royal favor.

Here was a throne that needed a queen; and where could King Manuel find one more suitable than among the creamy-skinned, flaxen-haired, blue-blooded beauties of England?

Edward VII

Manuel had succeeded to the throne only a short time before, at the double assassination of his father, King Carlos of Portugal, and his brother, Crown Prince Louis Philippe, February 1, 1908, in fiery popular protest against the extravagance of their court. Fires still smoldered under the Portuguese throne, but they seemed forgotten by the English court when this eligible young king came visiting, ostensibly in search of a bride. Every maiden in the British Isles took stock of her queenly qualifications, was begowned and bejeweled to enter this glorified beauty contest in which the winner would wear a real crown.

Bets favored three royal entries: Princess Patricia of Connaught, a gay, high-spirited girl, in her early twenties, who was Queen Victoria's granddaughter; and the two daughters of the Duke of Fife, bonny lassies of a subdeb age who were Queen Victoria's great granddaughters. But "Princess Pat," as she is fondly called, had her own ideas about husbands. Already she had turned down kings far more eligible than Manuel; she would not have worn the uneasy Portuguese crown had it been offered her on the kingly knee. As for the two daughters of the House of Fife—they might as well have stayed in their nursery; they were far too young to attract one glance from the sophisticated young king.

So, to make a long story short, he left the British Isles brideless, which was fortunate for the English court. Less than a year later, in October, 1910, Manuel, too, was dethroned by his dissatisfied subjects when he hung pearls worth a king's ransom round the neck of a popular French dancer. He fled to Austria for his life, and later fled to England, where he still lives, a fugitive shorn of his glory.

When he came to London in 1909, his new crown all a-glitter, he stayed only three days, but those were crowded hours, filled with such celebrations as are given only a ruling sovereign. The most brilliant of all was the banquet which King Edward gave at Windsor Castle to a list of guests that included only the pinnacle of royalty. Unless one was close kin to the royal family one must be an ambassador, or a prime minister or his lady, or at least a duke or a duchess, to merit an invitation.

The Duke of Clarence, Princess Victoria and Queen Alexandra

The St. George Service

I was privileged to occupy a front-row seat in the gallery of the banquet hall. It was a coveted vantage point, from which I became an eyewitness to one of the most glittering spectacles that royalty ever staged. No other court in Europe could reproduce its magnificence; Crœsus himself could not have paid for the dishes on the table.

These dishes were the famous St. George gold service, one of the proudest possessions of the English court and the most spectacular service that ever graced any table in history. Each piece—and there are a thousand or more—is made of gold and emblazoned in the center with the royal arms of England. Purchased by George IV in the early nineteenth century, they are a part of the famous Windsor plate.

St. George's Hall, where the banquet was held, is more than one hundred feet long, with the great gilded organ at one end, and at the other the gallery, where we palace attendants sat that night, onlookers at the feast. The walls on either side are strung with the bright-colored standards of the ancient kings of England, every ruling sovereign from William the Conqueror down. In the center over the entrance hang life-sized portraits of the reigning monarchs—on this particular occasion King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

Down the center ran the long, narrow banquet table, with its gleaming white silk damask cloth, set for one hundred and seventy covers, lighted by tall gold candelabra, between each pair of which stood a

(Continued on Page 141)

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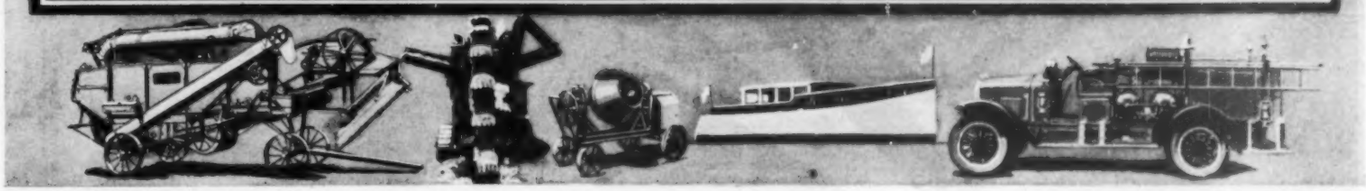

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Thompson Pistons

(Continued from Page 138)

great gold basket heaped with fruit from the Windsor hothouse. Every plate, every platter, every knife, fork and spoon on that table was of glittering gold, and at each place stood a cluster of five golden wine goblets that shone like burnished tulips. As though there were still not gold enough, every individual piece of fruit in the baskets was mounted on a small gold stem, all a part of this incomparable service.

Behind the high-backed Georgian chairs with their crimson velvet cushions stood the lackeys, one for each pair of guests, in full court uniform of powdered wig, gold-braided coat and black satin knee breeches. At one end of the table stood the Master of the Household, the major-domo of the occasion. At a signal from him the great doors were thrown open, court pages sounded the trumpets and the royal guests filed in, led by Queen Alexandra, with His Majesty, King Manuel of Portugal. Next came King Edward, with Queen Maude of Norway, his own daughter, on his arm; third, the Prince of Wales, now King George V, with his sister Victoria, the Princess Royal; fourth, my own royal mistress, the Duchess of Argyll, with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Hesse. The leaders of this big parade were all close blood relatives; following them came those of lesser degree, in the order of rank. It was an assemblage of diadems and tiaras, of dazzling gowns and court uniforms; such a display of fashion and beauty, wealth and rank as is seldom gathered under one roof.

Each took his place at table and, at a gesture from the Lord Steward, the feast began and service proceeded in unison as perfect as the movements of a ballet. At one beat and in rhythm the plates were set down; in rhythm they were removed, each gesture of the lackeys timed to the nod of the Lord Steward. Queen Alexandra set the pace for each course. As she picked up the gold fork by her plate, so did everyone else; as she laid it down, the lackeys whisked the course away without one moment of grace wherein to snatch the last delectable morsel. The only way to eat more than the Queen was to eat faster than she did.

As, from my place in the gallery, I looked down on this brilliant sight I had a feeling of unreality, as though I were watching a scene from some lavishly staged opera; and yet it was not a play, for here the actors were real kings and queens, and all that glittered was not tinsel, but pure gold. And the feast proceeded through course after course of meat and drink fit for a king, until every palate was satiated and every head was spinning.

In a King's Bedchamber

Were they enjoying themselves, I wondered, as I watched them from my humble place? King Edward, with a daughter on either side, looked, I thought, a trifle bored, in spite of his well-controlled facial expression, which has become hereditary in the royal family. I saw King Manuel stifle a yawn and glance away from beautiful Queen Alexandra toward the ladies at the far end of the table, of less exalted rank, but younger. Even splendor palls in time when seen in such abundance and, as one hour lengthened into two, my eyes grew surfeited with the glitter. Thus, it was a welcome interruption when Reizon, King Edward's valet, who was sitting beside me in the gallery, nudged me and said in a stage whisper, "How would you like to see the King's private apartments?"

I needed no second invitation. Reizon was a handsome jolly Scotchman, always ready for a lark; he and I had become great friends during my service with the Duchess of Argyll.

"Let's take Mrs. Grant as chaperon," he added with a twinkle in his eye. Mrs. Grant—a dear old soul—had been a nurse in Victoria's family who had grown old rocking princesses in their cradles and dandling the Prince of Wales on her knee. Like myself, she was now a member of the household of the Duchess of Argyll.

Like a trio of naughty children we stole down the corridor, past a group of titled ladies who were taking turns at the keyhole for a glimpse of this banquet, to which their own titles were not high enough to admit them; past the King's own guard, who let us by, with a wink, into His Majesty's bedroom. I was a little disappointed in this room. There was nothing unusual about it to distinguish it from any other room in the palace. The main impression I carry of it is that it was more gaudy than interesting. One thing only stands out in my mind: Over King Edward's bed hung a portrait of Empress Elizabeth of Austria, which his sister, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, had made for him. King Edward had greatly admired this ill-fated wife of Franz Joseph, so tragically stabbed at Geneva by a half-crazed assassin. She was a very beautiful woman, and the portrait showed her so, with her long dark braids wound round her head like a coronet, and in her face that wonderful sweetness which made everyone who knew her love her. There were few things in Windsor Castle which the King valued more than this portrait.

On these regal premises, Reizon, at once the perfect host, showed us everything; he even insisted we choose our drink from the King's private cellarette, a carved rosewood cabinet lined with copper and filled with magnificent decanters. Reizon grew more hospitable each moment, until, in a burst of generosity, he took the Koh-i-nur diamond from its black velvet pedestal. "*Un petit souvenir!*" he cried, laying it in my hand. It is the most famous diamond in the possession of the royal family, one of the largest in the world, discovered many centuries ago and presented to Queen Victoria in 1850. It is rose cut and the size of half an egg; in fact, much too large to look real; more like shining glass than a priceless gem.

I am no connoisseur of jewels, though I have handled plenty of them, but as I turned this over in my fingers I thought, if I saw this lying on the street, would it occur to me to pick it up?

Next, as though to outdo himself, Reizon opened the King's own jewel box and brought forth His Majesty's diamond garter, the premier order of heraldry, worn at important dress functions.

A Royal Performance

"Any lady who will lift her skirt to her knee shall put it on," he cried, looking at both Mrs. Grant and myself.

I could not pass up that dare. Arrayed in it, I danced a Bohemian mazurka that would have startled from their boredom the royal banqueters below. A few minutes later, with sobered mien and the masklike, impassive expression that becomes attendants of the royal household, we betook ourselves downstairs again.

The feast was over and the banqueters were already taking their seats in the famous Windsor Castle theater, where great stars of the London stage from time to time give special performances for His Majesty and the court. The play tonight was Trilby, with Beerbohm Tree as Svengali, a rôle he played with matchless perfection. I remember it as though it were yesterday, for here again I was a spectator, one of those favored palace attendants allotted a gallery seat. Nor did the festivities end with the play. After it came midnight supper served at small tables in the lounge adjoining the theater.

My royal mistress did not stay for the supper. She had had enough of it all, and as I was putting her to bed she said wearily, "It was all very magnificent, but a trying ordeal." I knew that the only part of the evening she had really enjoyed was the theater.

Although King Edward's many biographers make little or no mention of the Duchess of Argyll, those who knew the royal family behind palace doors were well aware of the affection that existed between this brother and sister. The King never made an important family decision without consulting her—should they spend the holiday in Scotland or on the Isle of Wight? And when he renovated Windsor after Victoria's death, it was Louise who advised him how many new bathrooms could be installed and just where they should be placed.

The death of King Edward marked not only the fall of a great national monarch but the loss of a personality beloved by the least of his subjects. Although he had been King only nine short years, he had done much for the kingdom, for he was supreme in statecraft and hailed throughout the world as The Peacemaker. He had found England isolated and left her secure in the good will of the nations. For sixty years before his reign he had been Prince of Wales, imparting to that title a luster it had never before possessed. Like his grandson, the present Prince of Wales, he had been used to spread the good will of the throne in Canada, South Africa and India. In those far colonies where the great Queen Victoria had been heretofore only a name, he made her a living personality and left the imprint of his own natural charm and unaffected

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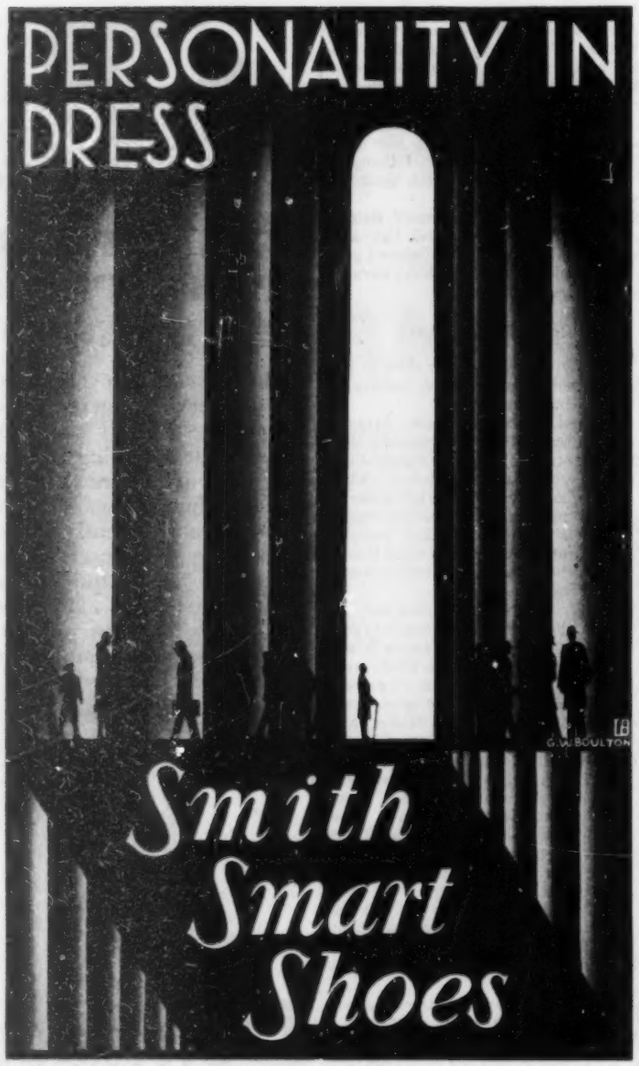

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ability. Thus he united the east with the west in the greatest empire on earth.

He had traveled widely on the Continent; everywhere he was known and everywhere he was liked, if not loved. The French, with their aptitude for picking the right name, described him perfectly when they called him a kind of "universal uncle." The secret of his popularity lay in this: He was a great leader, in whom other men could see themselves. Statesmen saw themselves in his judgment and tact and his wise, unerring policies. On the other hand, in his great interest in sport, good living and Continental travel, every small clerk and commercial traveler saw himself on a smaller scale and in a more thwarted measure. He stood before the people as the emblem of their ultimate ideal—a man made extraordinary by office and talents, yet an ordinary man just the same.

His death came at a critical period of English history; the nation was at a turning point and for the first time in one hundred years the personality of the King mattered mightily as to the turn it took. Even while the monarchy was reviving, the monarch himself lay dying.

King Edward died in Buckingham Palace, Friday, May 6, 1910. For several months before he died it was known that he was fatally ill. He had passed the late winter months in Biarritz and for some time it was feared he would not live to return to England. Princess Louise, who loved him dearly, used to receive from there the confidential reports of his physicians, and as she read them she used to say sadly:

"Edward is a very sick man."

He arrived in London on April twenty-seventh. Public hope was revived when, that night, he went to the opera, and this hope rose higher and higher when he went to Sandringham for the week-end, ostensibly much improved. It was not known that he had taken a turn for the worse until Thursday, when it was announced that he could not meet Queen Alexandra at the station. From then on he sank rapidly. Death came the next night at midnight.

The Death of King Edward

Crowds thronged the city squares all Friday evening, every eye strained to catch the last report of the bulletins that were flashed continuously, each one more discouraging than the last. As it became known that his death was merely a matter of hours, and as these hours grew fewer and fewer, all London held its breath because of the passing of its King. Prayers were offered for him in every church; people walked softly and mentioned his name in hushed tones; theatergoers lingered outside, reluctant to enter the playhouses for any diversion that would make them forget the pending tragedy; outside Buckingham Palace milled a silent throng, too grief-stricken to be disorderly. Over all London hung like a pall the dread thought: The King is dying!

At ten o'clock came a great rainstorm, and at 10:30 it was announced that, in consideration for the crowd, no more bulletins would be issued that night. Most of them turned and went sadly home, but a few remained, pacing the streets, while black despair, the shadow of a starless night, settled over the city.

Meanwhile, inside the palace only a few members of his family were gathered at the bedside of the dying monarch: Queen Alexandra, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Royal, Victoria, and His Majesty's sister, the Duchess of Argyll.

In the room adjoining the death chamber were gathered the Prime Minister and the Barristers, advisers of the kingdom. When the court physician passed them the word, "The King is dead," the awful stillness was broken by their almost triumphant shout: "Long live the King! Long live the King! Long live the King!"

It was not a cry of grief for the old régime but of rejoicing for the new.

When Princess Louise heard that cry she gathered her cloak about her and quietly left the room. To her it was not the passing of a king but the loss of a dearly loved brother.

A few minutes later her carriage and that of the Prince of Wales drove out the palace gates. The crowd on the streets made a rush toward them; then stopped and respectfully saluted. It was the first indication of the King's death. So the news gradually spread abroad. The first one in the city to be officially notified was the Lord Mayor, Sir John Knill, who was wakened from his sleep by his butler, bearing a dispatch from the court physician. This he posted outside his mansion, just before one o'clock. Then the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral tolled out the mournful news.

The Kaiser's Last Visit to London

Back in Kensington Palace the Duke of Argyll and I awaited the return of Princess Louise. At last she entered, walking slowly down the long corridor, hatless, her cape hanging loosely on her shoulders, face white and drawn, and sank exhausted on the divan near us.

"Well, it's all over," she said in a quiet far-away voice; "the King is dead and already he is forgotten. Those who mourned him one short hour ago are now shouting, 'Long live the King!'"

During the week that preceded his funeral she scarcely said a word. Once, as she looked down from her window on the crowds in Kensington Gardens dressed in deepest mourning, she turned to me and said:

"This is not as Edward would have wished it. He hated black as much as I do."

For a week King Edward's body lay in state while monarchs from every country in Europe assembled in London for the funeral. Directly behind the royal hearse rode Kaiser Wilhelm, King Edward's own nephew, mounted on the coal-black war horse he had brought with him from Prussia, reins held in his one good hand, back stiff as a drill sergeant, the most striking figure in the long cortège. It was his last appearance in England.

Royal etiquette demanded that while on the visit Wilhelm should pay a call of condolence on his close blood relatives in the royal family. Princess Louise, his maternal aunt, informed of his call, made arrangements for his reception at Kensington Palace. The footman was ordered to change his dark clothes for powdered wig and satin breeches, and reminded that in the presence of a visiting monarch he must always walk backward. Long after the appointed hour he stood at the palace door, but the Emperor of Germany did not appear. Sometime later came a dispatch: "Die Kaiserliche Hoheit has been detained. He regrets he is unable to pay his respects to Her Royal Highness."

"Isn't that just like crazy Wilhelm!" exclaimed the Princess when she read it.

Next afternoon he arrived unannounced. The regular footman was off duty and in his place was a fat little man. Answering a casual ring of the bell, this man was dumfounded to see His Imperial Majesty himself step from the royal carriage. So overcome with confusion was he that, as he began his backward march, he slipped on a rug and fell sprawling full length on the floor. The Kaiser let out one loud guffaw, and the man, amid blushes and bruises, picked himself up and backed up the palace stairs to the reception room.

At the head of this stairway hung at that time a full-length portrait of Wilhelm himself, in all his glory as war lord. When I returned in 1921, a visitor to Kensington Palace, I noticed it had been removed. The housekeeper told me she had given it a place of honor in the attic.

In the autumn of 1912 I sailed for America. It was hard to leave Kensington Palace and my beloved mistress. My life there had been full of color. For more than four years I had lived under the roof of a royal princess, among kings and queens, the royal family of England, the

(Continued on Page 145)

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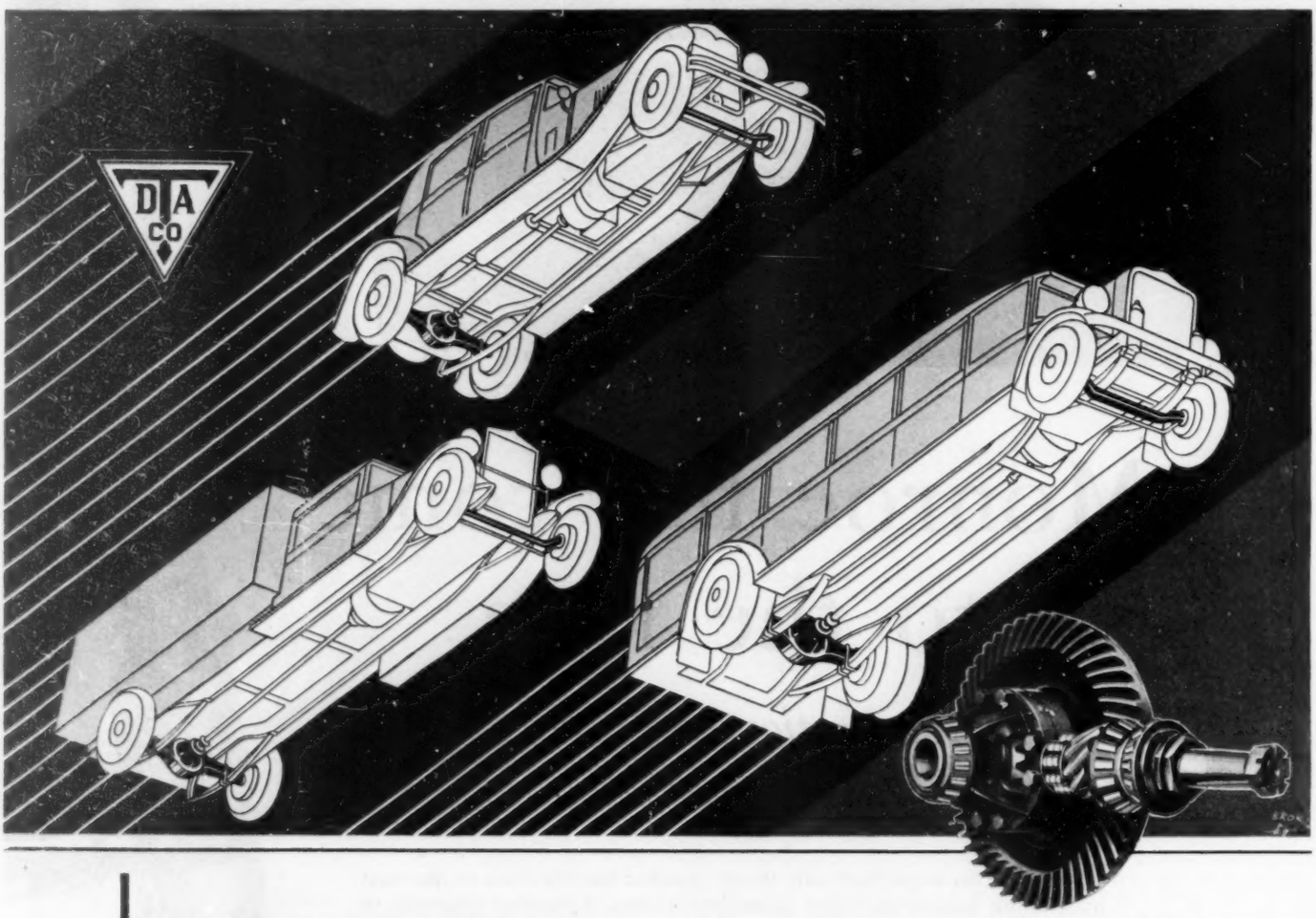

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TIMKEN AXLES

(Continued from Page 142)

simplest details of whose lives are a matter not only of public interest but of historical record. Neither fame nor fortune could have given me an experience like this—an opportunity to know royalty as they are, not as they seem to be. And yet I was not happy there. I was unutterably bored.

While I sat in my little room waiting for the Princess to come home, so I could go down and put her to bed, I used to think, "How much longer can I stand it?"

It was a beautiful room, the like of which could be found only in a royal palace, but as I sat there long winter evenings staring into the flames, waiting, waiting, waiting for royalty's slightest whim to be served, the sheer monotony of it made me long to scream, to leap from the window and escape to a place where I could live my own life.

I often used to say to Reizon, "I can't stand it! I've got to leave!"

"Well, I don't blame you," Reizon would say. "I couldn't stand it either if I didn't get off every second week and run over to Paris for a bit of life."

His Majesty had two valets, who served alternate weeks. "Stick it out three years longer," Reizon would urge, "and you'll get the royal pension."

"Three years! That's an eternity. Not for any pension on earth!"

Oh, the strain of always walking the chalk line; for, as attendant to royalty, I must be always on good behavior, correct, smiling, tactful, suave. I could never let down, regardless of where I was. Inside the palace, servants gossiped, and outside, I could never forget that I was associated with royalty. Always I must be discreet—discreet to the point of dumbness with regard to anything that concerned the life of the royal family.

Whatever question I was asked, I could give only one answer—the noncommittal "I don't know." I knew every gesture of their lives, yet not by a word or a sign dared I betray what they said or did. Over my head like the Damocletian sword hung the unalterable ruling of what we called Paragraph 14. Everyone who has served royalty knows it well: "You shall see all, know all, but tell nothing."

Freedom was the thing I craved, I had no liberty, and liberty is too high a price to pay for any experience.

Just as I had fled to England to escape the restrictions in the Austrian court, so now, after four years of British court life, I turned my eyes toward America. In America, at least, there was no royal family.

It was months before I mustered courage to tell the Princess of my decision. Then it was three months after that before she would let me go. With one excuse after the other, she tried to discourage my leaving.

"If you're tired of Kensington Palace, why not go to the Duchess of Connaught?" she suggested. "She is leaving for India soon." The Duchess of Connaught was her sister-in-law.

"But, Your Royal Highness," I cried, "if I were willing to continue in royal service I would never leave Kensington Palace. It's royalty, not you, I am tired of."

"You promised to go to Scotland with me," she insisted.

So I stayed and we made that trip—the last we ever took together. Even then she refused to believe that I was actually going, until I said:

"Your Royal Highness, you must release me. I am grateful to you for wishing me to stay, but my heart is set on America."

"Well, I don't blame you," she replied. "Of course you want to go. You are sick and tired of royal red tape. So am I. You can go, but I must stay."

When the date for my departure finally arrived, she stayed away from the palace all day. But I couldn't leave her that way. I waited for her return. When I went to her room to bid her good-by, neither one of us spoke a word. So I walked out, tears blinding my eyes, not daring to look around.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Madame Klepač.

THE SHAGGY LEGION

(Continued from Page 30)

to throw in their lot with the defenders. As the tidings of the hide hunters' invasion into Comanche land had spread, other hardy plainsmen had braved the Indian country to take a hand in the last great hide hunt. For weeks they had been drifting into the region. Within a few days of the big fight the men gathered at Adobe Walls numbered almost double the entire strength of the original expedition that had started out from Dodge.

The savages, learning of this through their scouts, despaired of winning. If a thousand of their best fighting men had suffered such tremendous losses at the hands of twenty-odd buffalo hunters, how could they hope to defeat five times that number, and with more arriving constantly?

The hostiles retreated. General Miles was marching south to subdue the uprising. The desperate resistance of a handful of hide hunters had broken the spirit of the tribes and altered the immediate trend of history on the Southwestern plains.

The majority of the hostiles came in and surrendered to the military authorities and agreed to live upon reservations. Quanah, with a few faithful followers, retired to the fastnesses of the mountains, gazing regretfully out across the plains where the hide hunters carried on the swift extermination of the great Southwestern buffalo herds. Those herds were doomed from the instant that Quanah's forces lost the desperate battle of Adobe Walls.

XVII

AS HE rode south across the Arkansas a few miles from Dodge, Coleman saw numerous dark specks on the prairies to the south of him. But they were cows, those specks, not buffaloes. Already the cattlemen had availed themselves of the opportunity to range their cows on this northern fringe of the Indian lands, confident that it soon would be thrown open to them legally. A few intrepid settlers, knowing what the victory of the hide hunters at Adobe Walls presaged, had moved south of the Arkansas and squatted on homesteads; then, despite the provisions of the treaty of Medicine Lodge, claimed the protection of the soldiers against the depredations of the savages. Settlers and cattlemen alike knew that frontier sentiment was overwhelmingly behind them, and that the Government could not for long hold out against the solid sentiment of those of its subjects who were most intimately concerned. Opening of the land to settlement was but the matter of a short while now. Meanwhile, those who squatted on lands of their choice in what still was considered Indian country would be in a position to retain their holdings by squatters' rights until such time as they could make legal entry.

It behooved Coleman to ride far down to the south and west to make one final survey of the lands he had selected for the site of his future domain. He would pick the spot for the ranch buildings and mark out the ground, then send in a crew to erect there a sod house of half a dozen rooms, later to be replaced by fine log buildings when he had leisure for their construction. Those first buildings must be supplemented by a sod or adobe corral adjoining, its walls six feet high and three feet thick, to be used for defensive purposes, if necessary. Future Indian attacks in that quarter, however, would be few, he thought. Already, discouraged bands of red men were surrendering in wholesale fashion, to be placed on a reservation over toward Fort Sill. Quanah Parker's band of Comanches was about the only hostile group in the vicinity that had not yet agreed to follow the white man's road.

Coleman would send a crew down there to erect the buildings while he was meeting Sue Carrolton in Dodge and arranging to move down to the spot with her and her younger charges and several wagonloads of equipment and supplies. Already he had contracted with cattlemen who were to drive a herd of two thousand head of young she stock up the long trail from Texas and deliver them on the ranch the following spring. He and Sue would hold the home site under squatters' rights. Then, as soon as the country was opened for entry, he'd cover thirty-odd thousand acres of grazing and hay lands adjoining the homestead with his land script. His mind's eye traveled ahead joyously to the time when he would be settled there with Sue, but his physical vision centered upon a four-mule wagon in the immediate foreground as he rode up over the southern bank of the Arkansas River.

The big freight wagon was loaded to the top and piled high in a central peak of bleached white bones.

"How you making out, Pete?" Coleman greeted the driver.

"Fine. I'm gatherin' and haulin' in a two-ton load twicet a day. The other boys is doin' almost as well. Our pile is growing turrible big along the tracks. Do you reckon they'll buy 'em all?"

"They'll buy them," Coleman assured him confidently. "You boys haul them in and pile 'em along the tracks like I told you—all you can haul. I'll market them when I get back."

"All right. You know," the man returned. "We'll haul in all the bones the railroad kin haul off, if you'll only sell 'em."

Coleman turned in his saddle and watched the teamster drive on with the freight wagon piled high with buffalo bones.

In common with the other hide hunters of the Cimarron and Canadian country, Coleman had freighted his hides to Dodge City during the period when the soldiers had marched into the Indian country immediately following the battle of Adobe Walls.

The hide hunters—this time three hundred strong—had set forth again from Dodge to finish their campaign against the herds. From every point along the line of the Santa Fe Railroad, even as far east as Wichita, other hundreds of hide hunters were outfitting and marching south into the Indian country to work on the Southern herds.

Coleman had not returned with this second and more formidable invasion of the hide hunters. Their very teeming numbers would cut down the opportunities of every outfit. The distance over which the hides must be freighted, the excessively high cost of supplies in the far-off haunts of the remaining herds, all tended to render the cost of hide hunting prohibitive, paring the net returns down to a very slender margin of profit.

So Coleman had turned his hand to other business. From infancy he had wrested a livelihood from the shaggy legion while it lived. Now he found that he still could secure good returns from the shaggy legion that had died. Eastern buyers clamored for buffalo bones. The plains were covered with them from end to end. Coleman had engaged five men to work on shares. To each he furnished a wagon and four mules, thus utilizing his old hide-hunting outfit. The men were to collect the bleached bones from the prairies, freight them to the railroad tracks and pile them there, receiving 50 per cent of the gross returns for their labor. Some way, having known the shaggy legion when it had roamed in living magnificence, Coleman had little heart to engage

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first-hand in picking that same departed legion's bleached white bones. Temporarily, to find use for his outfit, he had delegated that task to others.

Off to the south of him, he knew full well, the buffalo guns of the hide hunters were never silent between dawn and dark. A few months more and the herds of Comanche land, save for a few fugitive bands scattered here and there, would have passed to the great beyond, on the trail of the herds that once had roamed in untold millions between the Arkansas and the Platte.

He saw a bone picker's wagon a mile west of him, another some distance to the east. First, he reflected, the mountain men and the great days of the beaver had come and gone. Then the robe traders had held sway throughout the West. Following the decline of the robe trade, the great wolfing campaign had engaged every hunter's interest.

Then, with incredible rapidity, the hide hunters had swept the shaggy legion from the plains. And now, the length of the Western railroads, the bone pickers toiled at their work of gathering millions of pounds of dry white bones.

For the first fifteen miles or so south of the Arkansas, Coleman could look ahead and see swarms of scattered brown specks on the prairies, and even more numerous white spots. The white objects were the bleached skeletons of buffaloes, scattered on every side in untold thousands for as far as the eye could reach. The brown specks were cattle grazing there where once the buffaloes had grazed.

Coleman camped that night at a prairie spring forty miles out of Dodge, picketing Fleabit and the pack horse that transported his bed, war sack and a few supplies. When he broke camp next morning the skies were low and gray. The air bit at the nostrils uncomfortably and stung the eyes. Within the hour the storm clouds were racing close overhead and the wind, thrusting before it a fine frozen mist that was almost sleet, drove the cold into the bones of all who were caught unprotected.

"Ponies, it sure enough looks like we're in for a rip-snortin' blizzard," Coleman said. "We-all had better look round for some spot to hole up in."

Such havens of refuge were exceedingly scarce on the level prairies. As the storm increased in fury, Coleman inspected several sags in the landscape, but failed to discover a bank sufficiently high and straight to serve as a windbreak. About noon he veered from his direct course to follow a draw to its head. In a sharp bend he found a bank some ten feet high on the upwind side. Close under it, he placed saddle, pack saddle and equipment. He picketed Fleabit and the pack horse on short ropes. The horses, heads drooping, tails against the bank, stood almost motionless as the raging wind carried the ice particles over them. Occasionally one of the horses shook itself violently to free its coat of the frozen dust that the back-lash of the wind sifted down from above.

Coleman, seated with his back to the bank, smoking his pipe, listened to the rising screech of the wind and prepared to lose track of time. The storm might pass in a few hours or it might rage for several days with unabated fury. Whatever the length of its duration, he would weather it out here. He put on dry moccasins and wrapped his legs in buffalo robes. When the upper portions of his body began to chill from inactivity, he drew a robe, Indian fashion, close beneath his chin. There was but little snow, merely hurtling ice particles, driven like bird shot before the screeching gale. The most of it was propelled on beyond him. Some sifted down across his robe-swathed legs. The ponies stood there motionless, save for an occasional stamp or vigorous shake.

"Looks like a three-day norther," Coleman said shortly after nightfall, listening to the sustained screech of the storm. "Sure has got all the earmarks."

He stretched himself along the base of the cut bank, securely incased in buffalo robes. It was gray dawn when he awakened. The storm had passed.

The sun rose on a cold, frost-ridden landscape. The sky showed first steel-gray, then rose, then flawless blue. There was a dead calm, the wind having died toward sunup.

"Just a bluff," Coleman declared. "Stirred up a ruckus and spent her breath in a day and a night. Unless," he added speculatively, eying the white cloud banks that haunted the horizon, "she decided to blow back on herself. She might, at that. It wouldn't surprise me much."

Coleman rode on to the southwest through the clear air that stabbed at his lungs with every inhalation. The horses' breath resembled steam jets, and tiny patterns of frost formed on the hair that fringed their smooth muzzles. Coleman covered twenty miles by ten o'clock. The snowfall had been so light that it had been sifted down into the short curly mat of the buffalo grass, and the prairies still showed brown when gazing out across them. But there was sufficient snow packed round the roots of the grass to reveal a track if one rode sufficiently close to it.

Well over on his right, Coleman presently observed a compact chunk of snow the size of his hand, tilting from the short grass; beyond it, he sighted another; then, a hundred yards farther on, a third.

"H'm," he murmured, reining Fleabit to the right. He found the tracks of several shod horses. The tilted chunks of hard snow—as he had suspected—consisted of the snow that balled up in the horses' shoes, only to be cast, one after another, as the packed mass was jarred loose from each foot in turn.

"Four horses; likely two riders, each leading a pack horse," Coleman sized matters up. "They must 've weathered out the blow somewhere not far from me last night. The trail's four-five hours old."

The riders were heading in the same general direction that Coleman himself was taking. The trail, though discernible at no great distance from either side, was visible for fifty or a hundred yards ahead—a simple one to follow. Coleman had no reason for following it. Fleabit, however, with the gregarious instinct of horses, pricked up his ears and held steadily to the tracks left by his fellows. Coleman did not mind, since the trail led, true as a surveyor's line, in the direction which Coleman wished to follow.

Toward nightfall the skies again turned leaden. There was a warm breath in the air, but not a trace of wind; an unusual, and frequently an ominous, phenomenon on the prairies, which throughout the year are subject to brisk breezes between spells of stiffish wind. Coleman had covered some fifty miles before he halted to make camp for the night.

Throughout the night there was a dead calm. Even the wild things seemed to have lost their voices, as if suspicious of this uncanny quiet. Not a wolf howled or a coyote voiced its soprano message.

"It'll be a southeaster this trip, not a norther," Coleman prophesied. At infrequent intervals a storm raging across the Gulf of Mexico swept up from the southeast across Texas and into Kansas. "Those are the storms that pile snow belly-deep to a tall horse," Coleman reflected aloud. "Eat your fill tonight, ponies. May be tough pawin' to get a mouthful of feed for the next few days, if we're treated to a southeaster."

He broke camp with the first streaks of dawn and rode hard and steadily hour after hour, anxious to reach the timbered creek bottom near the point of his intended future home before the storm broke. There would be shelter there for the horses, wood for a fire. A barely perceptible breeze pushed up from the southeast, bringing with it slight stinging showers that were half rain, half sleet. There were intermittent puffs of wind that snorted menacingly and passed on, the advance guards that gave warning of the shock troops of the storm, marching in solid battalions on behind.

(Continued on Page 149)

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It was late in the afternoon before Coleman rode over the rim of the bluffs and saw the leafless timber along the creek bottoms. It was beginning to snow now, the first flakes melting as they fell. A deer bounced away down the bottoms and a flock of turkeys raced in the same direction. Coleman observed that a sizable bunch of horses had used the bottoms at this point some days before—two weeks perhaps. It had been the site of a recent Indian encampment, he thought, probably. Still, only Quanah's bunch of Comanches remained off the reservation. At least there had been no news of any others leaving the haunts provided for them by the Government. Such news invariably was flashed to every railroad point by telegraph. And Indians would not be apt to leave their reservations at this time of year—spring, summer or autumn, yes, but decidedly not in midwinter. If Quanah's band was in the habit of using this bottom as a camp ground, it behooved a man to exercise great caution.

Coleman, therefore, examined the sign with minute attention to detail. He was first impressed by the fact that there was no evidence of the usual litter that marks the site of a vacated Indian encampment. There should be broken lodge poles, discarded moccasins and other equipment. Also, if the savages had been successful in hunting, there should be bits of antelope, deer, bear or buffalo hides scattered all about. If they had had no luck in their hunting, they certainly would have butchered a number of ponies, and they would have kindled numerous fires. Yet there was no such evidence. Perhaps the camp had been farther up or down the bottoms and the pony herd had been held here.

The snow was coming thicker now, blowing straight down the bottoms. Coleman repaired to the creek bank and sought for patches of ground free of grass that might reveal tracks left by the animals that had been pastured here some days before. It was unlikely that the sign had been left by mustangs, for the varying ages of the evidence revealed the fact that the animals had been held here for a considerable period. Coleman grunted with sudden enlightenment. A bare bank that sloped gently to the water's edge revealed the tracks of both shod mules and shod horses, weathered somewhat, but still clear and distinct. Had a hide hunters' outfit camped here? Unlikely, so recently, for the buffalo had been exterminated hereabouts months before. And it had been a big outfit. At least, there had been a sizable bunch of horses and mules held here—and not a wagon track! It had not been a cavalry camp. Soldiers would have left ample evidence behind.

"It's a horse thieves' hangout," Coleman decided. "Can't be much of anything else, on the face of it. And this would be right on the natural route between New Mexico and Wichita for them that was avoiding the trails."

Widespread hangings and shootings by posses of irate citizens had put a check upon the depredations of stock thieves between the Arkansas and the Platte. The predatory gentry had transferred their operations, in the main, to the more southerly country. There was no law in the Indian country save that imposed by the Federal authorities, which was extremely sketchy, even when not entirely nonexistent. Citizens encountering men herding stolen stock in the Indian country were most unlikely to do more than report their suspicions at the next opportunity. By the time action was brought about by the information, the stock had been herded to its destination and marketed. So now the chief operations of the wild bunch consisted of stealing mules and horses in Eastern New Mexico, mainly from the Mexicans, running them through the Indian country to Wichita and other South-central Kansas points and selling them. There was still a disposition on the part of the settlers to feel that anything stolen from the Mexicans was fair plunder; so few questions were asked. Not that the thieves hesitated to gather a bunch of stolen stock near Wichita and run it back to New Mexico to be marketed there. The rule worked both ways.

Coleman stood there frowning as the snow, in an ever-increasing smother, bore down upon him. It was not here, to be sure, but some five miles farther up the bottoms that he intended to locate his home ranch buildings. But he did expect to cover this particular area with his land script as soon as the country was opened for entry. And it rankled to have his future holdings used as a station on the horse-thief route. Once he was located here, he'd right soon put a stop to that, he decided. Those two men, then, whose tracks he had followed for miles the previous day, had been heading for this country. No doubt they were camped somewhere up or down these very bottoms within a few miles. They'd weather the storm out here too. Which way would they be—up the bottoms or down? When he had left their trail, it was because he wished to bear slightly more to the west than the course they were then taking. He hadn't crossed their trail since. That would put them east of him. The bottoms led southeast. Therefore, if they had come this far, they would be somewhere up the bottoms.

At that instant Fleabit nickered. Coleman whirled swiftly. The two horses were facing up the bottoms, ears pricked forward alertly, their nostrils flared to the wind. The pack horse snorted to free his nostrils of snowflakes and nickered loudly. Coleman strained his ears to catch an answer. There was only the slither of the snow against the grass tops and the bare limbs of the trees. The wind had risen to the proportions of a small gale now. Being downwind from the strangers' horses, Fleabit had scented them. The horses upwind, of course, could not scent Coleman and his horses. He hoped that the wind had been sufficiently strong to prevent the sound of the nickering from reaching the ears of those other horses. If they had heard, inevitably they had nickered a return greeting; in which case, even now, the strangers would be upon the alert.

Coleman did not wish to take to the open prairies with this storm coming on. He wanted, and intended, if possible, to camp in these sheltered bottoms. But if he was within a few miles of a crew of horse thieves, the matter had best be investigated, and that at once. Night would soon clamp down. Already, dusk was setting in. Swiftly selecting the sheltered overhang beneath the bluff where he still hoped to camp, if possible, Coleman tied Fleabit, still saddled, to a tree, and attached the neck rope of the pack horse to the saddle horn. If necessary, he could return and be off in haste, taking all his effects with him.

He headed into the teeth of the storm, moving swiftly but cautiously up the bottoms. The snow flung against his face with increasing weight. He could see scarcely fifty yards through it in the gathering dusk. Already it was thick underfoot, padding the sound of his footfalls so that he need not bother to exercise care in placing his feet. He glanced down to estimate its depth. More than an inch had fallen. Suddenly he halted as abruptly as if recoiling from a snake. Slanting up from the white carpet of snow was a ten-inch length of willow stick. The end of it was frayed to paintbrush proportions. It had been cast away by some rider and had lodged with the heavy end in the grass before the snow started falling.

Coleman felt again that old, shivering prickle along the spine, as if he were a dog bristling his roach at the evidence of an ancient and dangerous enemy. Cautiously Coleman pressed forward again. He had covered a mile or so since leaving his horses. The snow stung his eyes as he strained them to peer upstream against the boiling white flood borne on the wind.

He came to another abrupt halt and stepped behind the trunk of a cottonwood to peer into the opening beyond it. He was conscious of having been halted by a definite sense of danger, though the source of it was by no means apparent. Not a sound

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had reached his ears. But no plainsman would disregard such obscure warnings.

Then he smelled horses—the slightest trace of that odor that marks a stable. That was it! Some faint ribbon of that scent had reached his nose before, insufficient to register upon his consciousness for what it was, but ample to warn the ancient, instinctive levels of his mind, atrophied from ages of disuse since man had ceased to utilize his physical senses as the beasts did, becoming a reasoning creature instead. It had halted him. He could not see the horses. But he did see a score or more of upright figures in the opening before him. Stumps, those were, where six-inch cottonwoods had been cut off a foot or two above the ground at some former time. The top of the nearest, freed temporarily of snow, appeared relatively fresh cut.

The snowfall thinned suddenly, affording greater range of vision. Beyond the stumps Coleman saw four picketed horses. Then his eyes focused on that low white mound. Instantly, he knew it for a dugout, a house of sorts built half underground. Whoever had fashioned it had excavated the earth to a depth of some four feet. He had cut the cottonwoods and erected three-foot walls above the edges of the excavation, roofed the structure over with cottonwood poles, then covered the whole of it with the loose earth previously removed. Now it was covered with snow. The one entrance was on the far side from Coleman, so he had not observed the slight mound sooner.

Swiftly, he retraced his course toward his horses. Originally he had determined to investigate merely to assure his own safety and with no intention of interfering in matters that were of no particular concern to him. But Flack, he felt certain, was among the occupants of that dugout. That one item altered the whole aspect of the matter. Otherwise, Coleman, after assuring himself of the strangers' whereabouts, would have moved somewhat farther away before making camp, preparatory to weathering out the storm. Horse stealing in general was none of his affair. Flack, in particular, however, was most decidedly his affair.

Coleman's thoughts traveled back over the trail, and he visualized again the wolf-torn remains of old Ike Williams, the mutilated remains of Dick Conley and old Rapaho Gil. Somewhere upon the prairies, Sue Carrolton's father, too, had fallen victim to Flack's associates. It was probable, Coleman thought, that Flack himself had not participated in the actual killings, though he had been present when Williams and his fellow wolfers had been slain. Coleman's lips took on a scornful curl. Flack, the bully and the ruffian, always weakened when it came to facing a man with knife or gun. But he had surrounded himself with men who had no such hesitancy. A reckless, desperate lot, those who followed Flack's bidding. The man was as guilty as if his own hand had struck down the victims.

"The wild bunch downed four of my old-time friends," Coleman said as he reached the horses. "Including Bronson, in Abilene, the unknown thief who took a Sharp bullet in the middle rather than give up, and that Wichita Brown and the party named Rock, which last pair we hung, I've counted four coos up to date. That's a scalp for a scalp, even up. But all that don't seem to count, some way, as long as Flack's still this side of hell."

Also the discovery that Flack had built a dugout to use as a horse-thief station on the very ground that Coleman had selected for his future home added to the latter's score against the ex-wagon-boss. He knew what he must do. First, he unsaddled Fleabit and removed pack and pack saddle from his led horse. He did not wish to tie them. If he failed to return, they would starve to death, tied to trees. Both had been faithful companions. If he did return, it would be with no necessity to ride away in haste. He hobbled the animals and left them to shift for themselves. Night had shut down by now. He removed several small objects from his war sack and stowed them in his shirt. He could see scarcely three feet ahead of him as he faced the lashing breath of the storm on his way back toward the dugout. There was some five or six inches of snow now and the air was a smother of flakes hurled before the wind.

His approach to the dugout was cautious in the extreme. He located the sloping runway that led to the single opening. Eddying snow had filled the floor of this approach to the depth of a foot. For a space of minutes Coleman stood there. It was fortunate that only the two men whose horses he had seen were domiciled in the dugout. No doubt Flack and one companion had taken charge of the mules and horses that had been held here—the sign of which had started Coleman's investigation—and marketed them near Wichita. Now they had returned to wait until the others could steal and assemble another herd and bring it on here from New Mexico. Same old plan that they had worked in the war-road country between the Arkansas and the Platte, Coleman reflected.

He could not hear a sound from within. The fury of the wind and the grating hiss of snow shut out all other sounds. He advanced along the runway and stretched forth a hand so as not to collide with the door. His outstretched fingers came into contact with something soft and yielding. For one tense second he believed that he had touched a man standing there in the darkness. Then he realized the nature of the obstruction. There was no door. The occupants had fastened a buffalo robe across the narrow aperture to shut out the wind and snow. It lapped well over on either side and had been pegged there, the lower part of it banked with earth. Coleman's exploring left hand tested the robe, his right gripping his pistol butt.

The robe was securely pegged on either side. He might, of course, leap against it and tear it from its fastenings, catapulting himself into the dugout. That would give his enemies every advantage save that of surprise. He transferred his gun to his left hand and drew his knife with his right. The keen point met the stretched robe and perforated it. Coleman withdrew the blade, spread the tiny slit with his fingers and peered through. Then, for the first time, he discovered that there was a light in the interior of the dugout; a dim light, true, but sufficient, nevertheless, to relieve the gloom of it.

Slowly, a fraction of an inch at a time, Coleman pressed his knife downward to enlarge that opening. When his efforts had accounted for a four-inch slit in the robe, he withdrew the knife again, spread the slit and applied his eye.

A rude table of split cottonwood poles had been fashioned near the far wall of the tiny dugout. A candle burned in the center of it. Seated on a bench on the far side of the table, his back against the earthen wall, his head even with the first logs of the upper wall, sat Flack, facing the doorway. At one end of the table, affording Coleman a profile view, sat Enders. The two men were playing cards in the candlelight.

Coleman saw Flack's whiskers move and knew that the man was speaking, but the roar of the storm in Coleman's ears prevented the sound of a single syllable from reaching him. There was but one feasible course—to cut that slit sufficiently long to permit the insertion of his head and shoulders at the instant he went into action. Holding his gun in his left hand, Coleman inserted the muzzle through the upper end of the tiny aperture. With his knife in his right hand, he slid its point through below the gun. Then with swift downward pressure, he threw his force upon the knife. The razor-keen blade sliced the robe cleanly the length of Coleman's reach. On the instant he thrust his head and shoulders through.

Flack, facing the sudden apparition of a head and shoulders, behind a pair of hands, one holding a gun, the other a glittering knife, glared for a split second in superstitious horror, then screamed an oath of warning to Enders. Flack's first impulse

(Continued on Page 153)

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HORMEL MILK FED WHOLE CHICKEN

(Continued from Page 150)

upon seeing the threatening muzzle of a gun was to throw up his hands. Always he had found safety in that course. He followed that motion instinctively now, coincident with his cry to Enders.

That gentleman was of a different caliber entirely. With his first glance at the aperture, Enders flung himself sidewise from his seat, intent upon flattening himself upon the floor. He pulled his gun as he dived floorward and pulled the trigger before reaching the floor.

Coleman fired at the instant his head and arms cleared the aperture. His shot and that of Enders sounded as one, drowning Flack's cry of warning, all three being so nearly simultaneous as to occur within the first second after he had started to insert himself through the opening. Enders flattened upon the floor and lay still, his gun a foot or two doorward from his nerveless fingers.

Coleman's shot had drilled his brain even as he fell.

Coleman's left hand was numb from some shock. Enders' bullet had struck the gun from Coleman's hand. There he crouched, head and shoulders thrust through the slit in the buffalo robe, facing Flack without a gun. Flack, seated behind the table on a bench, had lifted his hands slightly above his ears, the backs of them pressed against the first tier of logs in the dugout wall.

Even as he realized his predicament, and before Flack grasped the situation, Coleman's right hand described a half arc. The heavy knife flashed across the intervening distance. Its point passed between the bones of Flack's right wrist and pinned his hand solidly to the log. Even as the knife left his hand, Coleman lunged, tearing the robe from its pegs as he dived to retrieve Enders' gun.

He rose with it in his hand, the buffalo robe hanging about his middle as an improvised skirt. Any man with the courage to reach for his gun, instead of elevating his hands at the first emergency, could have killed Coleman with ease, swift as his own actions had been. But Flack's inherent fear of knife or gun had caused his own downfall. Within ten seconds from his first glimpse of Coleman's head coming through the slit in the robe, Flack had been pinned to the wall by Coleman's knife and was covered by his dead partner's gun in Coleman's hand.

"Don't shoot! I surrender!" Flack shouted. In his sudden fear and excitement, he was conscious of no pain in his wrist; scarcely realized, in fact, just what had happened. He now recognized Coleman in the flickering candlelight. Coleman, training the gun upon him, thrust his injured left hand inside his woolen hunting shirt. He extracted several objects and tossed them upon the table before Flack. There were three sticks, one end of each frayed brushlike, and a heavy turquoise and silver earring.

"I've packed those trinkets a long spell before my time come to count coos on you, Flack," he said.

"I never had any hand in that," Flack declared. "I never killed a man in my life. I swear it. Some of my friends have, I'll admit. But not me."

"I reckon it's the truth," Coleman said. "You're lacking the nerve to kill a man. It's some superstition in your measly soul, likely. But you prime others to do your killing for you, which is worse."

Flack protested his innocence with a rising note of hysterical fear in his tones.

"You never killed a man up to now? Then you never will from now on out," Coleman said. "I'm about to pass sentence on you, Flack. Any message you want to leave?" He shook his head impatiently at Flack's protestations. "No use. Not a chance in the world, Flack. I'm imposing justice on you here and now. You'll soon be yelping your way to the great beyond. Say what you want to say, and do it quick, before I count coos on you."

Flack broke into frenzied cursing. The gun at Coleman's side roared thunderously in the dugout. Flack's head sagged forward. His back was flat against the wall as he sat. The knife still pinioned his right wrist to the log wall. Save for the small blue hole in the center of his forehead, one might imagine that he had fallen asleep as he sat there, his head having sagged forward on his chest.

"Old Rapaho Gil made that knife for me many a moon ago," Coleman said to the departed Flack. "If I was an Injun, now, believing that every human romps on into the happy hunting ground in the same shape in which his mortal carcass is left behind in this world, I'd sure know that your right hand, pinned there the way it is, would be powerless to do much devilment on the other side o' the great divide. I'll just take a chance that the Injuns are right and leave it thataway."

Coleman blew out the candle, then went out and released the four horses from their picket ropes, so that they might shift for themselves. Then he headed down the bottoms through the storm toward his camp.

XVIII

THERE was no law in the Indian country; which was, no doubt, the reason why, since the first white man set foot in America, every succeeding wilderness area that was the Indian country for that particular period, and hence beyond the realm of the white man's law, drew to it a host of wild and reckless individuals to whom any restraint whatsoever was irksome in the extreme. Those who flocked in to share in the last big hide hunt were no exception. Lawlessness was rampant. Each man was a law unto himself so long as he could enforce it.

A hide-hunting outfit of Mexicans entered the country when already the buffaloes were growing scarce. The Mexicans hunted Indian fashion, from horseback, racing after first one band, then after another, shooting from the saddle. Such tactics rendered it increasingly difficult for white hunters to make a stand and get in their deadly work with the Sharps. On several occasions, just as a sharpshooter was working into position, the Mexicans would appear and haze that particular band of buffaloes out of the country. The hide hunters informed the Mexicans that no such tactics would be tolerated. The Mexicans insisted that there were no rules. They were then informed that if they persisted in acting like Indians, they would be mistaken for Indians and treated accordingly. Shortly thereafter they hazed another sizable herd of buffaloes clear out of the country just as the hide hunters were preparing to work on it. And shortly after that, a number of hide hunters shot all Mexicans from their saddles and left them where they fell.

It was the news of this last occurrence, coupled with persistent rumors of other lawless happenings, that caused the military authorities to dispatch Major Stone into the Indian country with a detachment of cavalry to suppress all such lawlessness. By the time the news had reached the authorities and they had acted and Stone had reached the country, the hide hunters had exterminated the herds. Only a few fugitive bands remained scattered in isolated parts. Hide hunting in the Southwest was numbered among things that were gone forever. Already the cowmen, with the little camp of Tascosa as their capital, were taking over the Staked Plains and the adjacent regions for their herds.

The big storm caught Major Stone's command. Stone selected a sheltered spot and went into camp. For three days and nights the storm raged without cessation. Then it broke. The skies cleared. But there was almost two feet of snow on the level. The cold clamped down. Winds piled the snow in the depressions. Eventually, traveling was feasible again and Stone ordered the return march to Dodge. It was late for cold weather. When the present cold snap lifted, spring would set in on the prairies.

Stone rode at the head of his command one day and came out upon a bluff. A timbered

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bottom spread out below him. Four horses were standing there, and the snow revealed the fact that they had stayed in that vicinity ever since the storm. But there was no sign of life round the low-roofed dugout. As the command rode down, Major Stone ordered a sergeant to investigate the cabin.

The noncommissioned officer popped into the dugout and immediately popped out again. "It's a dead man's camp for sure!" he blurted.

Stone dismounted to investigate. The weather was still extremely cold. Enders, on the floor, and Flack, at the table, were frozen stiff where they had died. Stone's gaze riveted suddenly upon several objects on the table. Then his eyes traveled back to the red whiskers that adorned the face of the frozen man. He seemed to sit there with his head tilted forward as if to peer at the three chewed sticks and the turquoise and silver earring spread before him.

The sergeant was fascinated by that upraised right hand, pinned to the log wall with a knife. "Looks like he was maybe holding that hand up to swear to the truth of something or other, major," he suggested.

"Probably he was," Stone said grimly. "But evidently he swore to the wrong truth."

He swept the three sticks to the floor and crushed them underfoot. The knife and the earring he stowed away in his saddlebags to be added to his really remarkable collection of Indian finery and plains' trophies of every variety.

"Nothing to be learned here," he said shortly. "No doubt, being snowed in together, the men quarreled and shot each other. Detail some men to bury them, sergeant."

As the command went into camp that night, Major Stone's thoughts were reaching out toward Coleman and wondering where his friend might be.

And even as Stone wondered, Dodge City, the wildest camp on earth, was celebrating a wedding. That very evening, just at sundown, a preacher had married Breck Coleman and Sue Carrolton. It had been noised abroad that Coleman was quitting the ranks of the hide hunters to turn cowman. All hands celebrated the event. The town was full of hide hunters just returned from the big campaign against the Southern herds. The cattlemen were fewer, but such as were present were pressed into service for the fitting ceremonial conceived in the fertile brain of a hunter.

Solemnly he bought a drink for all of the cowmen present and asked them to drink the toast: "He's quitting us to join your ranks. A good hide hunter turned cow waddie. Here's to him."

A cowman bought a drink. "Here's hopin' he's as good a cow hand as he was a hunter," he toasted, and all hands drank.

Weddings were rare in Dodge. The crowd celebrated until sunup, the hide hunters presenting Coleman to the cowmen, the latter accepting him into their ranks.

And long before the revelers had awakened on the following day—almost, in fact, before they had retired—Coleman was preparing to depart. The cold snap still held, but it would break soon. The knowledge that the Texas cowmen were pressing northward with their herds to occupy the Canadian, Cimarron and Staked Plains region with their herds caused Coleman to make all haste. He could not wait to send a crew to put up sod houses, as he had planned. He'd take a crew with him now and superintend the work himself. Otherwise, if he should delay too long, he might find some other outfit in possession of his chosen site and holding it under squatters' rights.

He took the reins over four mules that were hitched to a light, three-seated spring wagon with flat, covered top and open sides. At his side sat Sue, wrapped in a buffalo robe greatcoat, her eyes shining as she turned them to the south and west. In the rear seats the several younger Carroltons were warmly bundled, voicing their eagerness and excitement.

Behind were ranged four heavy freight wagons, each loaded to capacity with provisions, tools, equipment and supplies. The four teamsters signaled their readiness. Coleman cracked his whip and the procession started. He glanced down at the object that his bride held in her mittened hands.

"Whatever are you gripping that old iron shoe for, Sue, honey?" he queried.

"It's to nail over our door for good luck."

"But it's horseshoes that they nail up for good luck," Coleman protested. "That there's a mule shoe."

"The Missouri mule made Missouri famous," Sue laughed. "And a mule shoe, not a horse shoe, is lucky for Missourians."

"Over the door she goes," Coleman acquiesced.

Coleman believed that he had thought of everything. Surely he had overlooked no item. Those loads behind must include everything of importance. Yet, weeks later, it was to occur to him that he had not selected and registered a brand of his own. When his cows were delivered after the long trip up from Texas, the sight of Sue's lucky mule shoe nailed above the door was to give him an inspiration. He was to give orders that mule shoes were to be heated in lieu of any more formal brand, and the mark of them scorched upon all his cows. Years later, at least, that legend was current as to how the great Mule Shoe Ranch had gained its name.

As Coleman lifted his gaze from the mule shoe in Sue's mittened hands, an early rising hide hunter hailed him from the street.

"Good luck!" he called. "We'll send ye word when we locate the lost herd! We'll find her before many moons!"

For just a space of minutes, instead of looking forward with high hopes to his future estate as owner of vast herds of cows, Coleman looked backward down the years with a sharp tug of regret for the vast herds of buffaloes that were gone.

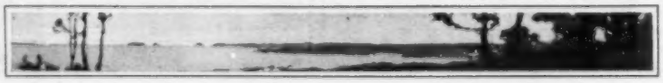
There was something majestic about the shaggy legion—majestic as opposed to the merely spectacular. A spectacular scene may grip for a time, but it ceases to impress with repetition, tends to become commonplace with familiarity, while the truly majestic, if viewed every day throughout one's life, never fails to impress anew.

Those who spent the major portions of their lives among the buffalo herds felt the majesty of the shaggy legion. The herds were spectacular, true, but there was some element in the sight of millions of great brown bodies moving across the plains that sank deeper into one's consciousness. Those who saw the herds for the first time in their early youth knew the thrill of it. And when, in old age, the last herds were sighted, there was that same wild thrill. Only the magnificent, the majestic, could have sustained the interest throughout a lifetime of familiarity. All those who knew the shaggy legion felt it. And when the buffaloes were gone, the old, free, untrammeled West was gone. For those who had known the herds, the Old West passed with the buffalo.

Coleman felt it. He drove on past the great stacks of bones, hundreds of tons of them, piled along the tracks. He had just sold them to an Eastern buyer. Hide hunters could view those bones and still delude themselves with the legend of the famous lost herd that would one day repopulate the plains. Coleman knew where the lost herd was. He was looking at it now.

Sue's hand slipped into his. He pressed it and resolutely turned his thoughts toward the future and great herds of cows. But after crossing the river he stole one backward glance at that great white blot along the tracks. That was the famous lost herd—a ghostly monument to the shaggy legion that had passed.

(THE END)



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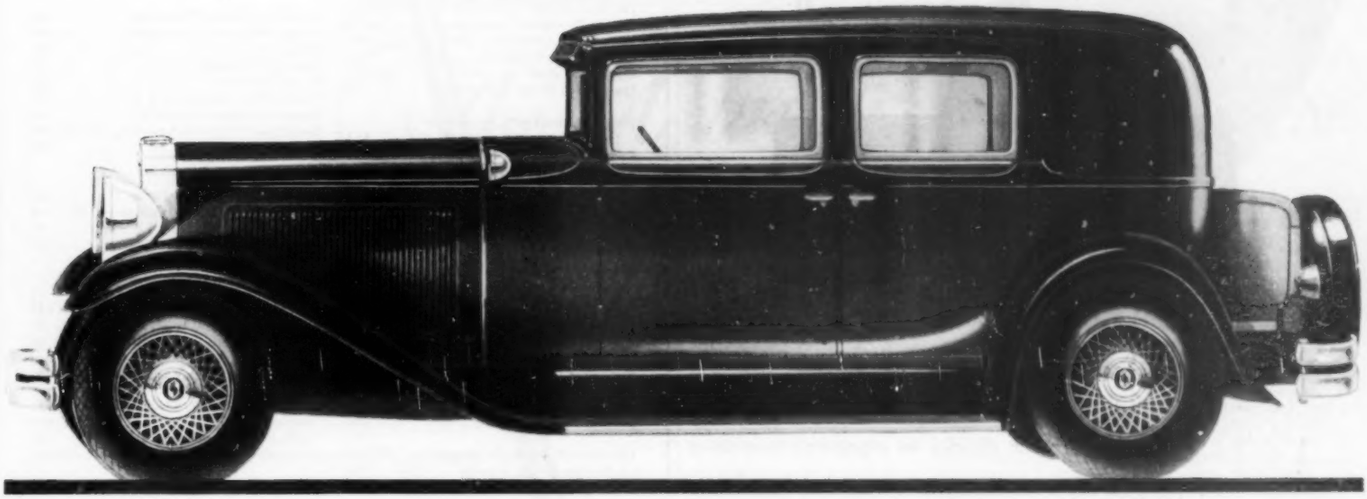

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At the 1930 Motor Show, Nash presents the newest and greatest products of Nash engineering genius. There is a new straight eight—a masterpiece of motordom—powered by the sensational, new Twin-Ignition Eight motor—instantly recognized as the finest instrument of power ever built for any motor car. There are also two new sixes—the Twin-Ignition and Single Six, likewise engineered for leadership in their fields. These new Nash cars introduce engineering advancements that unquestionably forecast the future in motor car design—they provide a new type of performance that instantly convinces everyone that motoring has been strikingly, gloriously improved.

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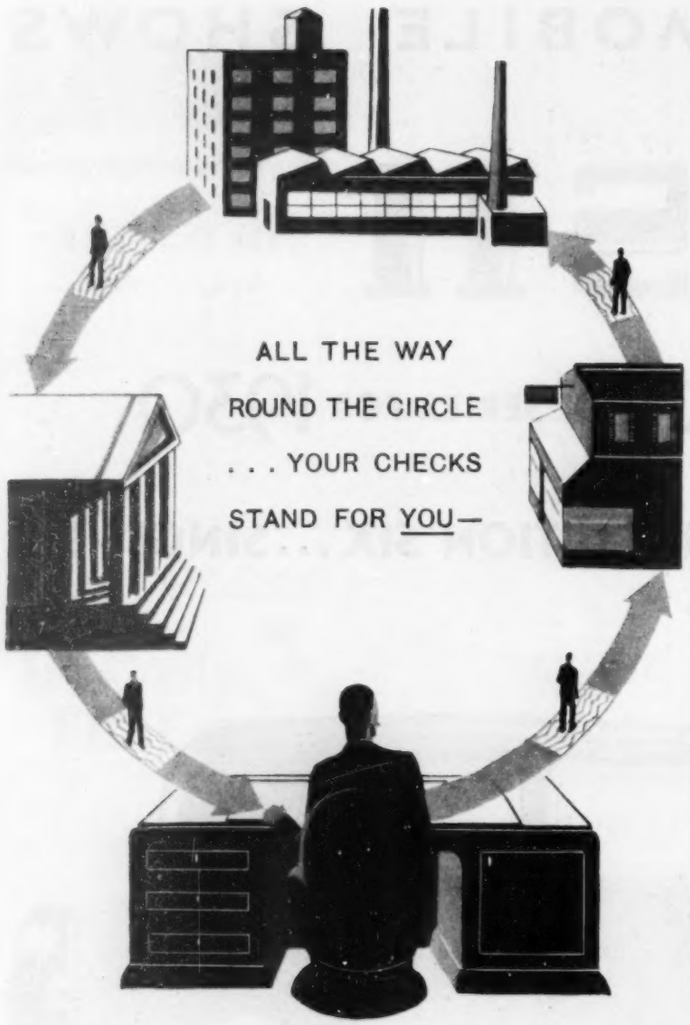
(1370)



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The Mark of Quality in Wire Wheels

WIRE WHEELS enhance the beauty of any car. But wire wheels, built with Tension Nipple, Swaged Spokes add security to this extra beauty—security and peace of mind which come from knowing your car to be equipped with the *strongest* and *most highly perfected* wire wheel made. It is hard to make a wire wheel *perfectly* round, and perfectly true; unless it is built with adjustable Tension Nipple Spokes. And it is hard to keep a wire wheel round, unless it is built with high test* steel further strengthened against stretch or break by Swaging — basic principles of Torrington spokes.

The "Nipple" is the hallmark of quality wire wheels. Note its appearance in the illustration. See it on the street—on the better cars. Then when you buy your own car, wire wheel equipped, "Look for the Nipple"—and *require* it.

*140,000 lbs. Tensile Strength

A few of the Outstanding Features of Nipple Spoke Wire Wheels

BEAUTY, due to the number of Spokes used, and swaging which shapes or tapers them; STRENGTH, because the most scientific design and construction are employed, and through use of steel with tensile strength of 140,000 pounds to the square inch, still further strengthened by swaging; ADJUSTABILITY, which gives correct uniform tension; UNIFORM TENSION, often resulting in marked savings in tires and gas, fewer motor repairs and body adjustments; COMFORT, because road shocks are absorbed; DURABILITY, which withstands road shocks without bending, stretching or breaking; LIGHTNESS, for the quality of steel used gives maximum strength with minimum weight; ECONOMY, for if necessary, Spokes can be replaced quickly at slight cost anywhere; QUIET, as possibility of a 'squeaky' wheel is eliminated.

What Swaging Does for Spokes

1—Increases the tensile strength of steel. 2—Refines the grain of the steel. 3—Makes the steel uniformly hard. 4—Gives them their design or shape—tapered, for instance. 5—Increases flexibility. 6—Creates a smooth, hard, even surface to take any finish perfectly.

If it hasn't a Nipple it isn't a "Torrington" Swaged Spoke

The Torrington Company
ESTABLISHED 1866
Torrington, Conn., U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of precision products such as Swaged Spokes and Nipples, Ball Bearings, etc.

Try this simple test yourself

Tap the spokes of a wire wheel sharply with a pencil. If each spoke of the same length in the wheel gives the same tone response, the tension on all is uniform. But if some spokes "zing", and others "zong", there is varied tension and the wheel may not run true. Wheels built with the Nipple can be adjusted quickly so that ALL spokes have the exact same tension.

Torrington
SWAGED SPOKES

The glycerine lather educates your razor

YOU will wonder what's got into your razor, the first time you try this new-type cream.

Instead of scraping along in a painful way, your blade will *slide* the whiskers off smoothly. Instead of leaving your face tight and raw, it will pamper even that tender spot under your chin.

This is why. The glycerine in Listerine Shaving Cream spreads over your face as a salve-like film. On that lubricating film the razor slides. And in its wake you feel no heat because there is no razor friction.

The toughest beards, the tenderest skins, yield to this utterly new shaving cream which includes cosmetic lubricant, menthol for added coolness, and the antiseptic essences of Listerine to help guard against infection.

Don't let habit keep you from finding out how unmistakably different and delightful this cream is. The next time you are buying a bottle of Listerine or a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, ask the druggist for Listerine Shaving Cream.

3 shaves—1c

The big white tube is crammed with 118 inches of cream as mild and soothing as a morning in May, as clear of scent as the air after rainfall. The price is 50 cents for this five-months' supply and makes the cost about one-third of a penny per shave. Try it, and your face will feel smooth, soothed, and happy.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

idea because of Ed's father. A minister's son can't take a cocktail shaker home and say that's what his fraternity gave him for a Christmas present. It wouldn't look right.

So we looked around all over the place, trying to find something suitable. Well, we finally decided on something. It's substantial, all right, and unique, and something I know Ed wants, because I heard him say so. It's an eight-note horn for his car. Very smart and improves the appearance of the car. It costs thirty-four dollars with brackets, and so forth. We'll collect a buck from each brother and what's left over—two bucks—goes into the phonograph-record fund. Is that agreeable to all? We can have a discussion about it now. They said they'd hold it for us till Monday.

—JOHN O'HARA.

Some Think it's Dumb

AIRMEN do somersaults
High overhead;
Submarines grovel
On the sea's bed;
Out of the atmosphere
Far voices come;
Some think it's wonderful,
Some think it's dumb.

Our little universe
Charges through space,
Dodging the others
All over the place;
Life began cellwise
In primeval scum;
Some think it's marvelous,
Some think it's dumb.

Commodore Peary
Went into the North;
Moses hit rocks
And the water came forth;
Socrates planned
The republic to come;
Some were delighted,
But some thought it dumb.

The world is so wonderful,
Life is so queer,
Let's be excited
As long as we're here;
Of my philosophy
That is the sum;
I think it's pretty good,
Some think it's dumb.

—*Morris Bishop.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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IMAGINE this good-looking Mirro Dutch Oven on your stove—with some nourishing, economical cut of meat in it. Taste in your imagination a marvel of cooking—the tenderest, juiciest, most savory pot roast that ever tantalized an appetite.

Then imagine just one step further—the *multiplied* cooking satisfaction that would be yours if you had, instead of the Dutch Oven alone, the *entire family* of famous cooks pictured on this page!

Good cooking *runs* in this family. Its members inherit an excellent family trait, called the *Vapo-Seal*. See, in the large illustration, the deeply grooved rim. This groove snugly holds an extra-heavy cover. Around it collects the condensed steam. That locks in the moisture and makes the *Vapo-Seal*.

Meats cooked in Mirro *Vapo-Seal* utensils simply can't be tough, dry, and tasteless. The meaty juices are saved, the tougher tissues softened. And vegetables cook with little or no water, preventing the loss of soluble vitamins, minerals, and carbohydrates which are poured off and lost in ordinary cooking.

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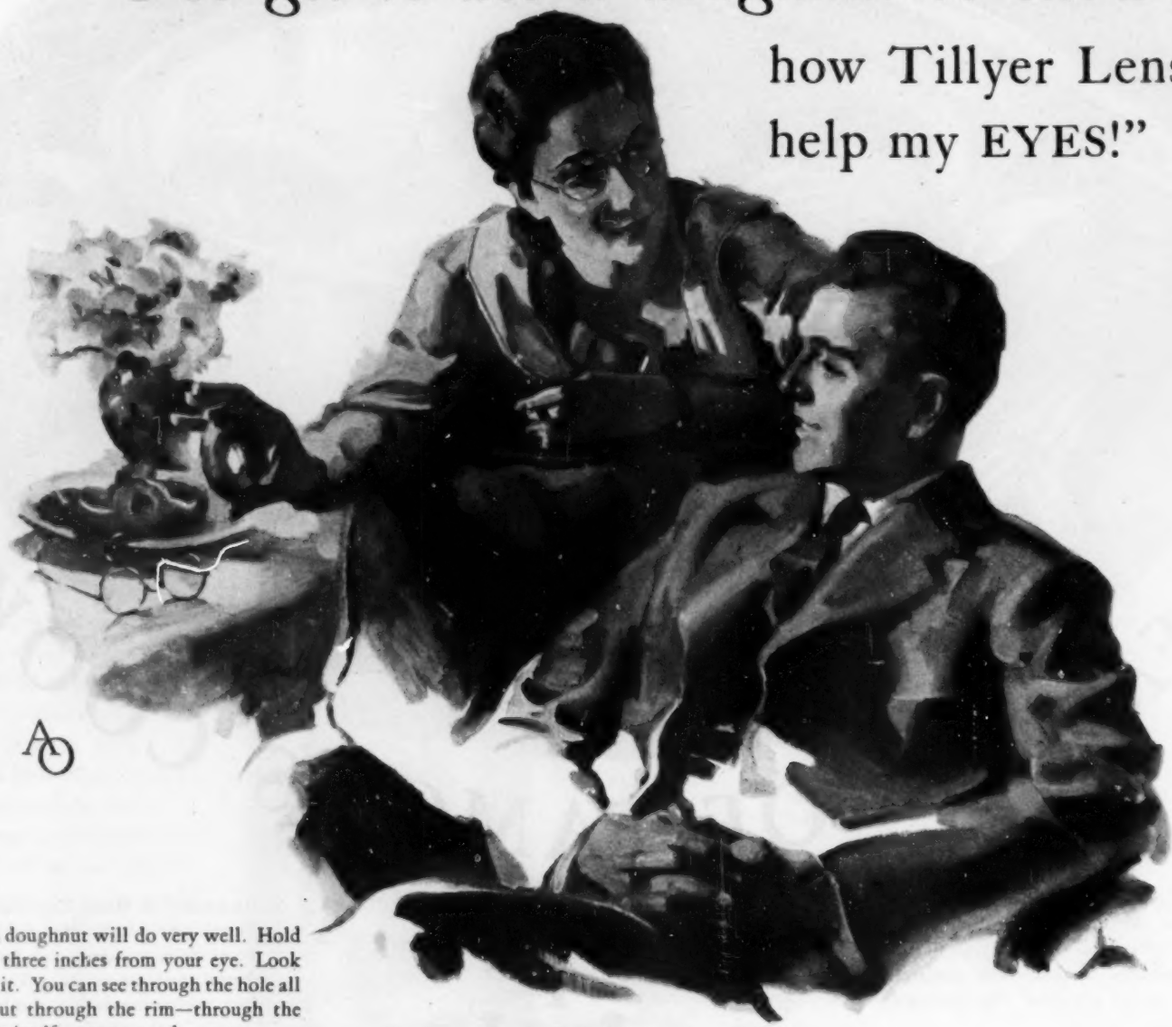
"Listen—you dear stupid—I've got to use a doughnut to show you how Tillyer Lenses help my EYES!"



EVEN a doughnut will do very well. Hold it about three inches from your eye. Look through it. You can see through the hole all right. But through the rim—through the doughnut itself—not so good.

That's an exaggerated, primer explanation of how these new Tillyer Lenses make seeing easier. In lenses before Tillyer you could see best through the center of the lens—the 'hole in the doughnut.' But there was always room for greater accuracy in the margins, even though you were not always conscious of inaccuracy.

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Your new Tillyer Lenses may be fitted in these smart, new Cortland frames, or in another attractive, becoming and serviceable type made by the American Optical Company.

When you first wear Tillyer Lenses, you probably won't detect any difference; but wear them a week and then try on the old pair—then you'll realize the difference.

They are the latest important contribution to better eyesight. They cost a little more than ordinary lenses. They're worth a great deal more in service to you. The sooner you put them on, the sooner you do your duty by your eyes.

Write us, if you like, for a simple, clear booklet answering all your questions about Tillyers. Address Department 30, American Optical Company, at Southbridge, Massachusetts.

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AMERICAN OPTICAL

TILLYER LENSES

Accurate to the very edge

MORE THAN
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With Victor-Radio you hear—precisely—what the microphone hears. Be critical. Make every possible test. Turn Victor-Radio on *full volume*—listen... and compare!

You can have Victor-Radio separately...or with the amazing new Electrola...bringing you a new standard of music from both air and records—the music you want when you want it... at the mere turn of a knob.

You are going to live with your radio a long time...Only Victor can give you Victor performance—Victor craftsmanship—Victor dependability. Only unlimited Victor resources could make possible prices so sensationally low! Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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with Electrola